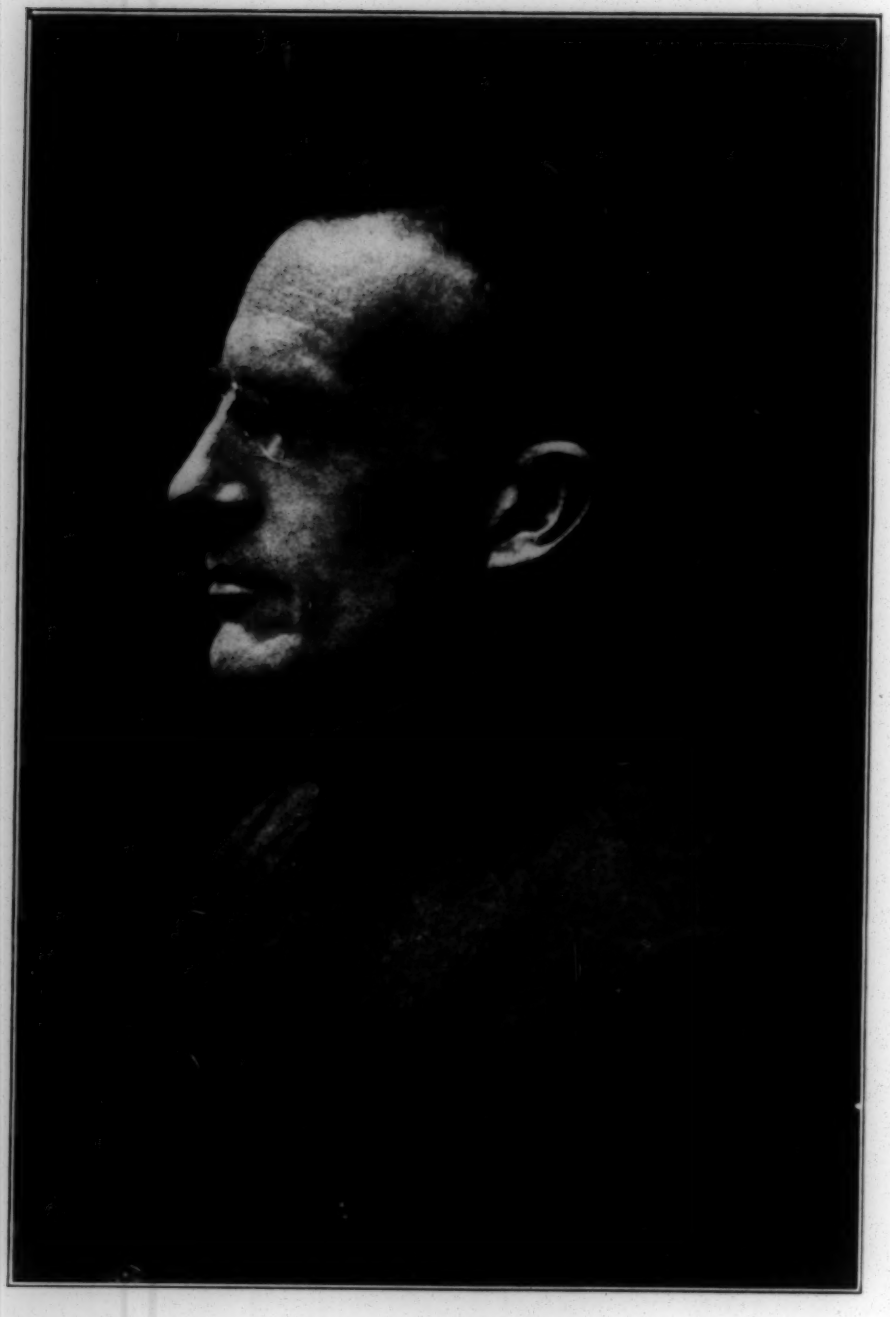

EDWARD CLARK CARTER

"THAT DAMN Y"

A Record of Overseas Service

By

KATHERINE MAYO

AUTHOR OF "THE STANDARD-BEARERS,"
"JUSTICE TO ALL," ETC.

With Illustrations

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To
The Young Men of the Kindred Nations
Brothers in Race, in Speech, in Mind, in Sacrifice
Those whom Battle took
and
Those whom Battle spared
Each for the same Great Purpose

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"THAT DAMN Y"

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Chapter I

The Point of View

This book, seemingly, ought to begin with a personal statement. What was I doing *dans cette galère?*

Every American, more or less, must have longed to go to France for years before we entered the war. And when, at last, we stopped playing safe, stopped shivering on the brink, took the plunge and lined up like men with the rest of civilization swimming for its life, that longing turned into a bitter ache.

Yet, non-combatants, male or female, had no sort of right to go — to cumber the ships, to eat the food, to take up room in France, unless they were sure in advance of doing a real job. And, for a while, no real job showed a convincing head above my horizon.

Then came an opening — in the form of a cable from the head of the Overseas Y, in Paris, asking me and a friend of mine to come over, the one to do executive work, the other to let the American public know in print how the Overseas Y was using American trust money.

This request was not based on personal knowledge, for the head of the Overseas Y knew neither of us two women; but rather on a report of similar work that we had done in times past.

But, now that my dream had come true, the fact is that I regarded its embodiment with a particularly wry disfavor.

"Y.M.C.A.!" I growled. "I never went inside one in my

life — don't really know anything about it. But, judging from instinct, I don't like the idea. Hard, cold religiosity. A lot of rich old women, male and female, with nasty minds, tying strings to their dollars and buying cheap hypocrites to play watchdog against live and wholesome pleasures in mausoleums to unburied cant. No, I *won't* wear their uniform to France."

Said the other party to the argument: "Every word that you say may be true — and more also. But if it is true, then what an awful thing that the American people should be entrusting to its hands millions of dollars to spend for our boys in France! Not because of the waste of money, though that would be bad enough — but because an army of simple supporters think the job is being done. If they are deceived — why, can't you see that the best service you can possibly render is to get over there, go through the field with care, and then tell America exactly what you find?"

"But I won't put that uniform on!"

"If you don't put some uniform on, you can't go to France. And this one, you'll find, will carry you farther and faster in every direction than any other can reach."

Finally, unwillingly persuaded, I stated my terms: I would go to France a free agent, paying my own expenses from the start, beholden to the organization for nothing but the right to wear its uniform and for free access to all its records and all its work. Nothing should be glossed for my eyes. I would write what and when I liked, if indeed I wrote at all. My manuscript should be handled by my own publishers only, and should not be submitted to any member of the Y.M.C.A. on either side of the ocean, for criticism or approval, before it appeared in final form. I specifically emphasized my intention to state the facts as I found them, to the best of my judgment, without regard to whose feelings they might hurt.

These terms, almost to my regret, were accepted at once. They have been scrupulously observed.

Then came the usual interminable delay over passports, the usual go-get-it-yourself trip to Washington that alone did the trick — and finally the ship.

On board that ship were a number of Y.M.C.A. secretaries, men and women, bound for France. There was a red-headed girl from the South, whom I saw long after doing superb work in an aviation camp. There was little Miss Besler, daughter of the President of the Jersey Central Railroad, who, as a songstress in the Y Entertainment Department, wove a thread of clean, clear sunshine through and through the A.E.F. There was Miss Noyes, daughter of Frank Brett Noyes, President of the Associated Press, seemingly too frail a girl to stand any physical strain, but in fact about to put in a long, hard stretch of honest, man-sized work for the American soldier. There was William Bell Ware, El Paso lawyer, one-time range-rider, the best story-teller that ever spun a wild-west yarn, star of the ship, going over at the age of fifty-odd as a Y man, "because every boy I love has gone — and I *can't* stay back in Texas!" Then there were two or three gentlemen who, at word of submarines, showed a degree of solicitude as to their personal safety not altogether shared by the ship. And, of course, there was a spy crept into Y clothing — just as spies crept into all uniforms. But he, happily, was quietly gathered in at Bordeaux and sent to a spy's reward.

Bordeaux. And, within a hectic hour, out again, for Paris. But even that brief interval produced its contact with new things — through a young American officer, waiting in the station for his train.

"Will you speak to me?" said he. "I'm going back into the tall timber to-night. I just want to hear your voice. Oh, if

you are going to Paris, beg them to send us an American girl. Indeed we'd take care of her! Indeed we would!"

Long after — among the ruins of the Argonne — I heard for the thousandth time the repetition of that same plea. It was on the dust-heap that was once Cheppy. There the 14th Engineers, superb regiment, with its own hands had built a hut for its newly established Y.

"But — would you come and see something else?" asked a non-com., with diffident insistence.

He led the way through the end of the hut into a little double bedroom, where every last, least invention that mind could contrive in a ruined wilderness showed the anxious thought there spent.

"Do you think it's nice?" he asked, with open solicitude.

"*Nice!* It's as sweet as a hummingbird's nest!"

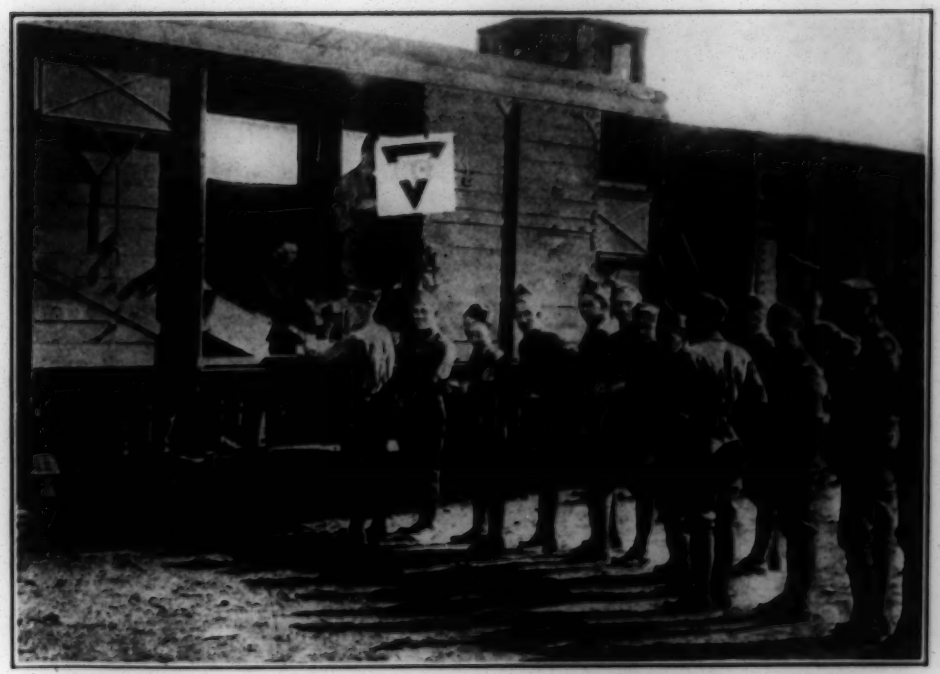
"We tried our best. We've got a regular fellow for a Y man. Hornsby's his name. No fault with him. But — we *do* want some real American ladies so *awful* bad! We don't want 'em to work. We won't *let* 'em work! We'll cook and make the chocolate and wash up and do all the chores ourselves. All we want of the ladies is just to be here, and talk to us, and pour the chocolate out. We have n't seen an American lady in eighteen months. And we thought maybe — if we made a real pretty little bedroom and they got to hear about it — somewhere — it might sort of coax 'em to come. Guess maybe we're homesick — that's what it is. Maybe — "

But there the lump in his throat stopped him.

And it was in Varennes, that same day, that a Medical Corps captain, of Army Field Hospital 41, came up with this on his lips:

"If you are reporting to Paris, for God's sake don't let them take away this Varennes Y. Our men have absolutely

ROLLING CANTEEN NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



A TRAVELLING CANTEEN AT CHATILLON, FRANCE, AUGUST 28, 1918

no other resource of any kind. It's our life-saver. *And it's all we've got!*"

But, to get back to the order of events — and Paris. Straight from the Quai D'Orsai we flew to that queer old rookery of red plush and gilt mirrors, the France et Choiseul, to claim our apartment. Then over to the Ritz for lunch.

And it was there, at coffee in the garden of the Ritz, that a young American captain asked if he might join us. He was just in from the active front, and very quiet. Seemingly he wanted merely to sit and gently, intermittently talk.

"You come from Ohio," he ventured after a time.

"No — "

"Oh, don't you? — Well, but your family does."

The second negative seemed so to disappoint him that one was driven to ask why.

"Oh — I don't know," he returned, a little shyly — and then in a burst of confession:

"Well, then, I *do* know; it's because my mother was an Ohio girl."

It was our first day in the Overseas Y. We did not know the ropes. We were stiff, yet. So we did not gather that boy up and take him back to our little red sitting-room, light the fire on the hearth, look at his photographs, show him ours, and keep him for tea and dinner. But such a mistake never once occurred again. Never.

Next day, pursuing my own chosen course, I began work. Steering entirely clear of Y Headquarters, I wandered thenceforward about Paris, talking to the enlisted A.E.F., sometimes visiting Y's, sometimes the plants of other organizations, sometimes picking up khaki-clad friends in the shops, on the streets, in the Champs Élysées, and always, everywhere, absorbing soldier impressions about the Overseas Y.

And I heard a great many things that I did not like.

Time slipped by, and still the main impression remained unhappy. A trip into S.O.S., to a certain important city, brought me to a Y Regional Headquarters whose atmosphere was distinctly poor. Meantime, through Paris sources, I was getting every bit of the criticism that, from one quarter and another, was directed upon the Y. Following a human if ingenuous inclination, I believed almost everything that any doughboy said, including the battle stories of charming, child-eyed young Münchhausens covered with decorations bought on the Quai Voltaire and in moments of danger slipped into their pockets, "because they make people ask how you won 'em — and no soldier wants to brag."

From those same mercurial lips I heard with wrath and loathing the most heart-breaking accounts of the meannesses, the stupidities, the little big cruelties of "that damn Y." And finally I said to the partner of my thoughts:

"It's no use. I can't and won't write about this thing. The job is too hopeless. The machine can't be cleaned up in this war. Let it wreck itself, as it is doing. And if, meantime, it does a teaspoonful of good with all the cash it squanders — well — so much the better. But it's too bad to save."

"What *you* want is to get out of Paris — to get onto the real job," said she, without sympathy. "Do you call your attitude intelligent? You live in the very maelstrom of complaining. What good do we ever hear in Paris of our own Army? Or of any human organization of whatever kind? What *you* want to do is to stop listening to hearsay and to get out — to see for yourself, all over the place, with your own eyes, exactly what is happening. Pack up. I'll get your movement orders for to-morrow."

And it was so. For hard-travelling months I wandered at will, north, south, east, and west, all over France, England, and finally our German occupied territory.

With a truly sporting spirit the Y, knowing my feeling, yet cleared my way everywhere. Few persons, it is safe to say, whether military or civilian, had the good fortune to see a wider field. And never but once — the first time — was I "personally conducted."

I did not see everything the Y did, for the simple reason that, given so many hundreds of points of operation, it was physically impossible for one observer intelligently and critically to visit them all. But I did visit, under conditions absolutely favorable to critical study, a large number of specimen points, chosen by myself, of every type of activity. I observed critically and carefully, checking and rechecking impressions as far as conditions would permit and seeking varied angles of view.

To sum up: The conclusions that I reach are the conclusions of a person who went to France as an absolutely free lance, distinctly prejudiced against the uniform she wore and the organization behind it, and whose first weeks in contact with the A.E.F. intensified that prejudice into a violent resentment. They embody the convictions of one originally hostile-minded after prolonged close study of the living facts.

Concerning the Y.M.C.A. in America, I have nothing whatever to say, knowing nothing whatever about it, except as it seemed to show in occasional junctures on the other side. Concerning certain parts of the work of the Overseas Y, I have said nothing, because their proper treatment would demand for each one a book. Under this head would fall, preëminently, the work of Mr. Seatree, of Price, Waterhouse & Company, by whom his services were presented, and who, in his herculean task as Comptroller for the Y, organized its wonderful accounting system; the no less onerous and responsible task of Mr. Sheets, President of the Vacuum Oil Company, who gave his services as Associate Chief Secretary

and head of the General Supply Division; and of John Reid Christie, Director-General of Foreign Agencies of the New York Life Insurance Company acting as Y Treasurer. Money could not have bought the services of men of this calibre nor could money express the indebtedness to them of the American people. Had such masters of their trade been secured on this side of the water, and sent over at the opening of our war, much had been gained.

Neither have I spoken, except in passing, of the work of the Y Entertainment Department, of the Cinema Department, of the Book and Newspaper Departments, each one of which would demand, if really described at all, lengthy treatment.

Finally, as to the chapters that follow:

They come late. As above reiterated, promptly on arriving in France I fell into the cloudy, troubled readjustment period that, like *la gorge américaine*, attacked each visiting American. Had I written during that earlier period, I should have written green lies — of which the world had already a surfeit. Had I written during the succeeding months of war and armistice, I should have written on incomplete grounds. As it is, these pages convey the most considered thought that I can give, on the widest and most sifted material available.

The material came from many places, and from many men, of many ranks and many nations. The day has gone when we could draw our water from surface pools — when we could write our history from surface showings — when we could control our lives, personal or national, by our local and immediate interests.

This story of civilian service, rendered in France, in England, and in Germany to two million American soldiers — this story begins, not in Washington, not in Camp Upton nor in Chicago, but in the province of Bengal, British India. And it begins fourteen years back.

Chapter II

The Key Man

Fourteen years back, in the province of Bengal, British India, a certain young American, Edward Clark Carter by name, Harvard '00, was beginning a career that, in the eyes of the Masters of India, was to make him a key man.

Singularly enough, in view of such an outcome, Carter's office, in India, was that of National General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Singularly, because, since the bloody horrors of 1857–59, the British Indian Government from sheer necessity, had fought exceedingly shy of any and every agency of a possibly religious proselyting nature — under which head it was by no means certain that the Y.M.C.A. did not fall.

The position of the Y.M.C.A. with the British Indian Government, and therefore in the country at large, had accordingly been weak.

But with Carter's advent a new era dawned. Carter's interpretation of mission work was, simply, the best service to the whole life of the people — service such as could be practically rendered under the circumstances of the day. Intelligent friendship. Help to improve their living conditions, to make them prosperous, healthier, happier, wiser, better off. And, as head of the Y.M.C.A. machine, he rapidly developed an ability to make that machine function as it had never dreamed of functioning before.

Resting though it did upon the Christian ideal, not one trace of proselyting purpose, not one sign of reaching after baptisms, not the smallest desire to impose upon India a foreign organization of any sort, appeared in his work, how-

ever closely it was watched. But everything that he did seemed inspired by a particular genius of understanding and of effective, constructive dealing with the native races.

And so, to their deep satisfaction, the Masters of India found, in unlikely guise, a real ally.

"Carter's vision is always two years ahead of the field," said one of them recently, "and he sees into India as into clear glass."

So, learning to know his powers and quality, the British Civil Government loaded him up with delicate work to do — work for the general welfare of the Empire. And because he did it much better than well, they gave him in the event their complete confidence — incidentally also its symbol, the gold medal of the Kaiser-i-hind; than which they could do no more.

Then the military powers, when British regiments wandered in morale, called in his aid, with equal results. And finally, as a crowning evidence, they asked of him an unheard-of thing — service with Indian troops assembled to sail to France.

Here again, in a task that, handled with less skill and intelligence, would have produced a murderous religious war, he evoked complete success.

Therefore it happened that, while yet Lord Kitchener was rigidly refusing to the British Y.M.C.A. permission to serve in Europe with British troops, the Viceroy of India and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India were actually requesting the American to send his men on Indian troop-ships bound for Marseilles.

The work that his men did in France with those same Indian troops would make no tame story. Its importance as a war measure was not small. Neither was that of the work that Carter himself accomplished, yet awhile remaining in

the East to organize support systems. So that when at last he reached England, to aid in the British home effort while awaiting our joining the Allies, his fame had gone before him, not to the people's lips, but to the full and appreciative knowledge of those who stand by the wheel of Imperial affairs; and so that when the United States of America at last declared war, Carter, already on the ground, and in a position of secure advantage, could get from the Allies in his work for our forces benefits and coöperation scarcely so readily attainable by any other man.

Now this simple fact, above roughly outlined, is worthy of careful note. And for two reasons:

First: Because our boys serving in Europe in the World War profited definitely, materially, and farther far than they could guess through the score made by this one man years before. — A score made in remote India, in service with Britons for the health of the British Empire; yet young America, not in India, not in America, but on still a third continent — young America facing death, was to reap the fruit of those labors, a hundred fold.

Second: Because of the bearing of this truth, even on baldest material grounds, on the handsome theory that our neighbors' troubles are naught to us, unless they annoy us by occurring in our own front yard.

So it happened that, in the autumn of 1916–17, Carter was in England and France working with the British; but always planning, always on the watch, for means to help America's fight when once it should begin. The files of the American Embassy contain evidence of this fact. And the files of the American Y.M.C.A. show that he urged upon the attention of that organization's home heads, with extreme clarity and with tireless persistence, almost every phase of coming events, coming opportunities for service for which it should prepare.

The organization, like the Nation, did not prepare. But neither the one nor the other lacked a prophet. And if the pages here following convey a true picture, they will show that the early parallel between organization and Nation, in success as in failure, holds in detail to the end.

Out of it all stands one eternal truth: — The underlying, animating spirit is the element that determines the event. In any organization, the spirit of the man at its head casts the main color of the whole effort. Carter was the head and shaper of the whole Y effort overseas. His spirit conceived it and carried it through to whatever triumphs it really attained.

And that is the reason why the man himself is thus dwelt upon at the outset of this story, in which, as the field expands, he will less and less appear — in order that occasional necessary references to him may evoke some living shape.

For it was by this one foundation personality, upon its particular quality, that the whole fabric was sustained.

Now we go back to England, to Cambridge, to the 8th of April, 1917, on the evening of which day Carter was to speak in the University. Heaven knows on what. Who cares!

For, on the morning of April 8, 1917, the still air of old Cambridge thrilled with a great, keen cry:

"Extra! Extra! The States Enter the War!"

And the American, heart and soul aflame at the news, scrapped that speaking engagement with the zest of a man delivered from limbo, and took the first train to town.

Orders from New York must be already on the wire he thought. Almost surely they would beat him to the office.

No? — No cable!

Oh, well, then, there would be a jam of Government stuff, of course. It might easily take yet three or four hours to get civilian business through.

Meantime, he could and would do The One First Thing.

So off flew a letter to the Military Attaché of the American Embassy, placing at his disposal the resources of the American Y.M.C.A.

These resources, if estimated as then on the ground, were nil. But Carter, with a practical imagination working at full speed, already looked far ahead. He knew with certainty that the organization, if it was to play its proper part in America's fight, could lose not another moment in beginning actual work. Big orders for timber, sugar, flour, motor-vehicles, and other necessities of which Europe was short, big orders for tonnage, should be placed at once. Every needful move toward an efficient reception of the country's forces as they arrived overseas should be made within these earliest hours. Even in times of peace, such things take longer in accomplishment in Europe than in the States. And that normal difference, too well he knew, would be greatly increased by the conditions of the war.

Again and again Carter cabled New York Headquarters, urging his plea for action, quick, timely action on a big and competent scale. But days ran into weeks, weeks passed the month, bringing no reply.

Accurately reflecting the general American unpreparedness; accurately reflecting the general stage of advancement of the mass of the American people as to our participation in world affairs; and naturally influenced by the President's assurance to his personal friend and confidant, Dr. John R. Mott, that no American troops would be sent abroad until December, New York Headquarters remained unmoved by the most earnest pleas.

"What does this man, three thousand miles away, know about our war?" they might have said. "We do not even

move troops until December. Is he mad, that he bothers us about lumber and sugar and flour, in May?"

Then came their first financial campaign; and so sure were they of their own position that their only appeal was for money to serve the encampments at home. Three million dollars they asked. The people gave them all that, and two more millions to spare. But not a penny was either asked or given for work overseas.

Had not the best of authority announced that no troops would be sent abroad until thoroughly trained — until six months of home camp life had gone into their record?

The famous three thousand miles, as an actual fact, lay less between America and Europe than between America and a true perception of her own affairs.

Three thousand miles from America, Carter, from within the councils of international affairs, saw only too clearly that no wait of six months lay any longer within America's choice, that there must be immediate physical evidence, in the bodily presence of American troops on French soil, to prove that the country was in the war at last, not to talk or to manœuvre, but to back up Great Britain and France.

The situation admitted no more delay. The time to train had gone. Ready or unready, America must join the battle now.

Then came the desperate embassy of Joffre, and Washington's quick, consequent *volte-face.*

And on May 29, seven weeks after Carter's first but oft-repeated prayer for action, the War-Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. gave its reply. That reply simply requested that Carter be responsible for American Y.M.C.A. work in England, and that he help Mr. D. A. Davis, of the organization, in respect to the work in France.

Meantime, in full appreciation of the fact that New York's

extreme slowness was due solely to lack of military information and to that same utter failure to grasp the world-crisis that pervaded all America at the hour, Carter had been doing his best to save time. Without authority, however, he could not place contracts, recruit personnel on a large scale, engage tonnage, or lay in provisions of transportation and supplies.

To do these things in advance of the oncoming tide would, he had constantly urged, mean an incalculable gain in effectiveness as well as a great economy of the people's funds. Lacking authorization to do them, he had occupied himself as best he might in the field at hand.

The great bulk of the American Army must at first, he knew, cross the sea in British ships. London would soon be flooded with Americans. Already three stricken winters the city had staggered under the pressure of her own nationals seeking roofs and food. Where then, could the Americans be housed?

During the worst congested period, the British Y.M.C.A., at the Army's request, had started building a large hut in the Strand. Delayed in completion until after the spring fighting began, with its cutting down of leaves and consequent relief of London's housing woes, the big hut weighed now as something of a burden on its owners' hands. With an ever-increasing Imperial Army, however, and with the imminent accession of American troops in view, Carter saw that the present absence of soldiers would be short-lived. He saw, too, that the hut's site was a site of the world for the purpose of America's enlisted men; and that a few weeks hence it would be absolutely out of reach.

Of what use, though, to cable New York? New York would only think again that it heard the voice of one over-excited enthusiast opposing the wisdom of the land. So, to strengthen

his appeal, he organized a committee of the most prominent American business men in England — Mr. F. E. Powell, President of the Anglo-American Oil Company; Mr. Lukens, London representative of Dupont de Nemours & Company; Mr. W. E. Dunning, of the National City Bank; Mr. Robert Grant, of Lee, Higginson & Co.; Mr. Robert P. Skinner, American Consul-General; Mr. Grant Forbes, of the Brazilian Railways; and one or two others of equal weight.

That committee, every man of whom, needless to say, had all his heart and brains in the cause, joined Carter in the most emphatic possible cable to the Y.M.C.A. War-Work Council in New York, urging immediate purchase of the Strand hut at the price — about $30,000 — asked by the British Y.M.C.A.

Meantime, to secure a most excellent bargain which might at any moment take wings of escape, Carter informed Sir Arthur Yapp, chief of the British organization, that the American Y would buy the hut on the terms proposed. Yet for weeks New York took no action, while the British most happily refrained from pressing for payment.

Even on the word of that strong committee, the War-Work Council, like most of America, could see no reason for haste.

It was the old story of the distant directorate, clog on the active world since the world began.

"Dry time at hand. Lambing approaching," cabled the Australian sheep rancher to the London board that demanded his presence off his job.

"Postpone lambing," came the historic prototype reply.

The coming necessity for an American officers' club also impressed Carter's mind. But London, in very fact, had no more available public sites.

"What you want is one of those private parks like St. James's Square," said the Public Works official who made

clear the city's utter lack of room. "But you could n't get one, really," he added; "that is simply impossible, of course."

"Then," said Carter, "it is obviously the impossible that has to be done."

British enthusiasm for the new ally was running strong by then. And Carter felt that, while it might easily be impossible to persuade St. James's Square to surrender its priceless bit of verdure for British Army use, a request to give it for the comfort of America might meet a different fate. One by one, the Bishop of London and each of his distinguished neighbors was asked his mind. One by one each readily answered "yes."

So that when Carter departed for France, on June 7, he had already, without authority, taken two steps — steps that a fortnight later would probably have been truly impossible — toward the safety, comfort, and relief of America's oncoming men. Eagle Hut and Washington Inn were to bear out his judgment by brilliant records of usefulness throughout the war.

Mr. D. A. Davis, to whom the New York cable of May 29 referred, had been in France since April, 1915, working among the French and their prisoners of war. But Carter, visiting the Front in March, 1917, on British work, had realized that hundreds of Americans in French uniforms, hundreds of young college men in the Ambulance Service, recipients of very liberal Paris leaves, already offered an opportunity for service among our own men.

"Don't you think you ought to get up an American Y for the Americans in the French Army?" he had written to Davis. And Davis had immediately started in on the job.

It meant assembling a committee of resident Americans. It meant raising money from the American colony in Paris.

It meant combing the crowded city for suitable quarters. It was done; but it took a weary time.

Carter reached Paris on June 8 — the day of General Pershing's arrival in Liverpool. On June 11 he was already cabling New York for absolutely first-class men to organize for all France departments of transportation, accounting, and building. Knowing the need of emphatic clearness he gave details of things demanded.

Knowing the need that clarity be doubly clear, he specifically named, as illustrating the standard of brains that the work would shortly require, Charles Schwab, Frank Vanderlip, and others of kindred calibre.

Under the same date he wrote at length. And to show how accurate was his prevision of coming events, how clear his perception of his own need to be supported in all departments by first-class organizers and executives, how faithful his counsel to the people at home, something of that letter may be quoted here.

Speaking with high approval of the work of Davis, and of matters more briefly touched in the cable of the same date, Carter proceeds:

> The Director of Transportation will have to be a man either of large experience in the railway, in express, or in some aspect of the shipping business; or else a first-rate organizer who can quickly learn intricate problems of transportation. He will be responsible for transport by water (sea and canal), transport by railway, transport by motor, and horse transport. In asking for an organizing motor mechanic we had in view the desirability of a man who could work under the Director of Transportation as head of all the chauffeurs and of all our garages. He should be both an organizer and an expert in the repair and setting-up of all types of motor-cars.
>
> The head of the Purchasing Department should be a man of large practical experience, who is, nevertheless, young enough and adaptable enough to meet a situation such as he has never faced before. When we get to the place where we have from one to three million

men in France, we will be doing business on a colossal scale. At the present time the British Y.M.C.A. in France is carrying a stock of over a million dollars' worth of chocolate, tobacco, cigarettes, cakes, bread, etc., and even that is about fifty per cent inadequate to meet their needs. While we may not go in for trading on so big a scale, we are bound, nevertheless, to have to do purchasing on a big scale. And though much of the buying will be done in America, inevitably a great deal will have to be done in France. From the very start we want a purchaser on this side of the water getting acquainted with the French market and growing up with the big machine as it develops. Even in the different small transactions, we do not want to waste a single dollar of money contributed by the American public.

Similarly, the Accountant-General should be not only an expert accountant, but a man who can organize and supervise accounts as they develop. There is no reason why, in these early months, we should have a chaotic condition of our accounts. The organizer should bring, or send in advance, three bookkeepers. As they will be paying bills to the French people, and having a great deal to do with the French, it would be helpful for them to know French. . . .

. . . All of our men must be coached as to the importance of coming over in a spirit of humility to both England and France. Disabuse their minds with reference to America's high mission to show Europe how to bring things to pass. These countries have been bearing our burden for nearly three years, shedding their blood to an unbelievable extent to insure our freedom; and every man should come over feeling that we are hardly worthy to unloose the shoes of those who have been bearing the burden and terror of this struggle.

. . . Callan, who fought the idea of women workers at the start, feels that, especially under the conditions of temptation which surround the military camps in French towns, the presence of really good women alongside of the men workers in Y.M.C.A. huts is of the highest military, moral, and social value. . . .

In addition to those of us who are professional secretaries, we would like a group of from three to six men . . . who can be our close advisers and colleagues, keeping themselves free from the detailed administrative side of the machine, looking over the work in France, from the whole point of view of the American public, to insure that no service which ought to be rendered to Americans in Europe is left undone. We feel the tremendous political, international, and

moral significance of vast numbers of Americans coming into Europe at this time. We will be overwhelmed by material considerations. We are liable to measure success by the number of our huts and the number of letters written on our stationery. We want a few men of great insight to be free for the higher problems and considerations of the work, so that wholly new types of service may be evolved and the coming of the American Expeditionary Forces may not only help in winning the war, but may be a blessing in America, to Europe, and to the men themselves.

In choosing men for heads of national departments here, do not commit yourselves unless you are absolutely sure that . . . these men will be permanently qualified for the posts — not as they are now, but on the huge scale that they will be in another twelve months. We do not want to have the work restricted by small men who want to remain at the head of a department after it is proved that a bigger-calibred man is needed. We hope that you will apply the same principle to those of us who are already here, for we are prepared to be set aside the moment you have bigger men available for our tasks.

On June 13 General Pershing and his staff reached Paris. On June 15 Carter cabled New York:

Four centres already running for sailors — five centres for soldiers and sailors . . . naval and military authorities coöperate magnificently. Our present staff and equipment inadequate for already existing needs — totally inadequate early future developments . . . redouble your efforts secure generous constant tonnage.

And so, in the two cables of June 11 and 15, stood already foreshadowed the burden of many hundreds more that the wires would carry from Carter to New York during all the war, a tale of bricks made without straw — of gallant, breathless, killing effort to keep pace with the leaping needs of the A.E.F. — of continuous appeal for more vigorous, more intelligent support, for more tonnage, more supplies, more hands to help — and above all, always and always an appeal to broad America for better and bigger — for the best, the very biggest of her men.

In the face of that solemn call little does it become any one of those who, being able, yet kept back his hand, to criticize in the ultimate achievement imperfections due almost solely to the sitting at home of such as he.

"Four centres already running for sailors — five centres for soldiers and sailors," read the cable of June 15. And high authority had already volunteered a verdict on the value of that work.

> I have heard from the American Naval Attaché in Paris of the fine work you are doing in providing recreational huts for our men in France, and I sincerely thank you for this, and for the good work you are doing in providing a hut in London for visiting sailors and soldiers. . . . The work you have done and are doing for the men of the Army and Navy in all the Allied countries deserves the highest praise.

So wrote Vice-Admiral Sims to Carter; and Vice-Admiral Wilson, with his officers of the base port of Brest, even at this early day gave the most substantial evidence of sympathy and friendship.

As a matter of fact, the very first American destroyers to dock in Brest found the American Y "all set" and waiting for them.

Two young Americans, Herbert J. Taylor and M. A. James, recruited in America before our declaration of war for work with the British Y, had opportunely landed in France on their way to England. This pair Carter, foreseeing the need, had straightway deflected to Brest.

They had promptly applied themselves to their task, renting the ground floor of the best building available for their purpose, securing a piano and some billiard tables, furnishing separate sections for reading, writing, and quiet rooms, and stocking a small canteen. So that when, on a day in May, the two pioneer destroyers docked, their weary, battered,

and nerve-racked crews discovered a cheerful home and welcoming friends awaiting them.

After fairly installing his work, which rapidly squared, then squared its square in size under the sailors' ever-growing flood, Taylor left the Y to enlist in the Navy. Thence he returned after the war. But it was of such as he that General Seibert protested, only two months after the Brest affair began:

> The right kind of a man can serve his country several times better in the Y.M.C.A. work than by enlisting in the ranks.

Meantime, Paris, in spite of all difficulties, was putting forth new shoots of Y enterprise; Bordeaux, under the energetic hands of Perry, an old Y man lately with the French, took timely outline in advance of the coming army's need; and on the earliest hint as to where the first American troops would land, the first new American secretaries to reach France went to prepare Saint-Nazaire.

In the interval, and out of a very practical necessity, the Adjutant-General of the A.E.F. was pressing Carter for a statement of the Y.M.C.A.'s probable requirements.

The War Department had officially recognized [1] the Y.M.C.A. as "a valuable adjunct and asset to the service," bearing "a direct relation to efficiency" as contributing to "the happiness, content, and morale of the personnel," and had commanded all officers "to render the fullest practical assistance and coöperation to the maintenance and extension of the Association both at permanent posts and stations and in camps and fields." The obligations detailed under this head were clear and positive, and the Adjutant-General had need, indeed, to know what drafts, under that authority, the Y was likely to make upon Army resources.

[1] General Orders No. 57, War Department, May 9, 1917.

In response, then, to the inquiry of Pershing's Adjutant-General, Carter, on the 21st of June, submitted an unofficial estimate of probable needs. He based his estimate on a full Y.M.C.A. service to the whole A.E.F. And he covered every imaginable point from questions of timber, labor, and transportation to those of fuel and storage, of telephone, telegraph, and mail facilities, of travel permits, and matters of status and discipline.

But would a full Y.M.C.A. service to the whole A.E.F. ever be possible? Would the home end ever wake up?

Almost daily cables to New York implored action; begged for marquees, tents, chassis, passenger cars, trucks, spare parts, chairs, pianos, carbide, petrol, tobacco, chocolate, books, athletic equipment, stores of varied sorts — above all, for money — money and good men.

But New York, "three thousand miles away," took its own way and time. On the 5th of July — practically three months from Carter's first representations — arrived the first detail of secretaries from home. These, some twenty in number, included a special embassy charged to report what so much crazy haste and extravagance was about.

Three days later one of this embassy, already snatched by the tide, was cabling the New York office:

> Whole party already at work. Almost overcome by size of task and opportunity. . . . To put America on par with present British and Canadian work will require vastly larger budget than previous estimate. Unanimous opinion that qualified women for canteen work are necessary. Hurry forward men and more men.

Carter himself was far from "overcome" by either task or opportunity, being by nature and by experience master of both. Yet, on July 13, he must again desperately urge his need of cash in hand for the bare immediate wants of the American forces.

On July 17, he cabled:

Present staff in both France and England terribly inadequate and entirely unable render service expected by military authorities.

And five days later, July 22, he was once more wiring across the Atlantic his original plea:

Earnestly desire reiterate former cables and letters regarding urgency your sending us ablest men possible for transportation, purchasing, and entire business administration.

Fancy the terrible, Cassandra-like strain of having so to repeat that warning! For, with his absolute vision of the task ahead, Carter knew that he confronted either complete failure or the instant building of an enterprise fully equal in size to the greatest of American peace-time corporations.

He knew, furthermore, that there was not an hour to lose — that it must be built overnight; that neither he himself nor any other one man could possibly possess all the necessary qualities and experience; and that only a picked corps of the most brilliant trained specialists in the country could hope to perform such a feat with any measure of just confidence. He had named Vanderlip and Schwab as the calibre he had in mind.

Would that those who heard could by any means have understood!

Chapter III

Jim

The first consignment of any considerable size to leave New York in response to Carter's appeals for supplies was shipped on the steamer Kansan, in July. The Kansan, torpedoed, went to the bottom of the sea, a total loss. On July 18, Carter cabled the home office:

Grateful for duplicating supplies lost, but even these are utterly inadequate to meet our urgent needs. By September first should have received here twenty tons tobacco, Camels, Fatimas, Bull Durham, Star, Horseshoe. Twenty tons Ivory, Fairy, Babbitts, or similar soap. Ten thousand Testaments, same number daily prayer, ten thousand dozen each sacred and secular camp song-books. Ten tons eating chocolate, small packages. Five tons cocoa, two tons tea, five tons coffee, five tons vanilla creams, ginger and other snaps, Graham lunch, soda crackers, thirty tons writing-paper, envelopes, seventy-five thousand dollars' worth athletic goods, fifty tons sugar, two hundred tons flour, one ton chewing gum, thirty tents forty by eighty, thirty tents twelve by fourteen. Fifty thousand folding chairs, two hundred stone point cheap phonographs, five thousand records, one ton ink powder, two tons concentrated fruit syrup, two tons lemonade powder, ten tons canned fruits. Send usual amounts magazines, newspapers, camp libraries, pens, penholders, pencils, table games, magazine holders for two hundred large and small centres. Five hundred camp cots, two thousand blankets, twenty typewriters, seventy-five moving-picture machines and films, fifty Delco engines, twenty tons condensed milk. Will cable later regarding pianos. Send England one twentieth above order.

And on the same date a joint cable from Paris to New York showed that even the new-comers from home now realized, too late, the wisdom of Carter's urgent advice, at the very outbreak of our war, that contracts for prime necessities

be placed in advance of the inflation and stripping of the markets:

. . . Owing to purchase by Government and other organizations, prices are exorbitant. Lumber and automobiles sell regardless of price. We have contracted for considerable for fear everything will be gone. The estimate submitted may be too large or small. In chaotic condition it is best we can make. It will only do for the American Army what the British and Canadians are doing for their men. We assume we can do no less.

Nevertheless, in spite of all lacks and obstacles, the great spirit of service so struggling for adequate expression made itself somehow felt. And on July 16, one who judges by work only, and who never speaks without reason, had already found cause to write:

My dear Mr. Carter:

. . . I wish to congratulate you upon the energy with which you have taken hold of Y.M.C.A. work in connection with our forces.

Yours very sincerely

John J. Pershing

Thus, on July 8, Perry, Secretary at Bordeaux, received a letter from Lieutenant V. C. Griffin, U.S.N., at Saint-Raphael, on the Mediterranean, reporting the presence there of a unit of aviators, and asking for athletic supplies. Next morning a boy named Birge Kinne, just out of Cornell and but newly arrived for Y service, left Bordeaux in a Ford car containing baseball equipment, some-and-twenty books, a lot of writing-paper, and a moving-picture machine.

It was n't much, but it was all that the Bordeaux Y could supply, and with it Kinne lit out for Saint-Raphael, many hundreds of kilometres away.

Now this naval aviation unit at Saint-Raphael was about one hundred strong, including officers with men. Four of its number were college graduates, fifteen were college stu-

dents, the rest high-school men. A fine lot of young civilians, they had volunteered immediately on our declaration of war. And now they were down on their luck.

For, luck at this time having scarcely begun to hint at what it really could do, small things still looked mountainous.

For instance, the United States Navy, having no place to put this particular little unit, had detailed it to the French. And the French, not knowing what else to do with it, had tucked it away in Saint-Raphael; just as, when a man can't take the time to think what to do with an extra hat, he shoves it back on the top shelf — and forgets it.

The unit knew, positively knew, that everybody had forgotten it — that it had neither friends nor country any more; because it had received neither mail nor pay nor attention of any sort for over two months; because it got only French rations, so foreign to its taste. The glory-hole in which it now languished it had arrived at by the "40 hommes 8 chevaux" route. It had seen no American tobacco since it reached France, which in itself was heart-breaking. It had not so much as a hand-ball to play with. And, being now in the service, it did not know how to play with itself.

It had nowhere to go, no one to talk to, nothing to do. It was disheartened, homesick, discontented, lonely, cross. And its commanding officer called for help.

So when Birge Kinne, in his little old Ford, trundled into the camp, man and car caked with the dust of the width of France, the boys fairly went wild with joy.

"Three cheers for the Y!" they shouted, and skipped about like young goats.

Stopping only to give the situation a glance and to shove the baseball outfit into clutching hands, Kinne hurried on to the town, there to search for a room. By night he had found not only the room, but a piano, chairs, and tables to put in

it, and an American flag to hang from its balcony. And before he slept he had painted a bright Red Triangle sign and swung it out under his flagstaff.

Next morning, fair and early, the French Chief of Police stood at the door, glowering. That strange token of a scarlet triangle might be he knew not what vile enemy signal. And it took no little reassuring to prevent his snatching it down.

Upon other inhabitants, however, the newly displayed symbol made an opposite effect. The little English colony, most of whom had pleasant homes somewhere roundabout, knew the emblem of old, and hastened, immediately they saw it, to offer good-will and help. Mr. and Mrs. Pitt-Taylor especially now invited the whole unit to their villa with repeated warm cordiality; and the Reverend Clement Brown, of Auburn, New York, gave a wonderful 14th of July picnic in his gardens at Cannes, with corn on the cob and pumpkin pies — most cheering breaks in an otherwise unbroken diet of hard bread and soup.

To beguile the free hours, Kinne instituted daily ball-games and swimming-parties. At night most of the men off duty would come straight to the Y room, always open, where they would hang around playing the piano and singing, or else adjourn in a body to the villa of Miss Neville and Miss Blackwell, two English ladies, whose homelike kindness never wearied.

Next, the little secretary started classes in French and other timely subjects, organized a series of entertainments from local talent, and enlarged the athletic plan, until, among all its cheerful activities, the unit had not a dull moment the round of the clock.

Religious work Kinne made no attempt to push. But the boys themselves asked for Sunday services, which were accordingly held by the Reverend Mr. Clement Brown. And

fifty Testaments, part of the cargo of the Ford, one by one quietly disappeared, quite to Kinne's surprise, until the last had gone and the request came in to order more.

Later one of the unit died. Kinne arranged and directed the service, and, to give the last touch of dignity, obtained a French mounted guard to do it honor.

Then came a day — and this fact alone shows how soft were its thorns — when the unit got its pay; or, rather, when the lieutenant got the money and sat down to pay the unit. Exchange was 5.70, and what with dollars, francs and odd centimes that poor lieutenant nearly went mad. At last, grasping his head in both hands, he announced:

"I'm done! I won't try it. I'll pay each man up to the nearest five francs, and the rest can go in a lump into the Company Fund."

"What'll we do with it?" the unit inquired of itself.

"Ask Kinne," some one called out. "Make Kinne think. That's what he's for."

But Kinne, already doing arithmetic on the back of an envelope, did not hear.

"Say, fellows," he said, looking up. "How about a dinner? Look — you could have a swell dinner — five courses, I reckon it — and a tablecloth and china dishes — yes — and beaucoup smokes, if you'd each chip in two francs more."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. And then —

"Make Kinne run it. That's what he's for!"

Kinne ran it, as he ran all their other concerns, grave or gay. And the food was wonderful, and the tablecloth and the dishes were all there. And the officers came, and it wound up in a regular smoker, with speeches by everybody and the greatest imaginable admiration and happiness all around.

Two months went by — two beaming months. Then somebody, somewhere, remembered the unit at last, tweaked it

out of its now cosey nest and tossed it all the way over toward Bordeaux. After that Kinne enlisted — he also to return to Y service when the fighting was done. And many of the unit lie quiet, now, under the sky of France. But those who remain will think kindly, always, of their latter days at Saint-Raphael, and of the cheery, energetic little chap who brought them happiness there, 'cross country in a Ford.

Any one could have done it? Perhaps. But the thing is, that almost every one did try to do it who came into contact with Carter and caught even a momentary flash of the white flame burning there.

Later, as the work approached its normal huge size, and as Carter's attention was demanded far beyond the limits of possibility by liaison and administrative tasks that he had no staff to handle, personal contact with him became difficult and rare. But in those early days his people sooner or later saw him, to the inestimable benefit of those they came to serve.

The thing worked from as many angles as there were places, conditions, and men. Take, for example, the case of a certain recruit, new to Y work, who reached Paris among the earliest lots. He was a middle-aged American of considerable private fortune, resident of a great Eastern city, whose principal interest, before the war, had lain in polo-playing, print-collecting, and yachting, and in doing himself as well as possible along easy lines. Now his sole desire was to serve our boys in France.

Carter, after a brief interview, sent him out to work with an infantry command, billeted in a poor little French town. Because of enemy planes, and of the necessity of concealing from their eyes the number and location of American forces, no tents could be raised. So the men were sleeping in chicken-houses, or in dirty barns, or crowded in stifling attics over-

hanging rich manure-piles — hundreds of them added thus to a village already crowded by a third as many resident French.

American boys, used, as a matter of course, to a degree of comfort and cleanliness in the best of times unknown to France, still took the matter cheerfully. "*C'est la guerre*," they tried to say, with a spirit abler than the tongues that worried the words.

But during these long, long days of training, during these long, dark nights of lying low, they felt themselves very far from home. And they were very young. And their officers were much too busy learning the new ways of their terrible new war to take thought of the leisure hours — of what the lads did with them — of what was brooding in their minds.

A great deal of downright homesickness brooded there, and it was not good; a great deal of aching restlessness, that looked about for an outlet and saw nothing ever but mud and village wineshops and the poisonous women forever gathering like horseflies from no one knew where.

So, in a word, everything remained to be done for them, and the new Y secretary, arriving on the scene, felt his heart glow with generous joy at the thought of the change he would soon effect. Even the action of the army billeting officer, in assigning him working quarters in a dingy, leaky old barn with a bad dirt floor, did not trouble him. That was only part of the show; he knew the officer had no better to give.

In the enthusiasm of the first half-hour he took out of his suitcase a pair of posters picked up *en route*, and tacked them on the walls. Then he found an empty packing-box and stood it on end for a table; laid upon it a pack of cards, and a New York paper — the only remaining objects not toilet articles that his suitcase contained; stuck a candle-end be-

side them, salvaged a few more boxes for chairs, and considered his parlor furnished for the evening.

As the boys, one by one, poked their heads in the door, they saw within a jovial face and got a hearty, friendly greeting. "Come along in, fellows. Like to look at a home paper?"

Of course it drew them by flocks — drew them until the dark old barn was crowded with squatting figures, whose faces showed faint by curious patches as the one little candle's tongue danced to three hundred separate draughts.

The secretary told them of joys to come. They drank his words, in big-eyed silence. Secretary and boys, alike, were new to the war. Why should not such words ring true?

". . . And a piano, and all the latest music, and a Victrola with lots of dandy records," the Y man was saying; "and checkers and cards, and stacks of letter-paper, and books and candy and boxing gloves and smokes — good home smokes — and heaps more things you want. And the whole lot will be here by Friday. Friday at the latest. You'll see!"

The boys believed it. The man believed it. It ought to be true, so why doubt? You see, they were so new to the World War, all of them, yet.

Friday dawned and passed, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Each night the boys came and sat in the barn — crowded it, jammed it.

"Any news of the stuff?" each would ask as he entered.

The Y man fairly tore his soul to pieces, searching for means to divert them. That one pack of cards was always in motion, like the leaves of the quivering asp. But it could busy only four to eight at a time. So he told stories — every story he had ever known — and forced his breathless imagination to manufacture more when those were gone. He invented games, he hunted out men who knew parlor tricks and got them to do those tricks for the crowd. He put up his cuff-

finks as the prize in a mumblety-peg championship contest, because mumblety-peg was a thing you could play on that floor in that dark.

And finally, on the third Friday, "the stuff" not yet having shown either hair or hide, his heart broke within him, and he sneaked away out of camp.

Beating his way back to Paris by casual camion he grew more and more wroth with every stage. Till, as he stalked into Carter's office, his mind boiled sizzling hot.

"I'm going home by the next boat!" he stormed. "I came over here ready to stand a lot, but I won't stand this. If your damn organization can't support its men in the field, it's not the organization for any live man to work in, that's all. I tell you, it's cut the life out of me to face those boys day after day with empty hands — to have to tell 'em, night after night, 'I can't deliver the goods.' It makes you feel like a cheating, incompetent fool. No decent man could stand it. *I* can't stand it, and I'm going home."

Then something in the quiet, strong-lined face before him made him pause, hesitate, for the first time a little unsure of his cause.

After all, this man, so cool, so kindly, so unsurprised — what was *he* trying to accomplish, himself? What was *his* ideal, his success? What support was *he* getting from *his* base of supplies? Did he, perhaps, have troubles, too?

Suddenly the glimpse of a new horizon flashed across the visitor's mind. His old business training responded for its part, his humanity and patriotism for the rest. Then came a queer kind of tightening in his throat. He rose suddenly and held out his hand.

"I won't take another moment of your time, sir," he said, "but if you'll only shake hands with me once and let me go back, I'll start right now. Maybe that stuff 'll come sometime.

Anyway, if *you* can stick *your* job, no man in Europe should quarrel with his, God — help us!"

He did go straight back, and almost as empty-handed as he came. But with the feeling in his heart that always rises from a real contact with Carter — a feeling that he would rather by far fight out a losing cause with that one man than take the handsomest assurance elsewhere offered.

As he reëntered the village whose dust he had so lately shaken from his feet, rain was falling — a steady, dull downpour. A few pessimistic fowls drooped and dripped on doorsteps. A few pigs shoved about in the public dirt. Brown runnels of manure-water streaked the greasy cobblestones and encircled the mould-covered walls. A smell of centuries of staleness filled the air. Not a human being was in sight, and every gate and every door was shut.

Almost involuntarily, the newcomer stopped to stare. The day was over — the stupid day. Dusk was soon coming, with darkness at its heels. Was there ever a soddener, gloomier hole than this! And he — empty-handed — so helpless!

Then, out of the silence, under the wash of the rain, stole a little, little sound — a sort of soft and steady shuffle — louder, a little louder, louder always — the feet of the battalion, route-marching home.

They were coming — the whole blessed lot of them, coming *now!* He could see their faces already, though his hand was gripped over his eyes. Shorty, and Bill Bridges, and Chick Eccles, and Dolly, and little Come-Six and the rest. How they must loathe him for a garrulous, rubbishy fake! What they must have said about him! How they must have touched him off in bitter one-syllabled scorn!

Like the rain from his hat-brim his courage trickled away, until barely enough remained to hold his body standing there, alone, at the head of that horrible vacant street. To

take a step forward was beyond him. If only the ground would open where he stood!

Shuff-shuff-shuffle — close in, now — and the head of the column swinging into the street. Look at them there, the rascals, the beauties! Lord! how he loved them — loved their badness, their goodness, the set of their shoulders — loved every last thing about them, body and soul, every mother's son! How gladly he would have given all he had in the world if only that could fill his hands for them now!

And he had n't a thing — not — one — thing!

Then, sharp and sudden, above the song of the marching feet, a voice rang out. The front rank yelled a word and waved its arms, and the yell flashed off behind it like fire down a stream of oil.

What were they shouting? What? — *What?*

"Jim! It's Jim come back! Jim! Jim! *Jim!*"

Ten minutes later, while still they were yanking his arms nearly out of their sockets and pounding him on the back till he saw stars, he still repeated, like a dazed but beatified parrot:

"Who, *Me?*"

And he did not in the least know that the tears were streaming down his cheeks, along with the rain.

But that night, when he rolled into his blanket on the barn floor, it was Carter's face that came before him — and the echo of Carter's last quiet words:

"We'll get you your equipment sometime — soon, I hope. But meanwhile, remember — you've been giving those boys something more precious than any equipment. You've given your friendship — yourself."

And Jim flung over on his face with a groan.

Chapter IV

Saving the Smokes

Meantime two points, each of much importance, were fixed between the Army and the Y.M.C.A. The first concerned the status of Y secretaries. The second was the matter of the Post Exchange.

On the question of status, Carter had at first inclined to recommend the system of the Canadians, whose Y.M.C.A. officials of the Military Service Department received honorary rank in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, with pay and allowances from the public funds. Three majors, sixty-eight captains, and ten lieutenants already held rank in this fashion, while thirty-three Canadian Y.M.C.A. men held either captaincies or lieutenancies without pay from public funds.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A., very successful in its army work, inclined to attribute a measure of that success to advantages accruing to rank. "Our Army, like that of Australia, is democratic. Relations between officers and men are very close," said the Canadians. "With your American Army it must surely be the same. You will find rank no barrier, but merely a greaser of wheels."

Therefore, under date of June 19, Carter addressed to the Adjutant-General of the A.E.F. a tentative recommendation of honorary army commissions for the principal Y.M.C.A. workers in Europe, similar to those asked for by the American Red Cross; all pay and allowances, however, to come from the American Y.M.C.A. and not from public funds.

The recommendation went through to favorable action with all the speed that regular procedure allows. But those

days taught their lessons rapidly. The interval, short as it was, had been long enough to show Carter four things:

First, that the personal friendship and support of General Pershing was a fixed quantity, upon which he could count. Second, that the French were disposed to be obliging. Third, that his own old personal relationship with the British authorities was now translated on their part into terms of confidence and solid good-will toward any proposal or request that he himself might sponsor. And, fourth, that, the Canadians notwithstanding, the line of demarcation between officers and men made, in the American Army, a very palpable cleavage.

Now, as the Act of Congress of May 31, 1902, explicitly recognized, the army work of the Y.M.C.A. was primarily meant for "the promotion of the social, physical, intellectual, and moral welfare of enlisted men," and, as needs no telling, the civilian who should undertake that work from the standpoint of emphasized social superiority would start out on a false note exceedingly hard to live down.

It seemed, therefore, that the Sam Browne belt, as a part of the uniform of the Y.M.C.A. worker, would, on the one hand, operate as a serious handicap, while, on the other, it would bring few if any real advantages not already within reach. And in this opinion the Commander-in-Chief himself emphatically concurred.

Consequently, after his request for commissions was already granted, Carter changed his mind. He wanted no commission, either for himself or for any man in his organization. On July 30 he cabled New York:

> In view splendid facilities General Pershing is now giving us including utmost freedom of movement of our workers, we have told him we do not desire honorary commissions for American Army work.

And he issued instructions to his entire personnel that they should at all times punctiliously salute officers of the A.E.F.,

while avoiding taking the salute from enlisted men. His policy, it may well be added, was one for whose adoption every live-minded Y worker was thereafter most truly thankful.

It will be well to bear in mind Carter's estimate, given above, of a regular Y personnel sixty-three strong as necessary for the proper service of one division of twenty thousand men; implying a total of some 12,600 field-working secretaries to an army of two million men. Events were to show the accuracy of his judgment and foresight both in this estimate and in his simultaneous estimate of the amount of goods, tonnage, and transportation progressively to be required.

But later, as wheels creaked for lack of quality in men and departmental management — for lack of quantity in personnel, tonnage, and supplies, wiseacres looking for a scapegoat said that Carter was no business man — that he was a dreamer, a "missionary," or personally ambitious — one who kept little men in vital places from reluctance to put power out of his own hands.

Whereas, the records of last resort prove to the wincing point that personal ambition, personal consideration of any kind, had no place in his mind.

At their best mental gait it was hard for the home people to follow him. Once again, as in India, he was "two years ahead" of his field. And his faith, patience, and daring knew no end.

Faith, patience, and daring. If ever a man in the world needed those three gifts, it was the man now "heading up" the Y in France — faith to believe that the organization at home would spare no effort in a single-purposed will to serve our men at war; patience to endure unending disappointments, misconceptions, non-conceptions, delays; daring to go ahead at the crucial moment — to act while action yet was timely, to make the most decisive moves without authority

when to await authority from home would have meant to lose the trick.

As an instance of need for Gordian action, using common sense for authority when authority failed, take the early affair of the First Division and its famine of cigarettes. Small in itself, that matter yet contained a germ that, had it not been so quickly seen and killed, might all too easily have killed the usefulness of the Overseas Y.

Veiled in the utmost secrecy the First Division landed in France. Veiled in the utmost secrecy it proceeded from its port of debarkation to its training area. The identity of the area, like the identity of the port, was guarded with care from all men. Even the Y, with its natural desire to be on the spot in advance, ready to receive the troops, could get no information concerning either one. And the Division had actually sat in its area, Gondrecourt, all of a week, before the Y found it out.

By that time its one wild cry was for "smokes."

Now Carter had already cabled New York for tobacco, much tobacco, not once but several times. But the request had elicited no reply. New York, it was said, still debated the principle of countenancing the Use of Tobacco by Man.

Therefore, to meet the pressing need of the hour — to give the boys their chief desire — Carter bought up such little supplies of American stock as the retail tobacco shops could sell, at whatever price they asked. And again he cabled America.

No sort of answer.

At last came the day when a white-faced man with eyes that blazed blue stood before him, fairly shivering with tension.

"I tell you, sir, they've simply got to have it. This thing has reached its limit. If you could only see those boys! . . ."

"All right, Frapwell. Start. Go over to the Ministère de Finance and gather it in."

The French, as has been said, were disposed to be obliging. But the French, as a matter of fact, did not at first quite understand the Y.M.C.A. in France. Some sort of proselyting institution, they thought it. Protestant. And vaguely they confused it with a small, severe, and not very popular Protestant young men's organization of their own.

Further, they did not quite understand Mr. Frapwell, rather a new type in their commercial world — destined to play no trifling part therein for two years to come. Mr. Frapwell knew nothing of commissions. Mr. Frapwell knew nothing of sleep — since indeed for weeks together he worked twenty hours out of each twenty-four. Mr. Frapwell understood no such word as "cannot," "will not," "impossible," or "no." Mr. Frapwell never quit till he had won. Mr. Frapwell, in brief, filled beyond cavil the very place assigned him — that of purchasing agent of Y supplies.

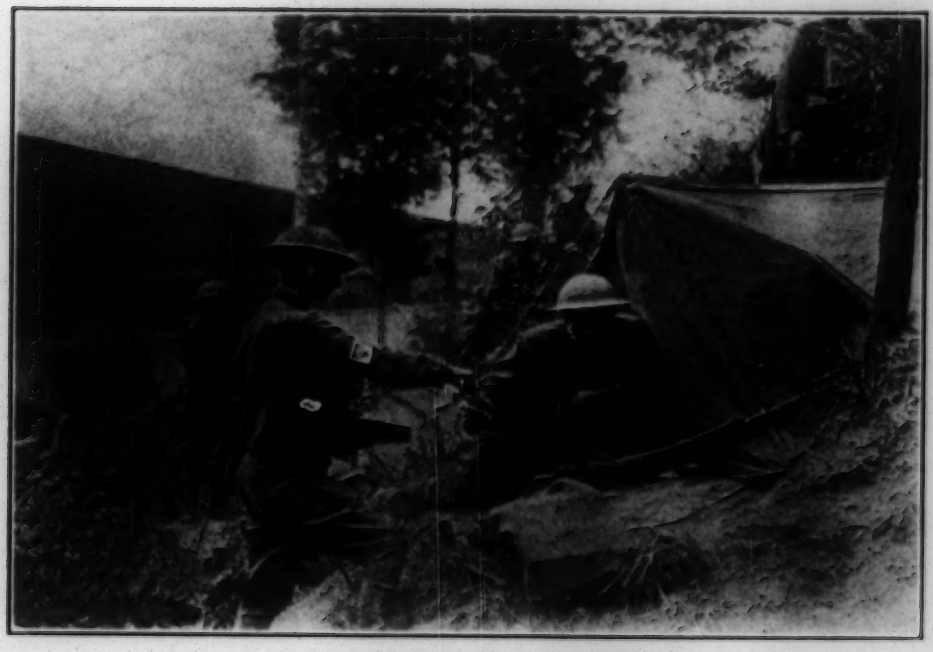
And he made a bright spot of light and logic in the list of men mysteriously sent to fill the special places in France; because, before volunteering to serve with the Y overseas, he had actually been the responsible and successful purchasing agent of a great American concern — the National Biscuit Company of New York.

Now the Minister of Finance, it appeared, was much occupied that morning — too much occupied to be seen. Very well, Mr. Frapwell would wait. At long intervals — what leisurely interviews! — the door opened and shut. Men passed out and in. At last business hours ended. Mr. Frapwell's name had not been called.

Next day, very early, he came again. Again the same day-long history. Nevertheless, the third morning found him once more in the antechamber of the Ministry of Finance.

And this time, whether moved by sympathy, admiration, or annoyance, they let him in.

Y SECRETARIES UNLOADING CANDIES AND TOBACCO FOR REGIMENTAL WAREHOUSES, IPPECOURT



Y MAN BRINGING CIGARETTES

"*Monsieur le Ministre,*" said Frapwell, with directness, "I come representing the American Y.M.C.A. with the A.E.F. to ask you to sell us all the American and English cigarettes that you are now holding in your Government warehouses. We need them for our men."

"*Monsieur,*" replied the Minister, after a brief debate, "I shall refer you with a recommendation to the Director of State Manufactures. *Monsieur. Au plaisir de vous revoir.*"

The Director of State Manufactures gathers into his warehouses all the salt, all the matches, all of several things that enter or are made in France. Then he sells them again to enrich the Government revenues. They are Government monopolies. And tobacco makes one of the lot.

"You may have the cigarettes," said the Director of State Manufactures, "at our Government price, plus — let us see —" And he fixed, as duty, a figure amounting to a little over one hundred per cent.

The need being great, and struggle vastly worse than vain, Frapwell closed the bargain at once, agreeing to take cigarettes to the value of a fixed figure a week until all the American and English brands were gone.

Thus, at one well-timed stroke, was the die cast as to whether or not the Y would "countenance" tobacco for the boys in France.

A cable to New York carrying the announcement that, in default of news of shipments from home, contracts for cigarettes at very high prices had been finally placed in France, was quickly answered by a cable announcing the shipment to France of American cigarettes.

The thing was costly, stupid, inefficient, slow. But was it, in essence, peculiar to the Y.M.C.A.? Consider War Department history, as to airplanes, as to small-arms, as to several things. It was not even peculiar to the World War itself. Re-

member the prehistoric curse of distant directorates — "postpone lambing."

So is all the world made. It must actually see, touch, smell, suffer in its own flesh, before it can understand.

And even in that King Canute-like freak of dreaming it possible to sweep back the A.E.F. from its "smokes," an exact part-parallel held: It is only fair to remember that the funds of the Y.M.C.A. came as voluntary contributions from every sort and condition of man and woman all over the wide United States; that these people subscribe their money in order that what they deem the welfare of young men may be served; that a considerable proportion of them honestly believe smoking a sinful, hurtful, and preventable practice; finally that in any democratic organization every member is entitled to see his vote count.

Nevertheless, the policy of cautiously waiting for the majority mind to form, to gather force and to lead — the policy of being guided by the greatest number or by the greatest material power, one or both, instead of by the greatest intelligence — is sometimes a very dangerous thing. Witness the parallel, curiously true, witness our national waiting for the whole people to unite for war — our waiting for the growth of world-consciousness in electorates to whom the entire Eastern Hemisphere had never been more than a negligible myth.

It was logical. It was democratic. But it meant the wildest, dizziest risk that ever an honest nation ran. And it came within half the breadth of a hair of leaving us alone in the world with the Hun.

The Y.M.C.A. was fortunate in that it had one man who, caring nothing for personal consequences, nothing for aught in the world but service done, could lead it, not follow it; and who, believing in the people's basic virtue, dared commit them to the deeds that they should do.

Chapter V

Out in the Mud and the Cold

Although Carter, by happy inspiration, had rejected for himself and for his staff the offer of Army commissions, his force, nevertheless, was soon militarized and uniformed duly. And when, early in September, General Headquarters of the American Army moved from Paris to the little town of Chaumont in Lorraine, G.H.Q. took it for granted that Carter would accompany it in its hegira, and reckoned his needs with its own. How many square feet of office space, it asked, would he want in the new plant for Y Headquarters? But no sooner was the town inspected for Army uses than it appeared that the Army would have the greatest difficulty in compressing its own requirements into the space available.

Carter, therefore, retained his plant in Paris.

The same question arose again, again to be settled by like conditions, when the A.E.F. Service of Supplies chief settled into Tours. Sufficient, merely, to its own normal uses, Tours could assimilate S.O.S. Headquarters only by the greatest straining. To add another swarming element, another heavy traffic-breeder to her burden, would have ended in general madness.

But, as the Y work developed, several reasons sharply pointed to Paris, and Paris only, as its logical headquarters. Large though the Y personnel ultimately became, from beginning to end it always fell far short of the number required for the job. Therefore, the Headquarters Staff could not be divided or scattered, but must be so placed that each member should count, in time and in energy, for all he was worth. Questions of supply and distribution, questions of emergency

of countless kinds, questions of business with the French and British Governments, all daily arising in new shapes, all requiring prompt central action, multiplied apace as the work grew, and demanded concentration of all Y forces at the one best strategic point.

Take the simple question of personnel handling:

When ten Army colonels arrived in France, the Army knew them for ten colonels, supposedly able to do certain definite things. When ten Y workers arrived in France, Carter knew absolutely nothing worth knowing concerning them. They might be ten university professors, or ten Childs restaurant waiters, or ten varieties of anything whatever in between.

They had to be looked over and tentatively classified — tentatively, because nothing but the mill of an absolutely new experience could prove in fact whether the college man or the Childs man was the better stuff. They had to be instructed in a few rudimentary essentials. They had to be militarized. They had to be assigned and forwarded to their jobs, here and there over France. They had to come back from time to time, to report, to consult, to do commissions, to gather supplies, to be reassigned.

The whole business involved a large and constant coming and going to and from some one point. And, in anticipation of the range of the Army's movements, it needed no wizard to see that that point should be the practical centre of France.

All roads lead to Paris. Under the tortured conditions of rail operation the quickest route to many a place from many another was *via* Paris, there to start afresh. The greatest facilities for traffic handling, the best express service in any direction, centred in Paris. Paris, in a word, out of all of France, and despite much half-informed opinion to the contrary, was the one place economically indicated as Headquarters for the Y.

Yet here again, if Carter had been thinking of "the organization" first, and of service to the Army as a minor issue — if Carter had come to France to make a name for the Y — never in the world would he have taken Paris as Headquarters. What with the eventually big Headquarters Staff, with the eventually big local staff, and with all the miscellaneous transient personnel constantly moving through, steadily to increase as the Army increased, the Y uniform soon became over-conspicuous in the streets of the capital.

Then, greatly to accentuate this appearance, for a very considerable period in many places, U.S. Signal Corps wires, the only wires practicable, were closed to Y business messages to Paris. These messages commonly necessitated haste — as the getting out of supplies to the troops, or the movements of installations; and the U.S. Army mails might take two weeks to deliver in Paris a letter from "somewhere in France." Therefore the Y man or woman with an urgent message to convey to Headquarters very commonly carried it by hand as the only sure vehicle.

To repeat: Because of its large active resident staff; because of its workers in passage to places all over France, to the British Isles, to Italy, to Egypt, Corfu, Greece; and because of its always-present body of new recruits awaiting militarization and assignment — because of these three things, Paris streets eventually swarmed with the uniform of the Y.

"Why are n't all these loafers out working in the field instead of joy-riding here?" growled officers and doughboys who saw them pass.

"And they don't even know this town. Why, I asked the last five I saw how to get to Notre Dame, and not one of 'em could tell me. Can you beat it?"

But few stopped to think that a man yesterday landed as a stranger in France, or a man passing hurriedly through on his

way to or from some distant point, need not be rated on his knowledge of Paris. And rarely did they hear the thing explained.

Nobody wanted explanation in those days. A nerve-racked world took its facts by snap-shot, judged rightly or wrongly, but always carelessly and on fragmentary grounds, and let it go at that. Subject settled. Legend established.

On the 31st of July, 1917, Carter started for Valdahon, to lay the lines for the three Y huts that, quickly finished, awaited our soldier-students presently to arrive at the French Artillery School. As he neared the Swiss border and the famous playgrounds of the Alps, an old thought rushed back to him with new force:

"What is to become of the A.E.F. on leave?"

"How terrible it will be if it comes to Paris!" he knew that all Paris was exclaiming. "What a horrible thing if an army of raw youth should be turned loose into this city, to hunt for sport!"

"And why," Carter now questioned himself, "should not the Y make the job its own? Since the very best is what we want for our young men, why should not the Y take over the finest of the health resorts, the best of the great recreation plants, those with the cheeriest climates, the most picturesque surroundings, the richest resources, clean them up, and run them at top speed for the profit, pleasure, and refreshment of American soldiers on leave?"

A few days later Carter laid the idea before the Commander-in-Chief. "The Y is prepared," he announced, "to take over Chamounix, if available, and as many similar places as you may require. We'll clean them up, speed them up, and maintain them as leave centres for the Army."

Pershing's face fairly shone. "You have lifted one of my

heaviest burdens!" he exclaimed. And at once he gave orders to the Staff to begin work on the new idea.

Thereafter, at intervals of ten days or so, Carter regularly inquired after the progress of this child of his invention.

"What are you talking about leaves for? We have n't got the Army over yet," the Staff would reply.

But the Commander-in-Chief had not forgotten. And on September 12, Carter was cabling New York:

> To protect men from physical and moral ruin, General Pershing has asked us to provide hotels for all soldiers on leave in Paris, French Alps, and elsewhere. This huge task and marvellous opportunity demand immediate arrival of five hotel experts already asked for and five more November first.

Paris, it seemed, could hardly be forbidden to the Army. Inevitable duties would bring men there in constantly increasing numbers. And even in the matter of leaves, they would one day feel themselves sadly aggrieved if all their sojourn in France should pass without a glimpse of the enchanted city. So, while the general question of leaves yet hung in abeyance, regular Paris work began.

Among its earliest developments was a charming little canteen in the courtyard of 31 avenue Montaigne, a house at first used as Y Headquarters and later entirely turned over to canteen service. This the American Ambulance boys on duty with the French Army much frequented during their generous *permissions*. And here Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in a charming rose-curtained room, with a rose-capped, rose-aproned staff of girls, began a Y war service that, in many places, under many guises, with honest, hard-working devotion, with much good judgment, with sound, womanly skill, and often under conditions of the greatest difficulty, she faithfully continued till the fight was done.

Then William Tener, as Secretary for Paris, opened for

officers the Hotel Richmond, a simple but very comfortable place in the rue du Helder, also under charge of Mrs. Roosevelt, who both organized and ran it in admirable form. At the same time the Grand Hôtel du Pavillon, rue de l'Échiquier, opened for enlisted men, while a swarm of little Y's developed here and there about, as American units began to alight near the capital.

No one who has not seen France during the war, or England during the war, can by any means realize, as did the Commander-in-Chief, how truly necessary to the American soldier were havens such as these. Elsewhere, this subject will be treated more fully. But here, in passing, it must be affirmed that, but for the hundreds of Y hotels scattered over the Allied territory, the war's tale of suffering and wreckage among the American forces would have been heavier than it is, by a very large per cent.

Toward the end of October, Tener, sent out into the field, was succeeded as Paris Y Secretary by Dr. Guy Potter Benton, President of the University of Vermont. By that time from five to six hundred soldiers were arriving in Paris each day, on their manifold errands. And, although this number was small indeed as compared to numbers to come, it taxed the resources of the infant Paris staff.

"Six boys can get into a lot of trouble," urged Admiral Philip Andrews, pleading for the installation of Y's in certain little English ports, when confronted with the fact that on some days not more than six of his jackies got shore leave. And six hundred doughboys unfriended in Paris would in the end have been more wretched than might be guessed.

So the Paris local staff organized to meet all incoming trains, to gather in all soldier arrivals who wanted hotels, to help in any way possible those who might need help.

At each hotel a doctor waited to care for such as were ailing.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., IN Y UNIFORM, AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT TALKING WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK PARKER, ROMAGNE, MEUSE, NOVEMBER 13, 1918

And at each hotel each guest found, after he had eaten and rested, the home papers, a piano, billiard-tables, a list of theatre-parties that he might join, of concerts or operas that he might hear, and of sight-seeing trips that he might daily make, in and around Paris, under guidance of a Y man who had learned the city's history. Also he got a clean bed, a bath, and food as good as he could justly expect, for very much less money than it would have cost him elsewhere; and the whole in peace and safety not elsewhere to be had at any price. Later, the Paris Y service was greatly elaborated and became of inestimable value.

Meantime, the First Division still sat in the training area around Gondrecourt. And, although no westward-bound whisper of the fact could possibly have passed the censor, that First Division was homesick — very homesick indeed. It was not fighting, only training, everlastingly training. It lived, for the most part, in village billets. It slept in draughty, dirty barns and outhouses, strung down the single dreary street. Its beds were thin strewings of none-too-lovely indigenous straw. It found no shops, no places of amusement of any kind except the stale, the dubious, the unfailing wineshop. And, as the autumn rains began, mud, gray wastes of mud, unfolded around it, till its every movement echoed in a suck or a splash.

It was wet, it was cold, it was lonely. And the only place in its world where it could get warm and dry, where it could find an English-speaking book or paper or magazine to read and a light to read by, where a smoke and a cup of something hot to drink could be had, where it could find pen and ink and paper to write to the people at home its honest, faithful, stereotyped lies about its beatific state of body and mind — that one place, with the exception of a Salvation Army room void of tobacco, was the Y hut.

Sometimes that "hut" was an Army tent; sometimes it was the best available outhouse; sometimes it rose to the grandeur of an old French barracks with a sloppy clay floor. But at Treveray a Y man named H. B. Barnes, finding two thousand shivering, dripping boys on his hands, and rich in an ancient Adrian barracks to house them, swore that he would go the whole figure and have a real floor *coûte que coûte.*

As firmly, the Army swore that not a stick of available lumber existed in the region.

So Barnes hunted, burrowed, and Sherlock-Holmesed until, with difficulty as great as his triumph, he discovered and secured a *cache* of French lumber hidden away since the beginning of the war.

Then he floored his hut, built benches and tables, a canteen and a stage, bought a piano, and rejoiced.

For now his two thousand could have not only shelter and warmth, but a comfortable place to sit down together for a game of checkers or cards, or to see a show, or to drink a cup of coffee with a friend and enjoy a little music and talk.

As for the shows, given two thousand doughboys you can produce anything if you know how. Out of his lot Barnes found some minstrels, a few vaudeville men, and some singers. And he fired all these to work for the common cheer.

Then he got up athletic exhibitions; then competitions of sorts; and at last his contagious inventiveness inspired in a boy who had been gloomily doing K.P. the freest flight of all.

"I believe," declared this new-born genius, bursting from the cook-house with a skillet in his hand — "I believe — no, I *know* — that on this here potato-peeling proposition I can beat any man on earth."

Of course no two thousand Yanks could ever take that dare. So Barnes put up a prize, the camp elected time-keepers and judges, and for days thereafter earnest contestants might

have been seen, just as often and in numbers just as great as conditions would permit, paring potatoes in the Great Treveray Elimination Contest for Speed, Economy, and Neatness of Results.

This man Barnes, who shed comfort and solid contentment around him wherever he went, was not a Y man by calling, but, before the war, had been a salesman with an Ohio firm. Coming over on the transport, nobody had particularly noticed him. He wandered about bareheaded, in an old hand-me-down suit and a sweater, and was usually lost in the hold, talking to the men.

When he arrived in France, no one knew what he could do or how to place him. Then he drifted to a remote little camp in the Bordeaux territory — where a detachment of Canadians in dreary isolation sawed wood.

Later, the Bordeaux Y chief, happening now and then into the camp, found that practically every lumberman in the detail made a bee-line for Barnes's hut the moment free-time began, and stayed there as long as he was able.

So the Bordeaux chief reported to Paris. Whereupon Paris, ever short-handed and knowing the needs of the greater number at Treveray, uprooted Barnes from the sorrowing lumberjacks and sowed him in a new field. And there again the soldiers at once flocked. Here is what one of them said of him — a boy's picture of a friend:

"He was quiet and friendly. Always had a pleasant word ready. And he was willing to work any hour of day or night. His canteen was a place where any fellow found a welcome. And whenever you came in, it seemed like *you* were just *the* one he was looking for, he was that glad to see your face. You would n't have cared much whether he had any smokes or eats for you or not; it seemed so good just to have him around. But there was n't a thing on earth he would n't do for you,

all the same, and if he could n't do the thing you asked for, he 'd do something else you liked as well. Not one in thousands put over the work that that fellow did. And he never seemed to have a thought for himself — not one."

On the 23d of October the First Division, continuing its training, moved up into the trenches in the quiet French sector by Saint-Nicholas, each battalion after ten days proceeding thence to Lunéville. Then, on the 18th of January, 1918, the First moved from Lunéville into the Toul line.

Barnes, now Y Divisional Secretary, moved with it, carrying with him an excellently organized divisional service well in hand. And so began that close and strong bond that was to endure unweakened such deadly strain, the bond between the First Division and its Y.

In the interval news had come of fresh divisions soon to arrive. "This time," said Carter, "we must be on the spot before them, ready with huts, warehouses, and supplies."

And the Commander-in-Chief added his desire that officers' clubs be provided with the rest.

So Dr. Benton, still Y Director of Paris, dived down into the Chaumont region to reconnoitre the land and to plan the reception of the coming divisions as best his ingenuity might guide.

Now Benton knew about rural France just nothing at all. But, in his wisdom, he sat at the feet of the Army and watched. And he saw the Army pick a good railhead, then choose adjacent towns in a ring thereabout, and, when it had marked enough towns to billet and provide for the command, swing a circle around the whole, and call it "Encampment No ——."

Starting at the centres of the projected encampments, Dr. Benton at once searched out the buildings most nearly suitable for clubs, halls, and storehouses, lying conveniently near; and he asked their French owners to lease them to the Y. But

the French civilians proved timid — would not act. Then that demigod, the zone major, appointed by the French Mission for just such work, burst upon the Doctor's view.

"*Mais, c'est précisément moi qui dois s'occuper de ça!*" protested the zone major, and immediately everything gave.

So that when the Forty-Second Division moved into the area it found the Y ready to receive it, with supplies in its storerooms and with peace in its heart.

The supplies, of course, even then fell far short, both in kind and in quantity, of just desire. Still they served to help along, and even the richest stock might have failed to meet the first demand of troops dropped down from the sky upon places so small and so denuded.

As a matter of fact, on the very first night of the Division's arrival, a young company officer came to Dr. Benton with a request that he could not meet.

"Have you a coffin?" he asked; "one of my men has died, and — and I *do* want to give him a decent burial, not just shove him underground in a crate made of cracker-boxes!"

A coffin! No list of Y supplies included that. But — would you have your own boy slighted for lack of somebody's care?

Next morning, as soon as ever he could escape from camp, the Doctor set out in his rattle-trap Ford to hunt. The day was bitter, raw, growing black and colder — a heavy sky, a cruel wind, an errand to darken hearts with the shadow of many mournings. Finally, away at Neufchâteau, he found the thing he sought — just a plain, stained box, but still a coffin. So, taking it upright between his knees, the only way he could carry it, he steadied it with his arms, and journeyed back to camp.

Then came the matter of a clergyman. Was there any hope at all, asked the lieutenant, of finding an ordained minister, to conduct a proper burial?

Benton could scarcely wonder at the doubt. Because the divine on his own staff, clad in overalls and grime, was then hard at work cleaning out and fumigating an ancient and very filthy warehouse. You see, labor was scarce.

However, hearing of the need, the decent soul dropped his shovel, jerked off his working clothes, dressed himself clean and seemly, and hurried to perform the service required — a touching ceremony, pronounced before awed and reverent young hearers while a blessing of snowflakes, falling thick and fast, hid the poor, rough coffin with a veil of Heaven's own tenderness.

The last honor rendered, the last prayer said, the clergyman sat down within the hour to write at length to the dead lad's parents in far-away Texas all that he could glean of their boy's history in France, and of his going thence; and to describe in what manner his comrades had paid each possible last respect to his memory.

Then, with good-will, he turned away back to serve the living —back to dirty overalls and his Augean job.

Chapter VI

Christmas with the A.E.F.

All the elasticity, all the ingenuity, all the imagination, all the heart, the brains, the physical strength, all the qualities, learning, accomplishments that any man ever had, whatever their line or magnitude, could never lift him above the Y man's job in France. Neither could his finest talent lie with him useless, if he himself was only fine enough. From burying a dead boy to managing a play; from giving lessons in calculus to mending lads' shoes; from nursing the sick and dying to the roughest and dirtiest type of navvy's labor, everything came or might come in one day's work. And according to his fitness, the Y man met them all.

With the Y women the same truth held. The finest lady in the land, at her very best, had not one atom of quality to spare above her hourly needs. Never was a greater mistake than to think that "a plain jolly girl," or "a good motherly soul" who could bake and sew and laugh and sing a hymn, filled all the need. Skill to bake, to sew, to laugh, to sing a hymn, should have been included in the powers of every Y woman in the field. And, given one so skilled, the great majority of the men would perhaps have been conscious of no lack in her. But the fact remains that in so far as a woman did lack any quality, advantage, or accomplishment that goes to the making of our ideal best, just so far did she lack in the power to serve our "common" men.

No one who really knew the service in France will thinkingly deny this statement. Nor, in parenthesis, will any one who knew the service in France ever again use that word

"common," of our rank and file, except to thank God that such is, indeed, the common stuff of the Nation.

The hunger of our men for home women was the glorious conclusive answer to all who had dreamed that our people are decadent — our Nation rotting out. It was one of the most beautiful revelations of the war.

Every true woman felt it with humble gratitude who ever had the privilege of wearing the Y uniform in France. Even in that first chaotic November, down in the training area, it was exemplified in countless ways — as, for example, around the figure of a certain white-haired lady standing ankle-deep in mud behind a little extemporized canteen.

She was sixty years old or more. Two of her own sons wore khaki "somewhere in France." And, as the boys moved by in an endless stream, each one took a lingering look at her face. Watching the line, some one remarked a hard-visaged private who returned in his track. Now he bought razor-blades; next time, cigarettes; on the third revolution, a bottle of talcum, and so on.

"You seem to like doing this," at last the observer said.

"By God!" the man broke out, "it's so long since I've heard a decent woman's voice that I'm just going round and round!"

That same elderly woman, used to ease at home, was sleeping, after each long day's work, in a loft without windows, light, or ventilation of any kind — a damp, black, icy hole into which, in her dripping clothes, she nightly climbed by means of a ladder, lacking stairs. It was a part of the price she paid for the joy that she lived in. And she would not have changed either her task or her quarters for the best the world could offer, away from those boys.

Almost from the first, Carter had been entreating New York for women workers. He had seen the British Y.M.C.A.

ROLLING CANTEEN NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

ROLLING KITCHEN ATTACHED TO THIRD DIVISION: MISS ELIZABETH BARKER IN WAGON PREPARING CHOCOLATE AND MISS M. A. NASH BREAKING KINDLING-WOOD

women, in England and in France; and although they never obtained from the British Army the privileges that American women later enjoyed in the field, their service nevertheless had attained conspicuous value.

But again, the distant directorate could not understand, hesitated, delayed, was incredulous, demurred, stalled, while precious days ran into weeks and months and the boys lacked.

Again and again Carter emphasized and pressed his plea. And to make his vital point of quality clear beyond all escape, he hammered at specific things like these:

> Suggest your using women's organizations to help recruit women workers for our men's canteens . . . enlist coöperation of trustworthy member of each of such organizations as follow in recommending suitable names. . . . Daughters Revolution, Colonial Dames, National Federation Women's Clubs, Colony, University, Cosmopolitan Club . . . suggest consult Bishops Lawrence, Greer, Francis of Indianapolis, Stone of Chicago, Alexander of Pittsburgh, Gordon of Boston, and similar men. Need imperative for women workers of highest quality. Others useless. Cable how many women coming this month.

And he added a suggestion as to the type of women who should make the final selection of candidates — a type that would insure the choosing of the finest human material in the land.

Happily, the first women that gathered to the call in France were of the very best — Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Martha McCook, Miss Gertrude Ely, Miss Helen King, Mrs. Gardiner Hall, and Miss Eleanor Cargin, all invaluable, all geniuses in the greatly varied fields of their activities.

It is Miss Cargin, however, to whom the greatest deference belongs. A young Irish lady of birth, position, the highest breeding and connections, brilliant of mind, with great personal charm and beauty of character, a Dublin University graduate and with doors wide open to confidential service in

more than one distinguished quarter in the British Government, she nevertheless deliberately chose to give her best to America's effort in the common cause and to give it in the most selfless way. Volunteering at our very entry into the war, she stuck fast in the harness while Americans born, suiting their own convenience or necessity, came and went. Preeminently one who would have loved danger, adventure, and all the spurring hardships of a comrade life with the flag; preëminently one who would have acquitted herself superbly therein, she never once flickered from her daily grinding task as Carter's secretary. With every facility at hand, every opportunity to gratify an inevitable desire, she never once laid eyes on the front till the very hour of the Armistice. The business that passed through her able hands was the business of Cabinet Ministers and High Commands, and her personal knowledge of men and affairs, together with her political sense, and her extraordinary perspicacity and self-effacement, made her a tower of strength and resource.

But her disguise, in a manner of speaking, was almost cruel. For it led vast numbers of the dull of wit to see in her simply "some little paid secretary"; and so to lay their all before her calm appraising eyes in a sort of bleating nakedness that must have been tragic but for the sun of kindness that shone in her, and made all confidences, conscious or not, safe in her keeping.

We owe a debt to Eleanor Cargin — a debt of the kind that is good to owe, wise to know, and vain to hope to pay — a debt which, like many another due to our British Allies, we have never in any way done ourselves the honor to remark or to acknowledge.

But still, on this woman question the distant directorate hesitated — could not imagine that Carter, on the spot, could see as clearly as they saw, three thousand miles and a month away. And still the American people hesitated. Some of them

said: "Women would be in the way." Some of them: "Women could not stand the physical strain." Some of them even argued: "You might send cooks and cleaners, but ladies would only embarrass the men, deprive them of freedom, be themselves disgusted with contact with common soldiers" —

And in all those prophecies a part of the Army officers joined.

But the Commander-in-Chief from the first saw the truth — recognized it, in his darting perception, the moment that Carter pointed it out.

It was in October that Carter began to plan for the Christmas of one hundred and twenty-five thousand American boys, strangers in a strange land. On October 17 he cabled New York:

> The first Christmas our troops spend in France should be suitably celebrated. Y.M.C.A. huts will be the only warm places among the snows. We suggest, to enable each secretary play Santa Claus beside his Christmas tree for every man in camp and field, you enlist great national organization to obtain from willing American public such presents as woolen socks, vests, mittens, helmets, tobacco-pouches, shaving-mirrors, pocket flashlights, pocket-knives, fountain pens. Packages to be sent to you appropriately wrapped and shipped to us by November 20.

But the packages, though confidently awaited until the last, failed to come. So Paris, hopelessly stranded in a barren or fantastically high market, had to do its eleventh-hour, makeshift best, and trust to the wit of the men in the field to retrieve the day.

The shaft rang differently on different metals. Down in the training area of the Forty-Second Division, the Y had worked hard that each and every point at which the Forty-Second lay, should have its Christmas tree. And word had somehow leaked out among the troops that a surprise was on foot — so that all the Division was wondering what

good thing could possibly occur to ease the chill of lonely longings on a rather dreaded day.

It was in the little village of Humberville, where Iowa troops lay penned by the threat of some epidemic, that Dr. Benton chanced to see his first Paris box. It had arrived not half an hour before — a good, sizable crate, and now stood wide open, with a fluff of tissue wrappings rearing over its top.

Now, Dr. Benton is the original Y man of whom Major Steiner, of the Engineers, so feelingly said: "He did the job. He got us the stuff, when the going was good and when it was bad." But this Christmas supply meant much to him.

All excitement, he rushed to behold — took one look, rummaged wildly for a moment, and fell back a mental wreck.

"In the name of Heaven," he gasped to the Y man on the spot, "*don't* let the boys see this!"

"But they *have* seen it, some of them," answered the other, Harry Maxwell by name. "And what's more, I've told 'em we're going to have the greatest Christmas on earth."

Then he unfolded his idea.

Dr. Benton listened with the simple gratitude of one saved from madness — listened with unfeigned respect. At the last word he was already at the door.

"You are a great man, Maxwell," he called back. "But I must get on. I must cover the whole area, somehow, before night. The entire bunch has got to get this!"

And so he rushed from point to point carrying his news. And so on Christmas Day, the Rainbow Division really and truly did enjoy one of the loveliest Christmases on earth. Because, nearly everywhere, somebody or other got up after dinner and said, in effect:

"Boys, you see Christmas does n't mean so awfully much

without children around, does it? And we can't help missing all the kiddies at home to-day. — No. — So would n't it be rather nice, for their sakes, to think about the French kids in the village here? — A good many of them have n't any dads any more, or any big brothers, you know. None of them have seen a new toy, or a party, or anything bright or gay, since this long war began. The littlest don't know what toys and parties are. — So what would you think of asking the whole outfit, here, to come to your party, now? And there's a lot of presents in these boxes for you to give 'em, if you like. Look: Green spiders, and frogs, and paper caps, and snappers, and confetti, and fake flashlights — things they never saw in their lives — just silly, useless, pretty playthings, just for fun — And it's so long, poor little monkeys, that they have n't known what fun is! *Will you have 'em in?*"

Would they have them in!

These boys of ours were happier in the touching happiness of the children that day than they would have been in receiving the finest gifts for themselves. Their own hearts were yearning, each toward its own, across the sea. Some of them — most of them, maybe — had not received a home letter in weeks.

For simple lack of transportation, American mail, in those days, sometimes stacked up at railheads for six weeks and over, waiting to be delivered to troops camped only three or four kilometres away. And they felt their isolation far more keenly because of the unexplained lack of letters that they knew had been written — providing all was well with those they loved.

So, although scarcely a word of spoken language might pass between the husky boy in khaki and the wan-faced baby girl with her arms around his neck, the hug of those little arms was balm to an ache within him that he could not

have put into words. And when the small boy on his knee, shrieking with delight at the tricks of a wooden beetle, looked up in his face, adoring, in appeal for an answering smile, something good seemed suddenly born in the world — something that turned all chill and sadness into warmth and strength and light.

By nightfall, then, the Rainbow knew that this indeed had been a great Christmas. And when, after supper, the men gathered in the biggest Y huts, even their colonels came in, to join in the Christmas carols, and to laugh at the antics of big buck privates playing jokes upon each other with the remnants of the toys — those awful, those paralyzing, those disgraceful toys!

The children played a large part in our Army's first Christmas in France. At the artillery camp at Mailly, for example, it was a top-sergeant who said, ten days or so before the day:

"Say, fellows — these poor little village kids have n't had much Christmas in their lives, have they, now? What do you say we pass the hat and see what we can do?"

The idea took in a flash. And they did so well, giving as they always gave, with both hands, that the total sum was amazing.

"Why," some one hazarded, "I reckon we could hand those little shavers pretty near anything they want, with all this wad to spend!"

Again the idea caught. Deputations to the village and the countryside discovered some two hundred children available for the occasion — discovered, too, by cautious inquiry, the fondest dream of each child. And at last, when the list was complete, the Commanding Officer sent a messenger to Paris to buy the stuff.

Upon that messenger's shoulders rested a grave responsibility. Each soldier, by this time, was personally interested

in some particular child. Should that child's hope be unfulfilled, the messenger would have earned against his name an ominous mark.

And he must have realized his peril, poor man, for he brought back from his marketing such a range of objects, from suits of clothes to live monkeys, as would have made Santa Claus's biggest sleigh-load look like a bargain counter the hour after the rush.

Then the boys cut a great tree and set it up in the open air before their officers' quarters, and dressed it with the weird green spiders and frogs and the snappers and colored garlands and confetti that Paris had happily sent. And they put their real gifts in readiness. And they fixed the great occasion for Christmas Day at three o'clock.

By one o'clock all the children had already assembled, standing in the snow in a circle gazing up at the marvel with awe-filled eyes. Scarcely did they whisper, scarcely move, quietly staring, little white-faced images holding each other's hands for courage, waiting, patient in the snow.

At last came the hour, and, with it, suddenly, all those flocking soldiers — those big, big men that snatched up the little ones and rode them on broad shoulders; that kissed them all and squeezed them and tossed them in the air; that played jolly, wordless games with the boys; and with the girls were so kind and so gentle and so funny that every one must be happy and laugh — and then, they gave the enchanted gifts.

Impossible to describe how gay it was — how full of light-winged, frolicking gladness.

And then, in a flash, the whole thing changed.

Had some one told them to do it, before they came? Or did the great, grave shadow that always brooded above them swing low to touch their souls? No one knew. But in an in-

stant, without apparent cause, games and romping stopped, laughter hushed, and all the frail, little black-robed creatures, sombre-faced, poised motionless, as together their wavering voices rose in the "*Marseillaise.*"

At the very first notes every soldier saluted. And while those babies sang all through their nation's chant of sacrifice, our boys stood straight and still and reverent, the tears, unnoticed, wet on many a cheek.

That was a happy Christmas at Mailly; these trench-mortar boys and the Y girls with them doing their best to make it so. And if, for the girls, it all meant harder physical work than ever they had dreamed of before, they rejoiced none the less because of it.

On the day before Christmas they did an enormous baking of pies, so that every lad should have all he liked for once, and as good and as fresh as they could make it. Then there had been the usual day's work to do. And at the end the boys had lingered in the canteen till the last moment, reluctant, on that night of nights, to quit their closest link with home.

But at last the coast cleared. Then, hastily darkening the windows, the better to insure secrecy, the girls dragged in the trees that they had managed to smuggle into camp. Alone they set them up — for Y girls developed muscle, over there — planted tables on tables in lieu of stepladders, proceeded to dress the boughs and to hang them with to-morrow's long-planned presents.

Toward midnight they finished. And their billets were five kilometres' walk from camp! Yet to-night, tired though they were, they were too wholly happy to mind the weary way. And so it happened that one girl whispered to another, as they tramped along toward bed:

"It's all so beautiful — someway, I'd like to be in a real

church while Christmas Day comes in. There's the ruin, of course. — Would you come?"

So the two stole off at a tangent, in the quiet, across the snow. No one, they knew, would pass that way. They could go and come unobserved. For the church was an utter wreck, its roof demolished by bombs, its walls rent or pierced with yawning holes where shot had gone crashing through.

"But people have said prayers in it, these hundreds of years," said one to the other. "You can feel it still. We can just kneel there till the time comes, and then creep home again. No one will know."

Silent again they plodded on — and came at last to where the roofless walls loomed black and jagged against a star-hung sky.

The road had been longer than they thought. It lacked but a few minutes of midnight now, and, half unconsciously, they trod like mice over the fragments of masonry that encumbered the final approach.

At last they crossed the threshold, and stood at the foot of the nave. And they looked. And they saw a wonderful thing.

That church was not empty, but full — full of their own American boys, kneeling among the ruins, under the stars, waiting there in stillness for the coming of The Hour.

Chapter VII

The Post Exchange

Now to go six months back: July closed with the Overseas Y boldly committed to such outlays and undertakings as were indicated by a clear prevision of the Army's needs. The Overseas Y was strapped, to be sure, and had been so for some weeks past.

But what was that but a symptom of the whole Nation's state? We meant to win the war, of course, cost what it might. Yet which of us dimly realized that the war was a full-time job? We played at "sacrifice." Even the best of us calculated how much we were "able" to "give." — And perhaps, for our ultimate good, it is not over-fortunate that we never discovered we had no choice.

Thus, together with the rest of the Nation, the Y.M.C.A. at home unconsciously hung back. It could not so quickly feel the immensity of its task, it could not so quickly slough the snug little skin that fitted its past. It could not limber its mind to the putting of unlimited necessary zeros after all previous figures of money, men, and material. It had accomplished, in its history, many things that looked large in their day. It had acquired the habit of taking itself as an important concern. But never before had it tackled a task that it could not surround and control — that it could not even see! In a word, the Y.M.C.A. in common with all the Nation could not, all at once, "think big."

The beginning of August found the work in France hopelessly undermanned — found Paris desperately cabling to New York that its present effort was quite ten weeks behind the Army's need; emphasizing once again the plea for abso-

lute proven quality — for trained and tested special ability both in women and in men, and that no human experiments be shipped.

Yet in spite of all this, by the middle of the month fourteen Y points were successfully running in the First Division's training area alone, while in Paris, Brest, Saint-Nazaire, Valdahon, and here and there beside, good work had got well under way.

And now came first to light that Great Touchstone — that magical, deadly tester of souls — the question of the Post Exchange, more commonly called the Canteen.

It was General Headquarters itself that early opened the matter, inquiring of Mr. Carter whether, in the interest of the Army, he would consider the possibility of accepting this new charge. Carter's reply, dated June 21, and addressed to Colonel Alvord, of the General Staff, ran in part as follows:

> We realize that if we undertake to render the Army this service, it would involve us in a huge task, involving a very large staff and several millions of capital, but, as we have assured you, we have come to France to serve the Army in every possible way, and if our undertaking this job relieved or aided the Army in any way, we would be glad to consider it.

Then he named his conditions: First, that Post Exchange service, if so undertaken, should lie entirely in the Y's hands; second, that the same total amount of land and ocean transport be available for the Post Exchange Department of the Y as would have been allotted to the Army-run Post Exchange; third, that all profit, above legitimate operating expenses, should go directly back to the enlisted men.

The third condition, in the order named, rested upon the other two; for without their observance profits were unlikely. The second condition requires no diagram; the needs of the Army were the Army's needs; and material goods to sup-

ply those needs would occupy not a foot less space either by sea or by rail because billed to the Y.M.C.A. Finally, the first condition stood on a basis so vital that time must be taken here to look it square in the face.

It was, in effect, that if the Y shouldered the Post Exchange at all, then it must carry the whole weight, and in a free field; it must be assured in advance that no other organization, either official or unofficial, would cut into the job.

The reasons for this need only be stated to be grasped: The Nation's lack of tonnage was at that time among our greatest woes. No surplus of any commodity stood one single righteous chance of carriage across the sea. Every square foot applying for transportation must pass the test of relative importance as against bare current rations and the machineries of war.

Therefore, Post Exchange supplies brought from home could not and should not exceed by the smallest degree the actual requirements of the A.E.F.

Now these actual requirements could be and were figured down to a definite amount of each article admitted — to a definite cargo space, per man per month. And the only possible way to be sure that that cargo space actually served that man, was to allot all cargo space to one responsible agent who, later, should distribute the goods in France. Divide the cargo space, the goods and their distribution between two or among several agents, whoever they might be, and responsibility ceased, while overlapping, waste, and ineffectiveness began.

There was, however, another possible source of Post Exchange supplies — the European market. As a matter of fact, the Y alone, in its first three months of buying, practically exhausted the war-drained markets of the French. But Switzerland and Spain remained, and the slight, slow seepage of France would still produce a little stream.

And here again rose the question of carriage. French rail-

ways, built for peace traffic and now miraculously staggering ahead under the giant burdens of the day, must not be taxed by one unnecessary pound. And motor vehicle transportation on French soil would at best fall far below bare needs, since ocean tonnage must always control the number of motor vehicles in France.

Therefore again, to insure absolute economy of rail transportation and of motor-vehicular use — to insure that they carried no surplus anywhere, and that their distribution in traffic was just — one responsible head must control the whole field.

Finally came the consideration of cost, as affected by the single control of the Post Exchange, and falling naturally into two parts:

First, if two or more American agencies should bargain for the same commodities in Switzerland, Spain, and France, they would automatically bid prices up on each other, and thereby reduce the purchasing power of the people's funds.

Second, if the Army, having laid upon any civilian organization the general charge of running the Post Exchange, should still continue here and there to run Post Exchanges, or commissary stores, of its own, the result would be not only intolerable to the civilian organization, but also subversive of proper Army morale.

Because, by Act of Congress, all goods sold in Army-run Post Exchanges must be sold at factory cost, plus nothing.

Because any civilian organization running the Post Exchange must meet, beyond that factory cost, ocean freight charges, insurance charges, receiving and storage charges, railway rates, motor-vehicle costs, and all losses and damages incurred in transit; all of which, with the Army-run Post Exchange, are absorbed in the general funds of the War Department.

Because no organization with resources less than that of a National Government could undertake to run a general store for from two to four million men, for an indefinite period of years, meeting all such costs and charges out of its own pocket.

And finally, because the organization that should attempt so to run such a store, selling goods at factory cost plus the bare extra costs above indicated, while another concern, running parallel, sold the same goods at factory cost, plus nothing, would be courting not only financial ruin, but, worse, certain misunderstanding at the hands of its public.[1]

The Y.M.C.A. in America might conceivably at this juncture have returned to the people for funds to run the Army's Post Exchange overseas on the Army's own basis — for funds to purchase goods in wholesale markets, to transport them over sea and land, to bring them to the Army in its every camp, and there to sell them at original wholesale prices. If the Y.M.C.A. had done so, the answer of the American people would probably have been:

"You are asking us to pay the same bill twice. We have already met that call in our Liberty Loans and our taxes."

What the Y.M.C.A. in America could not conceivably have done was to take the funds already subscribed by the American people for "the social, physical, intellectual, and moral welfare of enlisted men," [2] exhaust them, and compromise all its possible future resources in an adventure that would thereby defeat the Y.M.C.A.'s own reason of being, break its own pledge to the people, and leave its field unfilled.

Therefore it was that Carter, in answering the Army's request that he take over the Army Post Exchange, imposed his two prime conditions: First, that he should meet no competition, either official or unofficial, in the field. Second, that

[1] See p. 381, *post.*

[2] General Orders No. 57, May 9, 1917.

he should be allowed the full amount of transportation that the Army itself had reckoned as necessary to the job.

In this connection, he submitted to the Commander-in-Chief an outline of the full course of activities planned by the Y for the Army's welfare, apart from Post Exchange work; upon which outline General Pershing returned this written comment:

I have carefully considered the different headings and heartily approve the programme.

In his letter of June 21, to Colonel Alvord, the Adjutant-General, Carter had urged his hope that a Staff officer might be sent to inspect the Y welfare work with the British and Canadian Armies at the Front. The Inspector-General of the A.E.F., Colonel A. M. Brewster, made the desired investigation and on August 13 reported to the Adjutant-General that "the question of exchanges for our soldiers in the field is one of prime importance — a question of necessity, not luxury." Yet his detailed recommendation, not only for Post Exchange, but also for Amusement service, while declaring the crucial necessity of both, showed that only the most meagre degree of either was contemplated as possible to be rendered by the Army to itself.

On August 20 the Adjutant-General, enclosing the Inspector-General's report of the 13th, wrote to Mr. Carter, in part, as follows:

1. . . . The establishment of canteens such as the Inspector-General herein describes is one of the measures that will contribute largely to the contentment and comfort of the soldiers.

2. The Commanding General does not approve of the establishment of canteens by the [military] organizations themselves, if possible to avoid it, because it will take officers and men away from their proper functions of training and fighting, but will be glad to have them established by the Y.M.C.A.

3. These canteens will not be a source of expense to the Y.M.C.A.

funds, but, on the other hand, could, while selling articles at a lower cost than obtainable elsewhere, still make a small profit, which would be available for investment in your other recreation and amusement features which involve expense and bring no return.

Accordingly, under date of August 23, 1917, Carter formally expressed his willingness to take up the task required of him. He was next informed that General Pershing had appointed an Army Commission to report on the advisability of the contemplated step; and that the Commission had finally recommended that the Y.M.C.A. be requested to operate the canteens of the American Expeditionary Forces. Accordingly, on September 6, 1917, appeared General Orders No. 33, Section III of which reads:

1. The Y.M.C.A. is granted authority to establish exchanges for the American troops in France subject to such rules and regulations as may be issued from time to time by these Headquarters and under such control by Commanding Officers as will insure no interference with military operations and discipline.

2. These exchanges will be operated, in so far as the same are applicable to them, along the lines of post exchanges, whose place they are intended to fill, in order that officers and enlisted men may not be taken away for that purpose from their paramount military functions of training and fighting.

3. Commanding Officers will therefore prohibit the maintenance of any Army exchanges in Commands in which exchanges have been established by the Y.M.C.A.

4. The establishment of these exchanges should not be limited to the areas more remote from active operations, but it is particularly desirable that they should be pushed as far to the front as military operations will permit in order that such comforts and conveniences as they afford may reach the soldiers in the more advanced positions where they are most needed.

5. Commanding Officers are enjoined to facilitate the efforts of the Association's Officers in this work. They will arrange suitable locations according to circumstances for the establishment of these exchanges, and accord such consideration to the officers of the Associa-

tion engaged in this work and insure such facilities to them as would be enjoyed by those operating post exchanges under similar conditions, to the end that the purposes and objects of this undertaking may be duly accomplished.

By command of Major-General PERSHING

Particular attention should be given to paragraph 3 of the above Section.

Again, in an official letter of explanation and instructions to the Commanding General of Lines of Communication, dated September 28, 1917, Adjutant-General Alvord reiterates the point, and emphasizes the intention of General Orders No. 33 to preclude any exchanges, or canteens, other than those run by the Y.M.C.A., wherever the Y.M.C.A. shall operate. The exact text of the letter reads:

Paragraph 1 of the order referred to [General Orders No. 33, Section III] gives the Y.M.C.A. authorities power to establish exchanges; and wherever they may establish one, no other exchange shall be maintained. Therefore the order must be considered as prohibiting the establishment of any exchanges other than Y.M.C.A., if the latter organization is prepared to establish one. . . .

. . . Sales will be made at a slight advance over cost price plus cost of operation of the exchanges. . . .

The inference drawn by the C.G.L. of C. as to the meaning of Paragraph 3, Section III is correct; no exchange will be established at any place where the Y.M.C.A. will establish one.

By command of Major-General PERSHING

The first condition essential to the success of the canteen — the exclusive operation of the exchange by one organization, entailing the complete withdrawal of the Quartermaster's Department from retail trade — was thus again and again recognized and reiterated, not only by the Y, but by the Army.[1]

It was with the clear understanding that that condition would be met, and on the strength of the General Orders so

[1] See p. 380, *post.*

providing, that Carter undertook the service that the Commander-in-Chief required of him.

The second condition essential to success — that of sufficient tonnage allowance — Carter had also made clear from the first; and from the first it, also, had been recognized by the Army.

In tonnage determination, the initial step was to list the real needs of one soldier for one day, under war conditions; the next, multiplying those figures by 25,000, to arrive at the amount of each article required in one day by one Army Division. The third, to study the market from the point of view of lists and figures so indicated. It was after accomplishing these preliminaries that Mr. Carter reported to the Commander-in-Chief as follows:

I have now to make formal application for your authorization of our requisite amount of Atlantic tonnage.

A most searching study has been made of the present and future possibilities of the market in France, the United Kingdom and other adjacent neutral countries, with the object of confining our purchases from America to the absolute minimum, both with reference to equipment for our huts and to supplies for the Post Exchange. For example, the list of goods for sale in the Post Exchange is very much less than that carried by the ordinary Post Exchange in America and is similarly much smaller than that carried by the British Expeditionary Force Canteens. We do not feel that we would be justified in making any further reductions in our very limited list, on the basis of which we are estimating our tonnage.

	Tonnage
Estimated automatic tonnage required for Canteen articles for 25,000 men per month.....	208.83
Estimated exceptional tonnage for equipment for two new divisions per month.....	16.

The accuracy of these figures was at no time disputed by the Army. Moreover, as the war went on, experience so proved their correctness that they now rank as standard computation.

Not at once, however, did General Headquarters render its decision. For G.H.Q., charged with every responsibility for the entire provisioning and effectiveness of a practically unlimited inflow of fighting men, had many things to weigh in the balance. It was not until January 13, 1918, that General Pershing cabled Washington as follows:

> Recommend allotment to Y.M.C.A. on automatic basis 100 space tons per month in transports coming from America for canteen supplies for each 25,000 men of Expeditionary Forces, shipments to commence for month of January, 1918. Necessary to hold down tonnage allotment indicated. Recommendations will be submitted shortly making material and more than compensatory reductions in list of sales stores to be shipped from America for Quartermasters Department.

One hundred tons per month, recommended, as against 224.83 asked.

Thus, at the very outset, the Y faced the fact that the Army would fail, on its side of the bargain, by a shortage of over fifty-three per cent at the unlikely best-to-be-hoped-for.

Yet this same cable of January 13 bore eloquent testimony to the reliance of the Commander-in-Chief, despite his own shortcoming, upon the Y's performance of its part of the agreement. For his final phrase amounts to an announcement of the withdrawal of the Quartermaster's Department from retail sales, in favor of the Y, just as the Y had asked.

Now exactly here it was — at this precise point — that the Great Touchstone flashed fullest into view — the Tester of Souls, the Question of the Canteen. To take the Canteen or to leave it; and why?

In the very beginning, when the Army first requested this service of the Y, some few of the Y counsellors, themselves large business men, had strongly disapproved. The work would involve from twelve to fifteen million dollars of

capital, they said; the volume of business would total at the lowest one hundred million dollars a year. A trained organization of from five to six thousand men would have to be erected; a string of from three to four thousand grocery stores installed, supplied, and maintained under conditions more difficult and hazardous than any known to the world before.

"If we had four or five years in which to perfect an organization, pick out star men for departmental heads, and train a personnel," they argued, "the task would be great and difficult enough. But the question, here, is one of beginning at once, of attempting this enormous business in the first year. So we say, as every sensible business man would say, that it is impossible to do it and do it well. Therefore, let us not court failure. Let us by no means try to do it at all."

"Never since the world was young," urged others, "has the Army Commissary been elsewise than reviled by the troops. 'Post Exchange' at the best of times, is Unpopularity's other name. The Y's success in France and in the future rests on good-fellowship and good-will. For the sake of the organization, let us not burden ourselves in advance with a curse such as this."

And just there, in that last little phrase lay the meat of the whole thing. Why was the Y overseas? For the sake of the organization? Then, in choosing Carter for its captain it had made a deadly, a cataclysmic mistake. For Carter was there for one single, indivisible purpose — to serve, under God, the American Army and Allied victory; this by any and every means, in any and every shape, mind, body, and spirit, that should be known to him. The Y.M.C.A. organization he regarded, for the time being, simply as a tool to be used for that great end — for the succor and comfort of the youth of America and of their brothers-in-arms.

No one foresaw as clearly as he the immensity of the business undertaking involved; no one knew more exactly than he the doomed ungratefulness of the task. But on the very day of America's entry into war he had placed at the disposal of the American Government overseas the every resource of the Y.M.C.A. And in so doing, without delay, reserve, or care for consequences, he knew that he voiced the mind of the great body of the organization, and of every element in it that could or should survive the hour.

Before the first sun set on America at war, he had offered her all the organization's resources. Now, by the voice of the Commander-in-Chief of her young men facing death, America asked the organization to make good.

"Our fighting men are yet too few, and the fate of the world hangs by a thread," her message ran. "Come you and release the hands of these that toil, that all who can may grasp the sword."

Where could be buried the shame that, to such a call, could answer back: "No. The price is too high. It would hurt our future fortunes — our private fame"?

Carter, facing the question squarely, seeing all its dangers, without one flicker of doubt had accepted the task required of him. And now, when the Army's pledge broke into splinters at the very start, he saw in that failure no release from his own pledged course, nor any breach of faith on the part of the Army.

The friendship and good-will of the Commander-in-Chief and of General Headquarters he could not doubt. Apart from proved personal confidence, they had every reason to wish to see the work of the Post Exchange succeed. But as months labored on, the terrible fruits of our National unpreparedness had grown more and more evident.

Beggars for ships, we must still convey our untrained, un-

armed men across the seas. Beggars for ships, we must carry with our men all their food; for the war that we had been so long content to observe from afar off had left the lands of our friends to starve. Beggars for ships, we must hurry after our men every needed article and implement by happy chance within our reach. And even as Carter had implored New York, and vainly implored, for the vital necessities of his passing hours, so had Pershing implored Washington, desperately, vainly implored for the necessities of war. Facing half armed and half supported the most awful crisis in the history of the world, Pershing now must pare his meagre tonnage allotments through to the quick — cut away each inch that by any possible sacrifice could go. And all these things, their meaning and their cost, Carter but too well knew.

Therefore, when the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. sent to the head of the Overseas Y a copy of that grim little cable of January 13 — the cable that snapped short off at the hilt the first of the two conditions on which their covenant stood, it was a fighting ally, not a bargainer, that, unwavering, took the blow.

Between the lines of the message spoke two truths — that the Army was gasping for men and munitions that it had no tonnage to convey; that the task of the Y, already herculean, was now unattainable. Forty-seven per cent of Post Exchange supplies could by no possibility do one hundred per cent service.

Fifty-three per cent of the troops, then, must remain unserved. That fifty-three per cent inevitably would curse the appointed purveyor because of his empty hands. Well, would you therefore, for fear of curses, let the forty-seven per cent go empty away? That depends on the heart within you, and why it beats.

Which do you most dread, tired boys' thoughtless, unjust

condemnations or the merciless, righteous judgment of all the years to come? Did you come to France for the sake of popularity, or to help every boy that you can reach while he helps win the war? Is your devotion equal to this — to lay down everything, even your good name, for those you would befriend? Or will you let them suffer for the sake of winning their mistaken love?

To the Y alone, of all the welfare agencies in France, was the bitter alternative offered. Of the Y alone, among them all, was so great a service expected or so costly a sacrifice required. The rest remained at liberty to choose both the scenes and the measure of their undertakings — might exercise a prudent care in going only where they could cover the job — in attempting only that which they could easily perform, thereby arousing in the minds of those for whom they worked unmixed affection.

Without the burden of the Post Exchange, the Y would have started on a level with the rest. Even with the burden of the Post Exchange the Y beyond all doubt would have made an unchallenged record, had only the Army been able to hold to its word.

But the Army, as events were to show, kept neither half of its pledge, whether as to requisite tonnage or as to rival commissary stores. *C'est la guerre.*

"*C'est la guerre!*" said the Y, and still, like an honest soldier, tramped along by the colors as best it could.

All this was understood with absolute clearness between the High Command of the A.E.F. and the head of the Overseas Y. The High Command at no time accused the Y of failure or of blameworthiness in any shape. Neither did the head of the Y at any time accuse the High Command of lack of coöperation or of good faith. In both cases, throughout the war, the exact contrary held true.

But the enlisted men, like the company and regimental officers, knowing nothing of the reasons for anything that occurred, formed their judgments for good or for ill, on the little wedges of vision before their gaze. Of causes and events of any sort beyond that narrow field their "sense of rumor" was their only informant. And rumor, in those exacerbated days, led a reckless dance.

Many an honest gentleman with stars on his shoulders would have made a negligible witness as to the general state and history of the Army in France. The knowledge of one Divisional Staff included little or nothing concerning the affairs and experiences of Divisions adjacent. And none of the field forces of any rank knew, as a rule, what actually governed the decisions of G.H.Q.

By the end of March, 1918, Carter found himself forced to plead for relief. On March 23 he telegraphed the A.E.F. Service of Supplies:

> Y.M.C.A. in dire need of entire tonnage allotment. Constant complaint from commanding officers and men throughout France, particularly at the front, regarding utter inadequacy Post Exchange supplies.

And again, on May 2, Carter wrote to the Commander-in-Chief that, due to the cutting-down of tonnage, available supplies were "pitiably inadequate," especially in the Canteens of the First, Second, Twenty-Sixth, and Forty-Second Divisions. He continues:

> . . . At the rate at which troops are now coming to France, the present inadequate allotment of automatic tonnage for the Post Exchange is made all the more insufficient by the fact that, for example, the May allotment is on the basis of the number of troops in France in the month of May. As a matter of fact, the Post Exchange supplies which leave New York during the month of May cannot be made available for our canteens throughout France till the month of July.

But not until many months later could G.H.Q. afford relief. Meantime the cry of the army in the field for "More, more," increased in volume and in bitterness.

"May I tell them the reason?" asked Carter. "May I publish the fact that you cannot afford us the promised necessary tonnage to give them what they need?"

"And let them infer that our case is skittish — our home support weak? And let the enemy gather that his submarines are costing us so dear? *No!*" answered G.H.Q., "that would be first-class enemy propaganda. Explain nothing. Go on in silence doing your best, and let them scold. We are in the same boat exactly, you and we. It is n't pleasant, but, *c'est la guerre.*"

And that, again, is how it happened that all the complaints of the Overseas Y that ever you hear come from enlisted men, from company or regimental or even divisional officers — never one single word from the High Command. Think it through and see.[1]

[1] For financial statement of operations of Post Exchanges and Canteens, to October 31, 1919, as audited by Price, Waterhouse & Co., see Appendix B.

Chapter VIII

John Hoyt Said

Two hundred and twenty-five automatic space tons per month per division of twenty-five thousand men, asked by the Overseas Y and approved by the Army — and this a Quartermaster's estimate, scrupulously computed on bare essentials not procurable in the European markets. One hundred automatic space tons per month per division by the Army actually granted. Over fifty per cent monthly shortage to be made good to the troops as best might be. So stood the initial problem confronting the Y Post Exchange.

In view of these facts, the Y's first step was to reach out in every direction for commercial tonnage. And at first, during the winter and spring of 1917–18, it was possible in some degree to supplement the automatic Government tonnage by chartering or buying space on merchantmen plying between America and France. But, as the submarine war progressed on the one hand, and as the Shipping Board, on the other, grew toward assuming control of all merchant vessels, whatever their nation, commercial tonnage became exceedingly hard to find. The cleverest ship-sleuth in the world should, of course, have been set on the trail of it. And Carter, as usual touching the key of the situation in advance, cabled New York:

> Cannot urge too strongly secure for your staff liveliest most resourceful ocean transport expert devote himself exclusively to freight and tonnage situation. If necessary it would do to offer fancy salary rather than not get right man. Please remember tremendous size our commitment for American Expeditionary Force. Leave no stone unturned secure ablest man in America this crucial position.

But, unfortunately for all concerned, the distant directorate had not yet shaken off a certain pet aberration called "sacrifice." By this rule, no matter how essential a man might be to a crucial position, no matter though he be the one key man in the country whose unique knowledge or skill insured success at a time and place where experiment was bloody madness, if that man could not or would not give his services for the Y.M.C.A.'s standard pay, no matter what his normal salary or earnings, then he could not be engaged. Because his enlistment would not "show sacrifice." And the rule was applied even to the notoriously underpaid, as, for example, experts in certain learned professions.

All the Nation, then, was busily fitting cheap, little, raw, new men into big, stiff, complex, awful places. All the Nation was chubbily riding its pea-straw-headed hobby horse. It did not yet know, you see, in its living heart, about a war in a place called France, where men were no more riding hobby horses, but caissons and bombing planes and tanks, and where thin, thin lines grew hourly thinner.

Meantime Carter had attempted by another channel to relieve the tonnage situation; he asked G.H.Q. to instruct that the Overseas Y be sold, for canteen purposes, thirty-three and three quarters tons of flour per month per 25,000 troops, and a certain amount of sugar. White flour and sugar were practically non-existent in France, and the little that remained could not be taxed for American uses. All that our Army consumed must therefore be shipped from home, and the assignment for which Carter asked would have materially relieved the Post Exchange difficulty.

G.H.Q. in principle approved the application, but delayed issuing the necessary order; and as late as February 23, 1918, Colonel Logan, telegraphing Carter, frankly defined the obstacle. The Army, he said, would not authorize any pur-

chase of sugar or flour from its stores until its reserve supply should be built up to the safety point.

Not until September, 1918, did the Army's reserve reach that point of comparative safety indicated in Colonel Logan's telegram. Those, indeed, were hand-to-mouth days — and too often the hand was empty.

As has already been indicated, the Y, in its first few months of buying in the French market, absorbed practically all the chocolate and all the American and English cigarettes that that market contained. Then Carter sent Mr. Frapwell, head of the Y's new Post Exchange Purchasing Department, to Switzerland, with five hundred thousand francs in cash in his pocket.

Frapwell slept in twenty-seven Swiss beds in twenty-seven consecutive nights, and in the days between scraped every hole and corner of every Swiss cantonment for supplies. At the end of the period, he owned, in behalf of the Y, seventeen million cigarettes, nineteen tons of chocolate, thirty-nine carloads of lumber, ten carloads of Nestlé condensed milk, and the remaining value in grapejuice, mouth organs, Victrolas, Victrola needles, and miscellanies.

Then, just as he was preparing, as it were, to mount the headlight of his supply train and triumphantly reënter France, came the cheerful news that the French Government refused to permit those goods to enter.

Frapwell, who already had accomplished the feat of getting permission to import tobacco for our Army free of duty, was annoyed but not disheartened by this latest obstacle. Hurrying north, he made straight for his old Parisian haunt, the Ministère de Finance, there to resume his place in the antechamber.

The French, he knew, had always permitted the importation of goods for the British and Belgian Armies, upon formal

application for specified articles and consignments. But Frapwell wanted more. He wanted to close this subject once and forever — never again to be bothered with it. He wanted, in short, a blanket permit, by which the Y might bring in, duty free, any and all goods that it chose from that hour forth, for any branch of the American Service.

"*Ça sera difficile!*" exclaimed the French, looking discouragement detached but sure. And the Commander-in-Chief himself, hearing of the trouble, sent word to Carter that he would come to Paris next day in person to try if perchance his official prestige might turn the verdict regarding this one much-needed shipment.

Meantime, Frapwell continued to sit in the Ministerial antechamber, smiling with cheerful firmness, putting in a word where the word would help. And again his reward came presently fluttering into his hands. It was nothing less now, than an inclusive permit to bring into France any goods for the American Service from any neutral country, and without specific declaration — a concession never before granted by the French Government.

As a time-saver, as a saver of human wear and tear, as a clean, enduring slash through mountains of red tape, the achievement ranks high. And the Commander-in-Chief was spared all effort. Ever after, when Frapwell entered the Ministère de Finance, they addressed him as "M. le Colonel."

But flights like the flight into Switzerland could not bear frequent fruit. And the Y buyers who haunted the French seaports, purchasing from transports and cargo vessels every pound of surplus supplies that they possessed, could glean but little against the ever-increasing demand.

"Therefore," said Carter, "we must make our own stuff, here in France." And he directed Frapwell to proceed accordingly.

The latter, who by this time began to know his commercial France, consulted with M. Gaston Meunier; then, at that gentleman's suggestion, called a meeting of all the chocolate manufacturers in the country.

Now, the sale of chocolate, of candies in all forms, and of pastries, had been forbidden. For some months the windows of the sweets-shops on the rue Royale and the avenue de l'Opéra had been decorously dressed with artificial flowers and gay but empty boxes. For months the sweets factories had been left to the dust and the mould, the hungry rats and the spiders. Therefore the manufacturers of chocolate came to the meeting in a dull if curious frame of mind.

"Gentlemen," said Frapwell to the company assembled, "my request to each of you is for a statement of the amount of sweet chocolate that your factory could turn out supposing that you had the makings."

The question seemed to them whimsical. But there sat M. Meunier. They submitted their figures; from which it naturally appeared that more chocolate could be made in France than the Y could match in the shape of raw material.

But this merely meant that Frapwell could choose his factories; which he forthwith did, picking out those of first repute in the various regions best suited to easy distribution among the Army.

From the chocolate makers to the makers of sweet biscuit, from the biscuit makers to the makers of jam, he proceeded in like fashion, until forty-eight idle factories, the choice of France, stood committed to the Y, to work to full capacity exclusively for American soldiers. When those factories got under way, a single sweet biscuit plant used an average of six carloads of flour and sugar a day, and shipped out six carloads of biscuits. Fifty thousand tins of jam a day left the jam factories. And that jam, it may be said in passing, was

not the eternal, tasteless "apple and plum" of poor Tommy, but a very varied, and almost without exception excellent, product. And it was made, moreover, as were the sweets and the biscuits, under very careful sanitary inspection, carried on by Frapwell himself and his own trained agents.

The raw materials to supply these forty-eight food-mills, where to find them, how to transport them, became Frapwell's obsession by day and by night. The doughboy in France owes more to the unquenchable energy of that one man, inspired as he was by his burning devotion to Carter, than any doughboy will ever know. He worked like an astral magician, for he cared nothing for his own body or brain and spared them no strain or cost or weariness. And he conjured from nowhere, out of nothing, things that meant our boys' comfort, sometimes their very life itself.

When a friendly shipper gave fifty tons space on the 'tween decks of a tanker out of New York, that meant to Frapwell fifty tons of American sugar to be put with a lot of cocoa-beans juggled from another shore and fed into the factory at Blois. When a plant in Spain, again, proved able to put up unlimited hundreds of five-gallon tins of unsweetened fruit pulp, that meant that, having breathlessly matched it to transportation across France, having imported sheet tin from England and having made unlimited containers, Frapwell could ship jam to Toul. When Portugal, under search, revealed a yet unexhausted store of nuts and figs and dates, fresh varieties in candies became possible. And Frapwell was as keen over a new bon-bon for our sweet-toothed lads in khaki as he was over a victory in the Ministère de Finance.

But keenest of all he was, most self-immolating of all, that "the boss" should make good. Let no one under-value the enormous significance of the power to inspire a devotion such as this.

It means in pure fighting strength more than material terms can compute.

It turns the most desperate cause into victory.

Meantime, in the breasts of the distant directorate back in New York much uneasiness prevailed. To them this stranger Post Exchange loomed like an iceberg in a fog-bank. Dimly they guessed at its awful size; and its chill from afar congealed their spirit. Could they not steer out of the course of all bergs into safe waters? They signalled the question.

"No," came the captain's answer.

As yet the huge ultimate costs of the war were facts to no one. Nevertheless, such figures as we, the people, grasped already appalled us. The Y.M.C.A.'s second national campaign for funds had not yet been held. Dared they assume, in the interval, a liability so tremendous?

As a simple truth, no choice now remained to them. One link in the chain of the Nation's effort, the Nation's effort had already pulled them taut into line. They could not swing aside. But the very simplicity of truth such as this made it harder to seize by a comfortable, prosperous, peace-inured public. The distant directorate, happily inspired, determined to send overseas a special commission to examine and report on the situation, and, while possible, to bridle the exuberance of its over-excited representative.

This Special Commission consisted of four men wisely chosen. One, the chairman, was Mr. John Sherman Hoyt, of the Y.M.C.A. War-Work Council. The other three were competent men of affairs in no wise whatever connected with the Y.M.C.A. organization. The first was Mr. Franklin B. Kirkbride, a Wall Street banker; the second Mr. Philip L. James, of the firm of Marshall Field & Company; and the third, Mr. Douglas L. Elliman, a New York real estate dealer.

The Commission's report, rendered November 25, 1917, dealt in no sleek phrases. It affirmed that the Y executive overseas had earned most absolute confidence and support — had accomplished marvels with meagre means — should henceforth no more be allowed to feel a pinch for funds than should our fighting forces in the trenches. It proclaimed the crying need of good organization at home and abroad, of a wider vision at home, of the cutting forthwith of all red tape, of the breaking down of old traditions, of the conscription of new men, of the introduction of new methods, of the fearlessness that comes with conviction, of the faith that stops at no obstacles. It demanded for the work of the Overseas Y "the biggest and most successful men and women in all walks of life. No post in the service is too small for the very best." It pointed to the necessary, rigid censorship as accountable for our ignorance of the huge tasks confronting us.

And then, disposing at one sweep of the question as to whether or no the home organization should support the decisions of Carter, whose character and influence stood so clearly depicted in the tone of the whole report, it affirmed:

> Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Spokesman, by their direct choice, of the American people, has laid upon the Y.M.C.A. the most important duty that has ever been placed upon a Christian organization. Not since Valley Forge has such a task faced the manhood of America as our entering into the Great War entails.
>
> No such test of its strength and courage has ever faced a democracy as the present gigantic struggle.
>
> The Y.M.C.A. has accepted the call. Its organization has been militarized. . . . By an executive order of the President [it] has become an arm of the Federal Service; the acts of its own executive officers no longer accountable to its governing body alone, but now directly to the American people.
>
> There is no turning back.

In the interval, this sober embassy sent over to quench the wild-fire of the man on the spot, had, itself, burst into many-tongued flame. Carter had long and vainly begged for expert professional accountants and bookkeepers to prepare for and handle the great avalanche of business now breaking over his head. But his appeal had fallen on dull or unattentive ears. No such experts had ever been sent. Now the practical business men of the Commission had but to glance at the situation inevitably produced by this rash neglect, to shiver with horror-stricken sympathy. And the very first cable of a sledgehammer series that they straightway proceeded to launch was a sharp demand that Price, Waterhouse & Company, most famous of international accountants, be at once commandeered to head the accounting division and to supervise the accounts and audits of the A.E.F. Y.M.C.A. in England and in France.

In the next cable the Commission attacked three other staring evils — that of insistence by the distant directorate that questions of administration overseas be submitted to the distant directorate for decision; that of delaying transmission of funds; and that of ignoring the Overseas Executive's specifications as to the number and quality of personnel that his work required.

In placing heavy orders on a scant and tricky market, one hour's delay in clinching the bargain, as the Commission now saw for itself, would often mean either a large per cent of increased cost, or the entire loss of the goods in question. The Overseas Executive must not, therefore, be hampered by the demands of New York to be consulted in pressing business transactions.

Hesitation and delay in transmission of budget funds from New York to Paris tended to create a business situation as unprofitable as it was unnecessary.

And Carter, in Paris, should be the sole arbiter of the character, qualifications, and number of his staff; instead of which his daily plea, urged with all the force that words can convey, had met with but slow and very scant recognition or success. That plea, with tragic insistence, with tragic futility, had from the start been for "*quality* and quantity — *quality* and quantity" — for abler, more gifted, more skilful, more practical, "bigger" men — for the finest women that the country possessed, and for hundreds of both where now a mere handful of any sort came over to help.

To those who know the Army's troubles of the time, the general parallel here needs no defining!

Three days later the Commission, having turned its mind to details of supplies, and having compared Carter's scores of unhonored requisitions with the obvious needs of the field, cabled New York recommending weekly shipments of specified brands of tobacco, sweets, and other comforts in large and specified wholesale quantities.

Yet a few days more and the Commission cables again, heavily increasing its recommendation. And by a third wire close on the heels of the second, it hurries along a further demand; once more multiplying the number, size, and urgency of its recommendations.

Cable on cable, in rapid-fire volleys, the Committee of Four shot across the water, under the spur of things they saw and learned from hour to hour. On November 14 they wired:

> Not until we had gone personally over the field had we any conception of the tremendous opportunity and grave responsibility which General Pershing had committed to the Y.M.C.A. . . . Our men need instant help which the Y.M.C.A. can give only if able men, supplies, and the means to support its work are given in lavish measure by the whole country. . . . We must express our absolute endorsement of the splendid work done by [your] representatives here under the most trying conditions. They with meagre facilities have ac-

complished remarkable results, but [are] now at the breaking point. Cannot continue to do the impossible unless they receive immediate and adequate support from you and the Country at large.

Finally, in the cable of November 19, the Commission, brought to white heat by the fires of common experience, showed without disguise its own righteous rebellion under handling the like of which Carter had somehow made shift to sustain since our entry into the war.

Funds already requested needed instantly. Must have two hundred men workers for new camps being opened daily. We must have these Secretaries by December tenth and thirty women workers for Miss Ely or we shall fail in our promises to Pershing. No answers have arrived to our cables. Have you received them? What steps are you taking to carry out our requests all of which are imperative and require instant and complete execution. Needs extending so rapidly earnestly urge you to prepare to secure steadily increasing quantities of supplies in addition to those already cabled for. In meantime ship now all available and keep forwarding rapidly and regularly. Do not haggle over price. . . . Make renewed efforts to get all capable men and women already cabled for off promptly. In addition, send seventy clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, warehouse and shipping clerks, men trained to run retail and wholesale business [all] willing to do any work to which they may be assigned. . . . Every department swamped with work. Many camps without Y.M.C.A. Everywhere so far behind needs you are safe in exceeding all requests by a liberal margin. Unless a reserve of men and supplies is built up there is no possibility of adequate accomplishment. . . .

"No answers have arrived to our cables. Have you received them?"

How often had Carter, in the desperate anxiety of the last tense months, flung that same query at that same distant directorate! And how often had a very high Personage in the Army Overseas, charged with the lives of our young men and the fortunes of our flag, repeated to the War Department the terrible question: "For God's sake, why don't you answer my cables?"

"Do not haggle over prices." — Have we forgotten how dearly we paid for Washington's haggling over wool, over steel, over engines, over food? Have we forgotten all our costly, fussy, old-womanish bustlings about in a bandbox, surprised and dazed as we were by the crisis for which we would not prepare, when we should have been thinking in terms of the whole world and eternity.

Verily, the Y.M.C.A. is a cross-section of our people, the National Government is a cross-section of our people, and the changing measure of the wisdom of our people is the measure of the wisdom of both.

So came, from the Commission of Four, a final day, when it met the working staff of the Overseas Y — some seventy men who could be got together in conference. And John Sherman Hoyt, Chairman of the Commission sent over to check the zeal of the headstrong, stood up before that conference and spoke plain and humbly, like a man.

As we go around the country and see the work that you are doing we realize that we in the States did not know what the work was, over here. We who were trying to carry on the work through the Executive Committee could not possibly realize this work; and, as Mr. Carter said, it is our chief duty to get back just as quick as we can, to try to back you people up the way you deserve to be backed up. The work in the States, of course, is entirely different from what it is over here. . . . As the demands kept coming in to us in New York, we could not visualize them; we could not realize what you were up against in trying to handle the problem.

The Canteen . . . seemed absolutely unnecessary as taken up from the New York standpoint. We realize, however, over here, that it is vital.

I am not trying to defend the Executive Committee in the position that they have taken in the past, in trying to repress and hold down what we thought was running away with you all here. It was simply because we could not realize what it is.

I want you all to feel that we are behind you. I mean the War-

Work Council in New York. We are behind you to the limit, and the fact that we have not backed you as we should have in the past was due to lack of knowledge on our part.

Lack of knowledge — lack of realization. That and that alone stood between the Y.M.C.A. at home and a complete abandonment of shackling traditions as to both men and methods, a complete outgiving of its every resource in support of the Overseas Y. Exactly as lack of knowledge, lack of realization, that, and that alone stood in the way of the whole Nation's out-giving its uttermost, man by man, woman by woman, without regard to station, tradition, custom, or circumstance, in support of the Army overseas.

In what degree did our people, in the course of the World War, reach toward the height — reach toward the plane of unconditional, uncalculated giving? Once again, the Y.M.C.A. at home was an absolute cross-section, neither better nor worse, of the great home-staying people of the United States of America.

Chapter IX

"What in Hell is Billy's Other Name?"

Meantime, here and there over our war-map, many Y's had started, notable among them "Billy's hut," at Neufchâteau.

Mr. William C. Levere, of Evanston, Illinois, late city magistrate and State assemblyman, after having vainly tried to persuade the Army to overlook its age limit and give him a chance to enlist, after having vainly tried for acceptance by the Red Cross, came to France in September, 1917, in the service of the Y.

Mr. Levere's characteristics are, in part: Complete unselfishness; a love and sympathy for boys in which father and mother love and sympathy combine; a wide experience with boys gained as the national head of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon; an upright character; a well-balanced, well-stocked, God-fearing mind; a gift of wit and humor and ready speaking; immense good nature; unflagging energy and high spirits; a genius for cookery, and a very noticeable avoirdupois.

Possibly a different equipment might be found equalling in value to our doughboy the equipment of Mr. Levere. Other Y men, quite different in character, won, in fact, an affection as warm as that which he inspired. But none, it is safe to say, spread wider service or conquered quite so many hearts. For "Billy's hut" for many months was the roadhouse of the A.E.F. and "Billy's" cheer illumined the passage through France.

When first he came, they sent him over to Haréville to comfort Company "D" of the First United States Engineers, building camps for troops yet to arrive. Then, in advance of

the coming of the Twenty-Sixth Division, the Y called him to Neufchâteau, where an old round tent of the circus type, half covered with green and red and brown camouflage, sat bottomless in a sea of mud.

First for the troops of the Advanced Headquarters of the Service of Supplies, then for the Twenty-Sixth Division, "Billy," as the Army at once entitled him, made that miserable tent a home. Later, as the cold increased and as rising winds more and more often swept the tent flat to the ground, a summer beer garden attached to the Hôtel Agriculture, in the middle of the town, beckoned with the lure of roof and floor. So Billy, uprooting his tent, wrapped it around the beer-garden's latticed sides, and continued to shine in the desert until Christmas Eve brought the practical completion of the famous "Billy's hut."

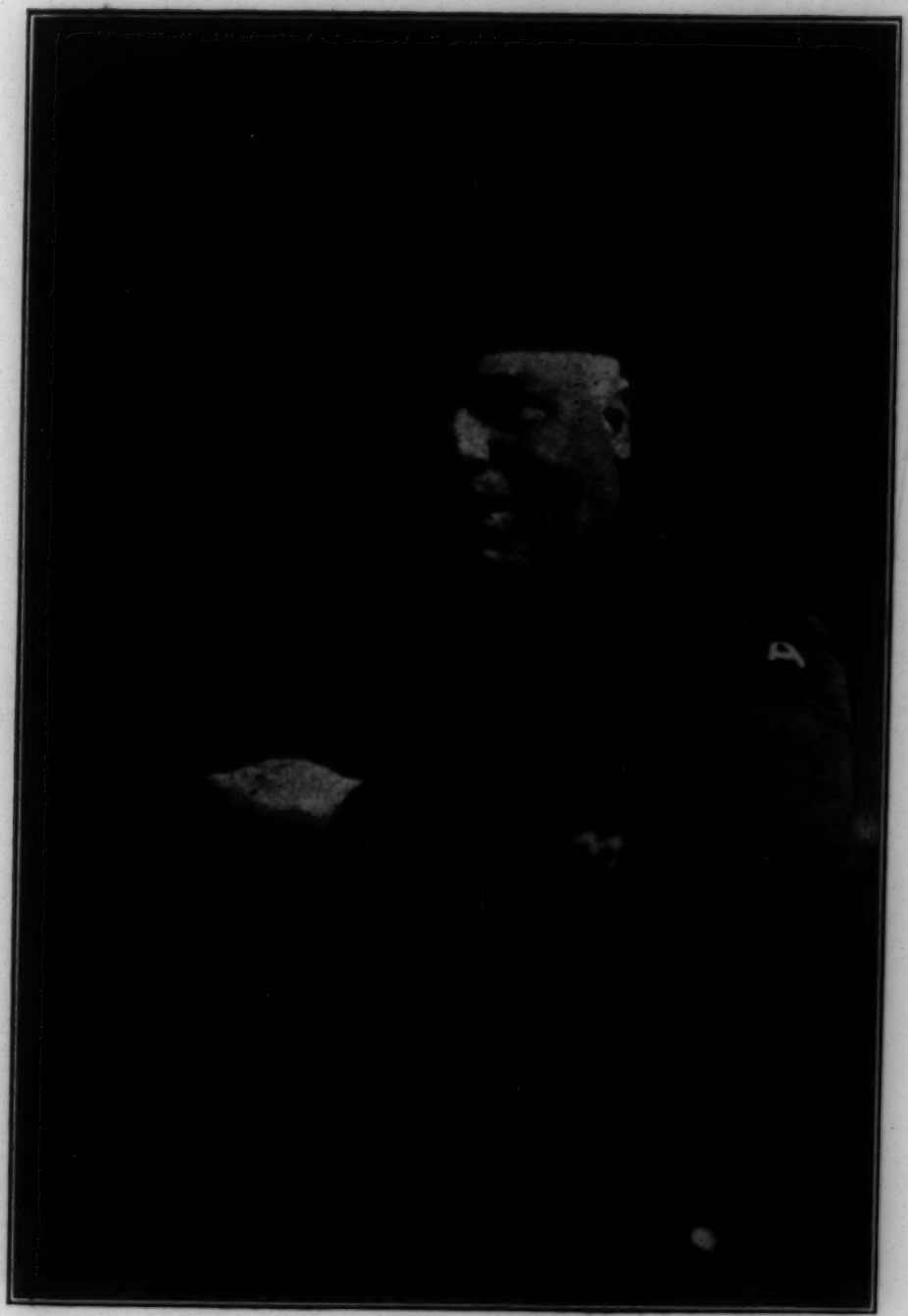
Overnight, equipment flew into it — including the piano and the gramophone without which no true hut can exist.

Also a Christmas tree, from the neighboring woods, a tree that reached the roof.

And Billy, by the peculiar grace that is in him, conjured Christmas food into being; and the Y box from Paris, that should have held solid gifts, gave forth instead a deluge of ballet-girls' costumes, paper coats and hats and bonnets; turkeys and champagne bottles of *papier-maché*, whistles, balloons, and comic masks and games and toys.

And the gramophone squealed and the piano banged, and the boys, arraying themselves in pink and yellow petticoats, cake-walk jackets, strange hats and stranger faces, whistled and yelled, danced, ate, drank, and played harmless roughhouse to their hearts' content, while Billy, hilarious master of revels, urged them on. So that Christmas Day at Neufchâteau was one big romp.

"Billy's" was a double hut of standard type. Its one half



"BILLY" LEVERE

contained a stage and an auditorium, for shows, while its parallel twin held scores of small tables where boys might eat and drink, or sit and smoke and chat, or play a game of cards. Billiard-tables filled one end of this second part, writing-tables the other, a long canteen counter occupied half of one side, and a sufficient number of stoves kept the place really warm.

To say that the hut was at any time clean would show an ignorance of what was possible or even desirable there. The boys for whom it existed were not clean. The mud of France, in cakes and smears and bunches, covered them. They worked in mud, they slept in mud, they ate in mud, they travelled in mud, they waded through mud to get to the place. Cleanliness, next to beating the Boche the thing they most immediately longed for, was just the thing that they could by no means have.

Several permanent units, including some hundreds of Army bakers, fifteen hundred motor mechanics, a host of Headquarters clerks and of Military Police, presently settled in and around town. Troops in force, as the Twenty-Sixth Division, made it their temporary home. As the war wore on troops in passage continually marched through. An endless procession of camions, coming and going, laden or empty, thundered past the door by day and by night. And in and out of the moving mass, like beads of quicksilver, the despatch riders forever flew.

Now, nobody who could control his movements ever passed Billy's hut without a stop. More than once an entire regiment, moving to the front, was halted by its officers and marched through the canteen in squads, to be fed hot coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, and cakes until the whole command had been satisfied. And the crowds as they came, man by man, brought the mud, the slimy, slithery, sticky grey mud, and shed it all over the place.

They shed it down the counter aisle; they shed it under the tables, and on the chairs; they shed it all over the auditorium, when they packed the evening show or lounged there during daylight hours to listen to some one playing ragtime or playing Debussy or Schubert, as the case might be with equal ease.

Always some doughboy sat at the piano, always playing to a crowd, sometimes with the skill of a distinguished professional, sometimes just with the knack of rhythm. Always the billiard-balls clicked, always the stoves glowed, always tobacco smoke bloomed through the air, and, except when some evening show was on whose success its noise would disturb, always the canteen ran full swing.

But never, month in and month out, the round of the clock, would Billy permit that any boy in France be asked *not to track in mud.*

Billy's canteen contained, of course, the usual supplies of cake, chocolate, tobacco, matches, and all the odds and ends of the Post Exchange. But Billy's canteen contained, above all things, good and varied homelike food — as much and as varied as he could invent, forage, or by any means provide — dispensed with hearty friendship and kind laughter guided by a keen, sympathetic eye. No one ever suspected Billy of a desire to "save a soul," to drive a moral, or to hand out a tract. Nobody ever heard Billy preach — except when the boys themselves asked for a Sunday service and Billy had to take the job. Then he did it and did it well.

But nobody ever saw Billy too tired or too busy to see and provide for the last lad's need of body or mind, nobody ever saw him turn a lad empty away for lack of money to pay for his wants, and *nobody ever saw him give,* excepting only the recipient. For no woman was ever more sensitive to the sensitive shrinking of a boy's pride. When Billy gave that which might have been paid for, he did it so quietly, camouflaged

it so delicately, that the next in the line caught no hint of the act.

Nor was it necessary for a boy to speak of his needs and his empty pocket, for Billy, by some divine instinct of love, knew both without being told, and acted, even when sore-hearted resistance met his advance.

Two cages-full of canary birds chirped at each end of his counter. Big cups of hot soup, stout and savory, hot coffee, strong and good, hot chocolate, solid sandwiches of various kinds, pies, puddings, and doughnuts were always on hand, the drinks and larger articles for five cents (twenty-five centimes) apiece. Piccalilli, made in the hut, and a salad of finely chopped cabbage well filled with dressing tasted like manna to boys fed up with "canned willy," "gold-fish," and beans. And when Billy started a course dinner of excellent soup, beefsteak, fried potatoes and two other vegetables, salad, dessert, bread and butter, and coffee or chocolate, for two and a half francs, every soldier for miles around abandoned his mess, and, A.W.O.L. if need be, came to Billy's for chow.

"Billy's bug-juice" — a combination of lime-juice and fruit syrups — was known all over the A.E.F. when thirsty time set in. Billy's griddle-cakes spread comfort like a poultice where they softly fell. And Billy's hand in it all became a sort of trademark and surety of worth.

"We'll all have soup," said the spokesman of four hungry camion-drivers, for the first time visiting the hut.

"*Quatre soupes!*" called the server at the counter to the cook behind the scene.

"We don't want no cat soup!" indignantly protested the four and shot out of the room.

But the roar that followed them rose scarcely less at their folly in suspecting Billy's provender than in joy at the helpless joke.

Without any manner of doubt, by the way, somewhere in France, America, or on the Rhine, those four camion-drivers, if they still live, to this very day are innocently imparting to horrified audiences their personal knowledge of the kind of soup that was served by "that damn Y."

"Billy's hut" was one of the dirtiest huts in France — because forever and always it was packed with dirty, hungry, needy boys. But Billy's kitchen had an oilclothed floor; and everything in it, including the floor, got scrubbed several times a day; and Billy's pots and pans shone like the sun. For, by hook or by crook, he accumulated twelve French servants.

Also the Army gave him ten German prisoners, further to supplement his little staff of Y aides. And those people worked.

"Come along into the kitchen," he would say at the end of a cold, wet evening to a shivering lad whose flushed face and too bright eyes told a tale of trouble hovering near — or, "Come along into the kitchen," to a boy with that in his look which bespoke to Billy's instinct the need of a friend.

And, once behind the door, in the homely scene of skillets and bowls and spice-boxes, warmth and cleanliness and pleasant smells, Billy would pull a chair before the range, open the oven door, and say:

"There, settle down, son. Put your feet inside and get 'em hot."

The servants and the prisoners would all have gone, by then. Y people, knowing the game, busy on games of their own, would steer away. And Billy, alone with his boy, would mix him a hot egg-nog, or feed him a plate of some extra dainty set aside for just such a chance, and gently extract the thorn from his soul.

Then he gave advice, gratefully received; gave medicine,

thankfully taken; made a promise, faithfully to be kept; or lent money, almost always to be returned — as the case might be. And, in the end, he sent away, or put to bed, a lad with a heart full of peace instead of misery, or with a body tided over a dangerous hour.

Almost every day he asked one or two boys to dine with him in his own little room behind the canteen. Only one or two at a time, because — and this was his secret — he wanted them to feel themselves "company" — his personal guests, invited not from duty, but for his own pleasure, and so to give them a touch of home. Then Billy would exert himself, with jokes and stories, and with extra tid-bits piled on heaping plates, to make those boys know that to him they were not Serial Number 537 and 1003, but his own particular, chosen friends.

"I want to be married," a lad one night confessed. "I suppose it could n't be here in the hut? It's the nicest place in France."

Billy turned instantly grave. He asked a question or two. The girl, he happened to know, was right. Finally he began his verdict.

"You *could* be married in the hut," he said, slowly, "but on one condition only — one which you may not like."

The boy's face fell.

"That condition is," Billy continued, "that you let us give you a real wedding — the whole — regular — full-blown thing."

So they decorated the auditorium hut, had music and ushers, and a best man, and concluded the ceremony with a wedding breakfast and dancing for all the guests. Billy himself gave away the bride. As he walked up the aisle to the blare of the wedding march, Billy himself was the most radiant of all the party. Invitations included the A.E.F., and al-

though the function began at eight o'clock in the morning, all the A.E.F. that could get there took part in the entire proceedings with thrills of joy.

But Billy was radiant all of the time, as far as the A.E.F. could see. No boy got ever a cold or unaffording word or glance from him, whatever the hour, whatever the press of work, whatever his fatigue. And if he was not fatigued — dog-tired, more often than not — that was solely because his spirit eclipsed his earthly part.

He seemed not to know he was incarnate as long as a lad within his reach remained in want of word or deed. In times of heavy stress, he worked through periods, as through Saturday to Monday, without sleep and without a bite to eat. If the food of the hut was famous all over France, it was because Billy himself taught the French servants to cook, and himself brooded over the pot. Many another Y man on his staff broke under the pace he set. No one could last there who had a single desire beyond the service in hand — who was not ready to spend himself to-day as though to-morrow would never dawn. Up in the morning while yet the night's exhaustion hung heavy on his limbs, he would be over in the hut kitchen at six o'clock making biscuits and cinnamon buns by rafts, with his own hands, to cheer up his jaded boys with a snack of "something like home." And his constant preoccupation was the discovery of a possible new dish.

Birds of passage his boys often were, for Billy's hut was indeed the roadhouse of the A.E.F. But sometimes his birds flitted past again: As despatch riders, stopping late to-night for a snatch of hot food, and late to-morrow night, white and drawn of face, coming again to his door. Not a mouthful would they have tasted in the interval. Not a mouthful could they then have got but for Billy's ever-open hand.

They did not say much, those weary, road-worn, hungry

lads that swarmed in Billy's hut. But they carried the fame of the Y at Neufchâteau all over France. And they filled its registers, kept as tracers of friend for friend, with tributes of boyish love and gratitude. Some entries expressed the thought of cultivated minds. Some innocently mangled the tongue that served them. But none, perhaps, more truly conveyed the kernel of the thing than did that simple outburst over the signature of a private of Marines:

"What in hell is Billy's other name?"

Chapter X

The Kill-or-Cure

Then came the middle of the winter, and the gradual moving of the divisions from their training area to the Front. By the first week of February, the Twenty-Sixth started for the line — the Soissons sector — pulling at its leash to tackle the Hun.

But no sooner did it reach its new territory than it found it had left something behind — something very important to its comfort — something that it did not see itself doing without. It had left its own Billy — Billy Levere.

So now every camion-driver that came back, every despatch rider, every possible emissary, brought the message:

"The Twenty-Sixth says: 'Send Billy up.'"

Therefore, the Y turned him loose, to go as a free lance wherever he himself thought he could do the most good. And from that time on, Billy moved at will.

At first you found him in the town of Soissons, running a "hut" in a tent chiefly patronized by motor mechanics and drivers, dispensing marvellous food at all hours, serving it with a sauce of unfailing joviality, and producing each day new diversions born of his brain.

As, for example, a $100,000 breach of promise trial, steered in the main by Billy's legal mind, the plaintiff a six-foot Maine lumber-jack in a French petticoat, the public a crew of roaring transport hands, the judge a two-fisted buck private hammering the table for "order," while an inspired witness retorts at the top of his lungs:

"Ham and eggs!"

And, all the time, tent-flaps close drawn, because of the smash and hum of Boche bombing-planes cruising overhead.

But Billy-on-the-loose kept edging farther and farther forward — forward toward the fighting.

Some days he sojourned in the dugouts of his friends, some nights he stole beyond, into the front-line trench, packed up like Santa Claus with a back-load of candy and cigarettes. There he would spend the dark hours enlivening an enamoured audience with the cleverest, happiest talk in the world, and steal away back before dawn.

"It sure is one real treat, having him come," a solid young fighter said, "but we are always scared to death for fear something will break too quick and he'll get wedged in the trench and we can't pry him out in time."

Then, for a while, he lived in an underground gallery — just a natural cave of ice-cold, half-liquid clay that billeted hundreds of boys.

In that dark cave at night, Billy held lectures on his own war experiences, burlesquing his hazardous adventures, describing imagined absurdities and fears.

He sat like Buddha, solemn-miened, a candle stuck in a box-lid on the floor before him, to show his face. All around him, through the thick, black shadows, played gleams of beautiful ivory-white, and little tongues of orange-yellow, and shades of warm, bright, moving pearl. Because, as he talked, his children stripped themselves to their skins, and, squatting cross-legged with bits of lighted candles in their hands, hunted through the seams of their garments for their creepers, their crawlers, their biters, their cooties, their chats — with grunts of satisfaction cracking them between their thumb-nails, as Billy's cheerful lies wound on.

High lights on nose-bridges, cheek-bones and chins, soft

flashes on splendid, forward-pitched shoulders and chests — main contours swallowed in pools of night.

Billy has just been telling them how he got to the cave, walking between two bold despatch carriers, himself a quaking monument of fear, scaling a hillside under fire — and the boys are rocking with joy.

"Why do they listen to me as they do?" he asks the captain, aside.

"Because," says the captain, "you don't pose as a hero. Because you talk their own language. Because you're putting into words things they know, but can't express. And each laugh you get from them is as good as a bullet in a Hun."

Billy, understanding, redoubles his fun.

Tramping along with a full pack on his way to the front line, Billy comes to what once was a French town. A fragment of chimney some ten feet high is all that now remains above the level of pulverized stone. By that jagged needle a lone New England lad stands watch. The landscape is so French that you smell it with your eyes shut. It is dusk already, and the eternal rain slops on.

The boy's face, a mask of homesick misery, goes straight to Billy's heart. He abandons his own track, labors over to the solitary watcher and, with deep solicitude, peers up into his eyes. Then, in a low voice, as if fearing eavesdroppers, he speaks:

"Pardon me, sonny, but — may I enquire — were you born in this town?"

The lad stares.

"*Hell*, no!" he jerks out, half affronted.

And then, as the thing takes, he bursts into howls of laughter, while Billy fishes forth chocolate and *beaucoup* smokes.

When the Twenty-Sixth was pulled out and sent to release the First on the Toul Front, Billy went too. At first a quiet

sector, Toul presently developed incidents of its own — such as the affair at Seicheprey in the latter part of April. And Billy, all this time, worked just exactly as far forward as commanding officers would let him go.

He could give no more lectures, because the Boche was shelling too heavily to admit congregations of men. But he *could* roll about from dugout to dugout, from trench to trench, spreading comfort and smokes, laughs, sympathy, and true friendship in thought, word, and deed.

But after Toul and a bit at the Baccarat Front, Billy went back to Neufchâteau. It was a question, then, between the Front and the men. The hut at Neufchâteau, in Billy's hands, was a main artery of the A.E.F., both ways. The A.E.F. needed him there. He could not hesitate.

Other kinds of Y men infested that very same belt. There was, for example, a reverend gentleman said by some to be valued in an old trans-Alleghany State. One night, as he walked on his affairs in company with two "brothers," the Boche suddenly put over some shells not far from the road the three traversed. Like magic, the reverend gentleman disappeared.

A moment's fracas intervened. Then, the incident closed, his two comrades remarked his continued absence and started search.

Nothing whatever to be found. Could a flying fragment have wiped him utterly out? Nose to earth in the blackness, they scoured the ground.

"What's that queer noise?" asked one.

"What the deuce!" remarked the other.

They risked the flash of a lamp.

From the shaft of a wayside dugout waved a pair of putteed legs, beckoning the callous stars. From within the dugout, whose mouth was stopped by the legs' portly source, arose a

hollow, muffled, automatic cadence, like a distant siren's howl:

"Oh, Lord, save me! Oh, Lord, save me!"

The deep, resounding professional tremolo no one can mistake. They had found him again, their lost "brother."

Then, also, there was another Y man — a New Englander, he — who actually felt it his duty to stand between the Army and its smokes. The man was so desiccated that, to all appearances, his very heart had turned into a bulletin of reproach. And, though he must sell cigarettes in the Y canteen, he handed out each package with a lemonish word and look.

Yet the Y kept him on because personnel was so bitter short that every hand, however weak, mechanically told.

But presently, as things warmed up, they did what they could for him — gave him his one chance of redemption — sent him to the Kill-or-Cure.

There in the very front trenches, within range of shell-fire all the time, he did what many another did under that same handling. He improved. He softened and smiled.

Nevertheless, and obviously still, he still hated "the weed."

Then came the day at Seicheprey when our wounded streamed back to the *triage*, and the Y man, his real heart found at last, met the stretchers as they came. And every boy, the worst-hurt most of all, if he was conscious, looked up into that Y man's face and begged for a smoke.

Between the blue-white lips of the first that asked he put a cigarette. And lighted it.

And in that very moment, he saw with dismay that he had used the last match!

Then came the final show-down.

Without one word the conscientious objector jammed a cigarette into his own mouth, lighting it from that in the mouth of the wounded boy. Thenceforth all day long till

the need was done he kept the spark going without one break.

It lighted hundreds of cigarettes — his first smoke!

The First Division, called regular and soon to acquit itself with all the firmness of regular troops, was, as a matter of fact, about sixty per cent green material, hastily got together from all over America in response to the hurry-call of France. Not only was it largely green, but, from the time of its return to its training area around Gondrecourt in October, 1917, until well into the new year, it comprised, physically, a very wretched lot of men.

As the evil autumn weather merged into a wicked winter, the little French villages offered small protection or cheer. The division had reached France poorly equipped, and by the time that November and December had turned its world into one big ice-water shower-bath with deep-mud floors and mouldy sides, its shortage of warm clothes had become a scandal. As to its footgear, that was so far gone that the men's bare toes literally stuck through their broken rags of boots.

Manœuvring for forty-eight-hour periods, so clad and shod, in horrible going, came hard to American boys fresh from decent homes. But they had to endure it as best they might until the division moved into the Toul Front.

Meantime, Y huts provided such warmth and comfort as the men got. To come into these well-heated rooms out of their wretched, morgue-like billets, to get good hot drinks and food, and smokes, after days and nights unsheltered in the cold and wet, was a Godsend indeed.

And still, some of the Regular Army officers of the division remained to be convinced of the expediency of permitting a welfare organization to accompany a combat division to the Front.

On its first tour of front-line service, therefore, the division had taken with it but ten of its Y personnel. But now, in mid-January, 1918, returning to the Toul sector, it signified its willingness to permit a more liberal Y service. And H. B. Barnes, Divisional Secretary, able man, acted immediately on the welcome concession. He promptly established twenty-eight Y canteens and recreational places, whether in dugouts or in the surviving rooms of shell-shattered buildings, along the line of Army support.

As yet, however, only two women were allowed to go up — Miss Gertrude Ely and Miss Mary Arrowsmith. Both of these served, incessantly under fire or in danger of fire, in the Ansauvillers canteen.

From Toul to Montdidier–Amiens, from Montdidier–Amiens to Cantigny and Soissons, to Château-Thierry, to Saint-Mihiel, to the Argonne, to Sedan — the First fought its way. And its Y women, now at last confirmed to it, saw it through the whole.

When the men came out of the fight at Jouy, at the roadside in the blackness of the night, where no fire could be lighted for fear of enemy planes, they found Gertrude Ely waiting with cauldrons of hot tea. You may have heard that our men did not want tea. Well, then, they wanted *that* tea, and they ate the leaves.

At Mamey, she lived in a dugout some five minutes' walk from her Y canteen. That canteen occupied a part of the one room yet remaining of an erstwhile house. All the troops lived underground, like prairie-dogs, round about. For what had been the village was yet bombed and shelled both daily and nightly, so that no circulation of troops, no bringing-up of supplies, was permitted until after dark.

But she cooked and sewed, baked and mended for them, wrote letters to their people at home, busied herself about a

thousand little services that put the heart into them, all day long. And as opportunity arose they came to her with their troubles and perplexities — things that gnawed at the roots of their peace, yet for which they would scarcely have found another confidant.

"When can you give me five minutes?" a man would ask. And then he would do the only thing that could really set his mind at ease — would tell all the circumstances of his case, asking her judgment and help.

"I bought a piece of land in Montana, before I enlisted. I want to consult you about it, because women have a good deal to do with running the land, in Montana, and I thought you'd be able to see it a woman's way . . ."

"I've got eleven hundred francs that worry me. I want to deposit them somewhere and I don't know what to do that's safe. Will you . . . "

"My wife writes me she is n't getting her allotment. Has n't heard a word from it since I left home. I asked the top-sergeant. He says he don't know anything about it and to ask the quartermaster.

"Now, *you* know, Miss Ely, that quartermaster is twenty-five kilometres away. And you know just how much chance I have of getting to him. And I'm worried to death. My wife *needs* that money —

"You'll see to it? — Oh, but I knew you would! You Y women always act as if our troubles were your own."

The French, who had first held Mamey, had put up an altar in the back of the room in which the canteen was installed — had dug out from among the *débris* of the village church remnants of holy images; had tried to hide their lack of heads and limbs with dust-covered rags of tinsel altar flowers, and had shut the place apart with a curtain of pink calico found in the ruins of a shop.

Now, Gertrude Ely, who knew her men, knew that that altar would be sacred in their sight, and that in their hearts, in these days and nights of the presence of death, they often longed to hear and to join in familiar words of prayer. So, simply because there was no one else to do it for them, she herself, standing before the altar, would read a service. Then, out of love and sympathy for them, she would speak a very little and start their favorite hymns.

Any who wished might come. Almost every man who could come, did.

And the few that remained without the curtain kept silence or talked in whispers, moved noiselessly, in perfect reverence, till the little rite was done.

Singing counted for a lot, in those days — whether of the old familiar hymns, or of rollicking Army songs that put a lilt into heavy heart-beats. And the lilt in a Y girl's voice helped many a man over a stile.

It was during the second day's fight in the Argonne that this little scene occurred — over in Cheppy, where the hospitals were. Hundreds of boys, most of them very badly wounded, lay in the "ward" when Gertrude Ely appeared.

"Hello, there! — Miss Ely! Come over here!"

The eager voice came from the far corner — from a boy not over eighteen years old. His right arm was gone from the shoulder, his left leg strapped high on a support.

"Look," he whispered as she reached him. "Let's us sing to these fellows, you and me. Some of 'em are hurt awful bad."

It was one of her own lads of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, who had been "song leading" with her, only a little before the drive, for the crowd in the hut.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

"Why — let's see — 'Pull Your Shades Down, Mary Ann.' That'll cheer 'em up."

So off they sailed, the boyish tenor a little weak once and again, yet sturdily pulling itself together and carrying on.

"Now, another. Come along! Let's give 'em a jolly one."

For the only idea in his blessed head was that they two, there in the midst of mortal pain, should do what they could — what they had done before — to help the rest.

Two days after the Armistice they were still bringing our wounded off the fields and into another hospital. Among them a certain big Oregonian, shot through the head — through the eyeball.

And his one obsessing idea was to try to keep his dressings clean — clean — to keep his dressings clean.

"I sure would n't like to go home blind, because of mother," he explained, gently.

Finally, Gertrude Ely went straight to the surgeon and asked what chance there was of keeping his sight.

"None whatever."

"Now, what would you tell me if this were my own brother's case?"

"Well, one eye is absolutely gone. The other might possibly be saved if carefully dressed — but, you know, here, with the nursing force we have — such care is impossible. No. The second eye will go."

But Gertrude Ely determined in her own mind that if any care that she could give could save that boy's eye, his sight should remain with him. It only meant the abandonment of her last scrap of sleep.

"Will you write to my mother for me?" the Oregonian asked her. "Just give her my love and say it's better I rest my eyes for the present, but that I'll write soon, and that I'm very well, indeed."

"I am humbly grateful that the war is done and that my boy has come safely through. I appreciate your writing for

him while his eyes rest. They are such dear, wonderful eyes. I cannot be too thankful that all they need is rest," the mother wrote back.

And, months later, as she read the letter, Gertrude Ely once more rejoiced in the myriad-faceted opportunity that, this time, had meant a good man's daylight in the world.

But to go back to the order of events:

When the First Division left Toul to take over the lively Montdidier–Amiens sector, one hundred and fifty miles away, Barnes allotted to each of the four entraining stations two men and two women secretaries. As troops entrained, each officer and each man of the entire twenty-eight thousand got all the hot chocolate he could drink on the spot, two cakes of sweet chocolate, two packs of cigarettes and a package of biscuits, to help along the trip.

This meant that each one of the Y secretaries on the job, women as well as men, served more than twenty-four consecutive hours, standing outdoors in the rain and the cold, working without a break.

Such a statement as this may be questioned as an impossibility. But such statements, and others considerably more extreme, will frequently be made in the course of this book, not carelessly. The fact is, that the human frame — when the spirit leads — is capable of far greater endurance than we have dreamed. The World War has taught some millions of persons that.

Then, as each train pulled out from the Toul stations, Barnes put on board two men secretaries, a stove, and the equipment and ingredients for making hot chocolate. So that, as troops detrained, every officer and every man, cold and hungry from the long, miserable ride in unheated wagons, again got a good hot drink; which meant, to them, everything.

For no such service was any charge made.

"This is the last straw," said Colonel King, Chief of Staff, as he drank his steaming chocolate: "If you people are going to do things like this for my men, you are no joy-riders, and I'll help you to whatever you want."

At Chaumont-en-Vexen, "Camp Funston," north of Paris, the First received a little extra coaching. Then it marched to the Montdidier lines, finishing the movement on April 27. Its artillery now occupied the towns of Villers-Tourville, Roquencourt, and Coullemelle. Its lines of Army support ran through six towns, in each of which Barnes stationed a pair of Y women.

All six towns the Boche artillery frequently shelled. On almost every moonlight night, each one got its thorough and painstaking bombing by Boche planes. The whole sector, in fact, was the hottest spot that our troops had yet occupied.

Now, the wisdom of placing women in positions so exposed was as yet uncertain in the minds of our military officers. Y divisional heads, too, hesitated on the verge of an experiment so unprecedented.

Women in combat areas would be in the way — would require an amount of care that a fighting force should not give, thought the Army, and frequently refused to allow them to come up. Women under fire or in danger of fire, and always in conditions of hardship and strain, might turn hysterical and collapse, thought the Y men. And this was a business proposition. No room for frills.

But Barnes, as Divisional Secretary, had for some time been gently picking his Y women, on lines of his own. They must be easy to look at, he held. Pretty if possible. At all events wholesome. Bright, cheery, and of good disposition. Ladies. Socially inclined. Hard working. Resourceful. Never flirts, but always friendly. "And remember," he insisted,

"lots of people don't know how to be friends — were not friendly people before they came over; now, you can't transform that kind overnight."

What more they were, experience alone could tell.

And experience did tell the curious truth that regular Y women neither asked nor expected favors and bore the nervous strain better than did the average man. Mr. Barnes himself is authority for the statement that, although many men broke down to the point of tears under forty-eight or even twenty-four hours of more or less continuous shell-fire, not one woman of the First Division's Y ever gave way.

On the Toul sector in shelled positions, and afterwards in the Montdidier–Amiens Front, their record was the same.

In their little canteens along the support line in the latter region, they were shelled almost daily. But not one of them ever flickered, either from her job or from her steady, hearty, soundly poised good cheer.

On moonlight nights, with almost clocklike regularity, the Boche, as has been said, heavily bombed all those support-line towns. Then each woman, shouldering her bed-roll, would walk into the fields half a mile from the town to finish the night's rest, tramping back again at dawn.

Dorothy Francis and Marjory Skelding, Charlotte Hand, Mary Arrowsmith, Frances Gulick, Gertrude Ely, and the rest served through their apprenticeship of warfare with a steadiness that put their case beyond dispute and that clinched with unshakable strength the earlier link between the First and its Y.

Frances Gulick, for example, made her little canteen like a cozy sitting-room at home. Her stove was always busy, cooking for the boys, and the boys always swamped the place. Sometimes you found her reading aloud to them. Sometimes telling stories to the crowd, while she mended blouses or

sewed on new-won chevrons. Sometimes just cooking, and singing to them while they waited for the "party" to be ready to devour.

And nearly every day that very town was shelled. Every fair night for five weeks running it was extra-smashed from the air.

"Oh, *I'm* all right!" she would laugh, day after day, when they urged her to rest, steadfastly refusing to quit the post.

Later came a time when they put her on a camionnette, to deliver newspapers. She could not only drive a car, but repair it too, you see; which latter attainment was more than desirable in that line of work. For the newspaper service to the Front, like the carrying-up of ammunition, and the passage of Y supply trucks to the forward canteens, was wholly night business. Moreover you had to drive without lights.

And the roads were full of shell-holes, so that now and again, despite every care, in you lurched and stuck fast, or gave your car a fearful, dislocating wrench. Shells burst before you, beside you, on your nightly road. Craters opened almost under your wheels. And your little tin Lizzie, after a trip or two, got so speckled and dented and sliced by flying shrapnel that scarcely a hand's-breadth of surface remained untouched.

But the men in the front-line trench system watched for those regular consignments of daily papers with an eagerness that almost surpassed their desire for smokes. And Frances Gulick drove her car along the shell-swept midnight roads with an unbroken steadiness and a superb, laughing dash that almost discounted its own credit, so utterly steady-nerved did it show her to be.

A creature so built was glorious to behold; yet—one of some nervous sensibility might really show more merit in the act.

So had thought even that famous character, "the Count." One night, however, "the Count" happened to be in the

room with Frances Gulick while she waited for her bundles of papers — her Paris *Heralds*, Chicago *Tribunes* and *Daily Mails*, to be ready to load so that she might get away to her job.

As the two lingered, talking, a Boche bombing-plane, with its ghostly, pulsing hum, swung close overhead. The girl switched off the light, but opened the window blind and stood looking out.

"Come away from there!" snapped "the Count," laying a hand on her arm in his haste to pull her back.

In that instant it was that he met one of the real surprises of an eventful life.

With his hand so on her arm, he knew that her whole body was shaking — big tremors flooding her muscles, as hammering waves flood and shake a ship.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, don't notice me!" she retorted, more than a little annoyed. "Why, I've been like this every single night, from the very start. I never get used to it! And nobody has seen it before. *If you ever dare tell! . . .*"

But on Frances Gulick's Army citation[1] for valor and courage on the field, her general's endorsement reads: "A splendid type of woman welfare worker with combat troops."

The citation itself runs:

> Miss Frances Gulick, Y.M.C.A. (attached to 1st U.S. Engineers) welfare worker, who has displayed the finest qualities of energy, courage and devotion in the discharge of her duties throughout the war and occupation of hostile territory, notably during the aerial bombardment at Vernaise, May 30, 1918, where, in spite of many casualties in the town, she remained at her post. From then until the division was relieved in July, 1918, Miss Gulick, with total disregard for her own personal safety, continued to operate her canteen, al-

[1] For other citations, and for decorations conferred upon Overseas Y secretaries, see Appendix A.

though the town was shelled and bombed at different times by the enemy, and her canteen itself struck.

The full story of her bravery, devotion, and actual achievements, but faintly shadowed here, would place her easily among the outstanding heroines of history. Yet she is instanced, not as a bright, particular light, but, on the contrary, as a fair common example, in character and in record, of the fighting divisions' women of the Y.

Chapter XI

Hot Water, by Gosh!

It was in resourcefulness as well as in courage that the virtues of the First Division's carefully weeded Y personnel shone forth. One of the great desires, one of the most irksome lacks, of our doughboys in France was the chance to bathe — the chance to get clean.

This desire certain human types would consider blocked by two facts: First, that no French village, even under normal conditions, is strong on baths; and, second, that annihilated French villages — deserts of crumbled stone, concrete, and mortar — are strong on nothing at all, unless it be rubble for the Engineers to use in filling shell-holes or in building roads.

Yet, by the help of brains, good-will, and physical energy, some of the First's Y men did get baths for their troops. By which fruit you may rightly know them.

For instance, there was Tyner — the Reverend Charles F. Tyner, from Omaha. Tyner, once on a time, was dropped on a rubbish-heap called Thieux, around which troops next day would camp, coming out of the trenches for rest. Beside him, there in the rubbish, was also dropped a camion-load of Y supplies, for which he should find immediate shelter from doubtless impending rains.

Alone in Thieux, Tyner, therefore, hunted about till he found half a hole to hold his goods. Then he poked and pulled among the *débris*, seeking the wherewithal to complete the hole.

Something in the nature of a roof he wanted — such as a door, or the side of a wardrobe, or a pulpit-top, or a smallish balcony.

HOT WATER, BY GOSH!

PROVISIONING THE Y HUT AT CHAVONNE, MARCH 17, 1918

He found it, of course, and completed his installation. But in the course of his hunt he found something vastly more important and rare — something deeply suggestive — something absolutely sensational. He found a tin bathtub.

Very dirty it was; very rusty; very much bent. But as he viewed it his soul expanded with prophetic joy. To his hole he carried it, tenderly, like a child. He stripped off his coat, and fell to work.

Till daylight failed he delved there like a galley slave. Grey dawn saw him up and once more at it. By noon he had coaxed the gothic dimples out of its sides, and had so reduced its rust that it shone almost to wickedness.

Then, because time was short, Tyner ran back through the ruins, nosing like a truffle-hound for his next necessity. Again he found it — a not too crippled stove. A third quest produced a vast and ancient kettle that had all too obviously been used for clarifying lard.

Wood there was, in plenty — all the wood that had been houses, furniture, implements — half the village in fact. So Tyner, having dragged the tub into his hole, planted the stove just outside, built his fire, and put on his great kettle of water to boil. Then, wreathed in an immense content, he sat himself down to await his battalion.

The battalion, one thousand strong, had not had a bath for six weeks. That it ached with dirt, that cooties devoured it alive, needs no proving. Hot water! — To strip to your skin and get into hot water, all over, with soap, with a brush — and to stay there, by gosh! till the next kettle is hot and the the next man chases you. — Well — Heaven might have greater joys; but — *can* it?

With the first two or three sybarites, Tyner himself scrubbed their backs. After that, busy with many things, he handed the plant to the boys. They promptly appointed a

bath squad. Fifty centimes for a back-scrub, and regular bookings for the tub.

The officers, perhaps, seemed a little slow in the uptake, but eventually even they arrived. And then — distinguished behavior! — they waived their right to rank the men out of priority. Thus, on Monday, a major signed up for the earliest opening — Thursday at four o'clock.

In McCormick's Wood the same thing went on — with the inevitable variation of local color. Thither Barnes, jewel of a man, conveyed a roc's egg that he had found, being guided in the wilderness by the Angel of the Fifth Field Artillery. An American bathtub it was. Just the tub. Connected with nothing. And the two Y men peculiar to McCormick's Wood salvaged duck-boards till they had a base and a platform worthy to support the treasure.

Then they screened it with blankets, to keep the cruel wind away. Then they carried water by the bucketful — four buckets the tub — from a well a quarter of a mile distant. And so, with the help of two little stoves, they kept hot water ready almost as fast as it could be used.

All day long — it was Sunday that they first installed the plant — they bathed the Fifth Artillery; one hundred and twenty-five men on that opening day. And this they did in place of holding religious service.

You might establish far less accurate tests of a Y man's real value than the regularity with which, under wholly "impossible" circumstances, he provided baths for the troops he served. For it was one sure test of the size of his heart. And on that alone — just on the size of his heart — depended both his ingenuity and his energy. These three in any servant of the A.E.F. were the essence of faith made visible.

As compared to them, questions of dogma, rites, and "religious" practices showed up as dangerous stuff. Loaded. In the

instant presence of the End, Divine light shines cruel strong. No shadows remain to cover meanness. Give a man acquainted with death a pious text and a chilly word, a slantwise look and a barren hand, when he needs the flaming soul of Love itself coined into deeds to warm him. Do that and his curse will follow you — you and the thing that bred you — follow till it finds your soul, wherever it hides, and drives it out, through shame and pain, to undo the sin you sinned against him.

Nor is this any high-flown figure of speech. The World War has strangely speeded up the acting of Laws of Consequence — the reacting of spiritual necessities. And one sacrilege, at least, can no longer be safely indulged, in a world become like tinder awaiting the spark, whether for good or for evil. That sacrilege is the idolatry that grovels before a poor old musty, ill-smelling skeleton, calling it by the name of an all-fruitful, laboring, burning angel — grovels before Theology calling it Religion — calling it Love of God and Man.

In Villers-Tournelle — perhaps, with Coullemelle, the hottest point in the Montdidier–Amiens advance front line — worked three good Y men — W. D. Howell, of Detroit, E. W. Cross, and Murray Bartlett, clergy all. Made acting chaplains by the colonel of their regiment, they buried the dead. They acted as stretcher-bearers for the wounded. They hunted out the stranded in No Man's Land and brought them in. And still they ran their canteens and their welfare duties beside. Real workers, those three, single-eyed for the moment's job. All three were wounded in the service.

Ten First Division Y men were gassed during the First's tour on this Front. The Boche was no niggard of mustard thereabout. Witness the night when he dropped twenty-five hundred gas-shells into one little village, Coullemelle, getting 618 victims for the single bag.

Some of the gassed were taken to the French at Crèvecœur, more to the American hospital at Froissy, while the worst of all, like the worst wounded, went to Bonvillers, nearer the line.

At Froissy, Gertrude Ely and Mary Arrowsmith were operating a canteen. At Bonvillers, Frances Gulick and Dorothy Francis pursued the same service, with all that it implied. Now all four girls added regular nursing to their daily and nightly work. They made shields for the boys' eyes — for gassed eyes are terribly sensitive to light; they dressed gassed surfaces and wounds, they bathed the men, cooked for them, read to them, served them in every possible way.

No one who has seen a badly gassed patient can conceive a worse picture of human suffering — nor of suffering that one would give more for the privilege to allay, were it even in the least degree. Once again, then, the First's Y girls and men were receiving that rich gift of the Overseas Y — opportunity.

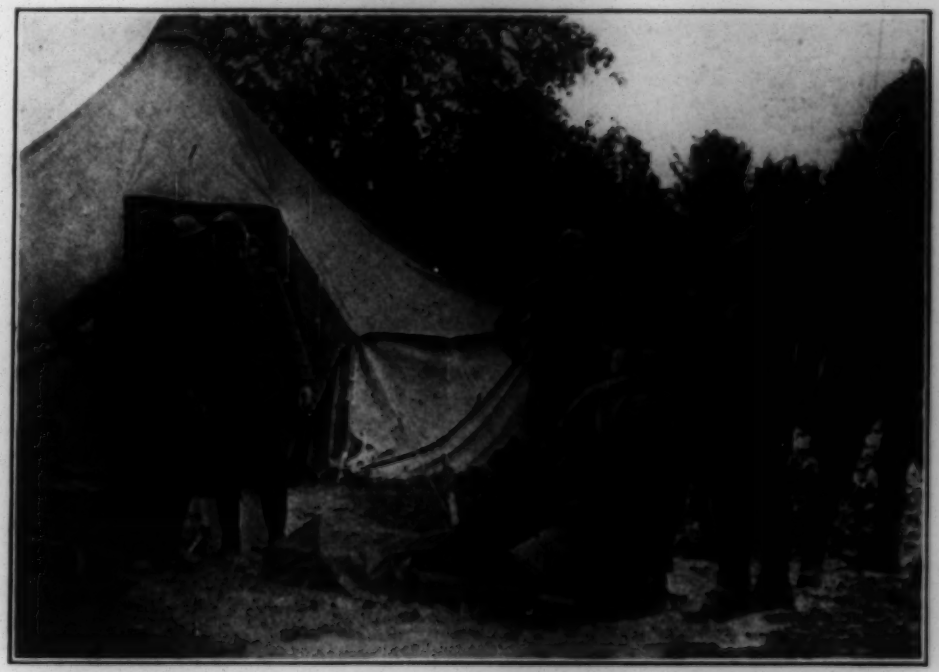
The Regular Army nurses never numerically sufficed, by a very heavy percentage, to attend even to the most desperate needs of the wounded. Therefore during and after any engagement the women of the Y and of the Salvation Army found throughout the fighting-line hospitals not only an opportunity but a demand for nursing service, undisputed as it was imperative.[1]

On the actual Front, under fire, and in the field hospitals, there was no one to challenge their welcome. Thus, in the first major engagement of American troops — the First's battle of Cantigny, on May 28, when we lost twenty-five officers and about six hundred men — the Y was there on the spot.

Our lads went over the top at half after six in the morning, following a rolling barrage into Cantigny town. Then, in the

[1] The gallant little Salvation Army, however, even on November 11, 1918, had but 57 men and 69 women with the whole A.E.F. in France. See p. 294.

MARY ARROWSMITH AND GERTRUDE ELY AT FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 8
FROISSY, MAY 7, 1918



MRS. ELY, OF THE Y, FEEDING PATIENTS, FIELD HOSPITAL NO. 110
CIERGES, AUGUST 13, 1918

streets of the town, they tackled the Boche hand to hand, foot to foot, and either killed him or took him alive. After that they took new frontal positions beyond and dug in.

In the next three days the Boche launched six fierce counter-attacks, besides his steady pounding of artillery, his showerings of shrapnel and gas-shells. But the Twenty-Eighth Infantry under Colonel Ely, and the one battalion of the Twenty-Sixth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, allotted to its aid, held firm under heavy punishment with a spirit that could not have been surpassed.

Dr. Benton, Murray Bartlett, and the rest of the Y men were carrying stretchers to the dressing-station, helping the walking wounded, or working with the surgeons, while the Y women in the hospital acted as nurses in every capacity that a nurse can serve.

As for the boys themselves, as they came in, even the more seriously hurt were exactly like players in some Thanksgiving Day football match at home hobbling off the field for hasty repairs.

"Say, just tie my eye up for me, will you, quick — and let me in again?"

"Come, now, Pop, you *know* you can fix this leg so it'll do. I've got to get back to the boys! Aw, go on! Have a heart!"

And the word of the surgeons that they must go to the rear — to the field hospitals — brought on storms of rage and bitter disappointment.

"The bunch goin' over again and me not there!"

After Cantigny followed five weeks of raiding, of repelling raids, and of general hot trench service. Then, on July 5, by which time its casualties in the Amiens–Montdidier sector had exceeded forty-three hundred, the First was relieved by the French and set in movement toward the Beauvais area, for a period of open warfare training.

Scarcely had it caught its breath, however, when orders flung it forward to the east once again. Immediately, then, it began night-marching — a steady, secret rush that brought it to the front south of Soissons just after the great German peace-drive of July 15.

On the 18th of July, with six minutes' gun-fire for introduction, the First went over the top. By the end of the day it had won an average depth of five kilometres. All the second day it fought. On the third morning, the Germans' resistance stiffened with the introduction into their lines of masses of fresh troops. The losses of the First increased heavily, and not until the morning of the 21st, by unintermittent hammering, could it break the enemy's hold on the Château-Thierry road.

On the night of July 22, the First Division was relieved by the Fifteenth Scottish Division.

Now, as was usually if not always the case in our battles in France, our troops fought fasting. Cook-wagons lost their units. Rations got hopelessly lost.

"Where is the Twenty-Eighth Battalion?"

"God knows," answers G.H.Q. — "somewhere around here."

"Hi! You, whoever you are! Don't you want to eat?" yells a company cook from his kitchen, apparently marooned in a cross-country flight. "This is the third lot of chow I've cooked to-day and nobody getting any of it. Blamed if I know where the outfit's gone to!"

Troops got so mixed, in those five mad days, that men fought in any unit; some battalions a hundred strong, some sixty, the rest of their strength killed, wounded, or scattered. Men went without sleep for seventy-two hours, neither did they eat — except, quite literally, for the food that they got from the Y. They had outstripped and lost their supplies. Their kitchens were — Heaven knew where. At best they got

from that source but one hot meal a day, depending for the rest on their Y service.

Here then, it was that the First's Y got another superb opportunity — and used it.

The roads were unspeakable. The Boche and the traffic had seen to that. And the nearest practical *dépôt* for Y supplies was about twelve hours' truck-drive back from the original battle line.

"Look," said G. 1, the night before the fight began, "try to get your men here — and here — and here —" he was pointing out spots on the map before him. "Try to have hot chocolate there. And cigarettes for the wounded as they come back."

It was to John Steen that he spoke, Barnes's assistant — a New Yorker, a clergyman — a fearless, faithful man.

Steen plunged into the road, bent for the Y supply *dépôt*. But the road was packed with infantry, guns, ammunition, coming up. Incidentally, the First completed its movement to position, as was understood, just two hours before it attacked.

"You're going the wrong way, John," the men shouted, as Steen passed. "Got cold feet?"

But he did not stop to tell them that unless he went that way first, he could n't come back with the goods.

He reached the Y *dépôt* at four in the morning, wakened the transportation man, and began the loading of four big trucks. Then, two hours later, with four Y men on each truck, he started back to the line.

It was something after three in the afternoon when they reached what that morning had been the Boche Front. There Steen left three trucks, for comparative safety from shell-fire, and, with one only, proceeded forward till he met our men. He then distributed all his supplies, loaded the emptied truck

with wounded, and started it back once more, to be replaced from the reserve.

Thence on, for six days, the Y every morning rolled four truck-loads of merchandise, chocolate, cigarettes, biscuits, sweet goods, all over the Soissons battle-field, giving out the supplies wherever it found men. For wherever men were, there was need.

It should, by the way, be clearly understood that all such Y distribution of goods, everywhere, was entirely free.

Meantime, Barnes had established his hot chocolate stations, his *triage* work, and a water service that proved of the greatest importance. Drinking water, where the men were fighting, was exceedingly hard to get. So Barnes loaded Ford camionnettes with big containers of good water and drove them just as close as any vehicle could get to the actually engaged troops.

The men of the Y worked like men, in the days and nights of that fight. They found and carried the wounded off the field under fire. As always, they helped load and unload ambulances, they served at the dressing-stations, and gave cigarettes, chocolate, and biscuits to the wounded there. At the first dressing-stations they made hot chocolate and hot bouillon in quantities — a service that saved many hundreds of lives, so the doctors say. They prepared the men for the surgeons' hands, cutting away their clothing and getting them in shape to save the operator's priceless time.

They hunted out the most comfortable spots and positions for the men to lie in; they took their messages and requests. They did, in a word, just the thousand nameless things that were there to be done, the things that but for their presence must have gone undone, for the most conclusive of reasons.

They worked under shell-fire much of the time. Not one faint heart developed among the lot. Most of them lived on

biscuits and chocolate and nothing else, and, like the troops, they slept standing up, or moving, or not at all. Some of them were American business men, some were clergy. But altogether they rendered invaluable help to the fighting force. And they deserve unqualified honor and thanks.

The First's Y did not, in the battle of Soissons, cover the whole division. Some of the units it never could find. Nobody knew where they were. But many hundreds of officers and men of the First testified that the Y, during the five days of the Soissons fight, gave them the only food that passed their lips. And practically the same was true of thousands more.

You will meet men of the First Division who will tell you that the Y never gave supplies away, and that on certain outstanding days like those now being discussed, they never laid eyes on the Y at all. This may be true, and for one of several reasons. For example, the speakers may have served in one of the several strayed or isolated units of whose whereabouts, as G.H.Q. despairingly observed, "God only knew"; or, they may have been late replacement men — men who did not themselves belong to the division at any crucial period.

In those five days alone the division's casualties reached nearly eight thousand, or fifty per cent of the troops engaged. Seventy-five per cent of the field officers of infantry and sixty per cent of the infantry officers were killed or wounded. In its whole ten months at the Front, the First suffered 23,974 casualties. So the old division, you see, has a heavy replacement percentage, as our Army record goes.

That is what the First Division Y girls mean, as they quietly say, when some one brings them word of a careless, slighting speech of a "First Division man": "The lads that we knew — the lads that knew — lie under the poppies in France."

Chapter XII

The Mary-Sunshine Sisters

Then again, there was Mrs. Fitzgerald — Mrs. F. L. Fitzgerald of New York. In the early times, Mrs. Fitzgerald and her running-mate, Miss Heermance, had turned a wretched little tavern in the village of Andelot into one of the most individual, charming, and successful Y's in France. Incidentally, they had come into long and close relationship there with the Eighty-Ninth Division — Kansas and Missouri boys. And although Andelot Y served as roadhouse for troops of many commands, the Eighty-Ninth in particular had left its warm and living impress there.

So when the underground brought word from Toul that the Eighty-Ninth was about to move forward for the Saint-Mihiel attack, the two ladies at Andelot, desperate, simply committed their daily job into the hands of a pair of sympathetic doughboys and beat their way to Toul, eighty-five kilometres distant, to tell their cherished friends good-bye.

Now, it is rather a terrible business, this thing of saying good-bye to lads you love, when they and you both know that the sands may be almost run. But even that is as nothing compared to sitting at home when the fight is on.

Days passed, each one bringing eighteen hours of work apiece to the ladies at Andelot. Till the day that brought the news: "This morning the Eighty-Ninth went over the top."

Then the two women looked each other square in the eye. Neither had to phrase the question in her heart.

"*You* go," said Miss Heermance at last. "You worked for them even in their home camp. It's your right."

"Beside," she added to herself, "it would kill her to keep her back now."

So Mrs. Fitzgerald, with her snow-white hair and her motherly face — a woman who would have been called "on in middle life" before people learned what life means — so Mrs. Fitzgerald once more started out, this time alone, and to beat her way far beyond Toul, through to the battle line.

It took her five days to get there. It was well over a hundred kilometres, and you remember the state of the roads. Also, she carried with her a hundred cartons of cigarettes, a big boiler full of chocolate powder, a lot of tinned milk, sugar, and a little stove. Her personal luggage did not count, being all contained in her *musette*.

Theoretically, the thing was both irregular and impossible. But the A.E.F. on that road knew Mother Fitzgerald well. Every second man remembered the kindly word and smile he had got from her in the gay little Andelot Y — remembered her dry canteen, with its rows of canned peaches, its cookies and candy, its chewing-gum and smokes — remembered her hearty "Go take what you want, and make your own change. The cash box is there on the shelf before you. It's your own money and your own home, dear — go ahead."

Never did the Andelot Y lose as much as one package of Bull Durham by that policy.

And now not a camion-driver that could possibly make shift to give a lift to Mother Fitzgerald on her way to the fight, would pass her by. Not one.

Sometimes they could only take her to the next cross-road. Then they would dump her — her and her tower of cartons, her big tin boiler and her boxes and her stove. And there in the road, sitting on and among her treasures, she would eagerly watch till the next truck came along that could bring her still a bit farther on her journey.

It was on the fifth day that she overtook her children — the Three Hundred Fifty-Third Infantry as it chanced — a Kansas outfit. In Bouillonville, or, rather, where Bouillonville had been.

For the Boche had raked the approach to the town with a fierce fire from guns planted under a Red Cross flag flying on a hospital on the hillside just above.

So Kansas, smashing the Boche, had smashed Bouillonville and taken eight hundred prisoners there.

And Kansas, with the gaunt stare of battle still blank in its eyes, yet stood among the ruins when Mother Fitzgerald dropped into its arms.

To realize how it affected those boys, you must try to put yourself into their place — a thing perhaps forever impossible to those who did not see the war.

They had loved her before. They had told her good-bye — told life and home and all they loved good-bye, through her one person. They had left her and descended into hell.

And now — she — had followed after — she with her white hair, casting safety away as a thing of no value without them.

For no one could tell how the fight would break next. Kansas, anyway, could not guess. It simply knew that these ruins were still bombarded; that gas came flooding through; that masks must be always at alert. And here was Mother Fitzgerald come to keep house!

If they loved her before, they adored her now. But — she scared them.

"My dears, don't you worry!" she purred. "Nothing that can possibly happen now is quarter as bad to me as staying back in Andelot and knowing you boys are up here alone, with no one at all to take care of you."

And although they knew she might lose her life within the hour, they also knew she spoke the truth.

So, with devoted enthusiasm, Mrs. Fitzgerald and the Three Hundred Fifty-Third Kansas started in to take care of each other.

Kansas, smoking her cigarettes — the first tobacco it had seen since it went over the top five days before — sought out the soundest fragment of building in the town to lodge her. It consisted of one room perhaps sixteen by twelve feet square, more or less intact; of a second room, adjoining, possessing three walls and a chimney; of a fairly steady stairway; and of one chamber above. All the rest was raw, fresh ruin.

In no time, after they lodged her, Mrs. Fitzgerald was busy cooking, in the room with the chimney. Boys clung around her like swarming bees. And mess-cups were filling with chocolate as fast as the line could move.

"Come and see the billet we've got for her to sleep in."

It was the room across the hall. They had swept it out as best they could. They had salvaged an Army cot and set it up at the rear. Then they had stretched a big blanket screen-fashion.

"And the top-sergeant will sleep right here, right outside her curtain, so nothing gets at her at night."

"But her real bedroom's going to be upstairs. We're fixing it nice, in case they leave us here for a while. We are n't letting *her* see it till it's done, though. Want to look?"

So eager are they to show it that only a stone could refuse.

Up the rickety stairs, then through a roofless hall, and so to "the" room, where as many young Kansans as the space can hold are scraping walls and floors and slapping on what looks like whitewash.

"Why, you *are* making a job of it!"

One operating on the ceiling from a table-top looks down with an abstracted frown:

"Well, this here was a Boche town. This was a Boche house.

Does anybody think we're going to have Boche cooties eating Mother?"

Below stairs, the top-sergeant stands waiting.

"Do you think we do right in letting her stay here?" he asks anxiously. "You know, it *is* dangerous. Anything might happen. But — just look at her in there now, and what she's doing for the boys — oh, Lord! I don't mean just the *cooking!* And — look here, will you?"

Leading the way back into the second room, he points to something green and yellow, drooping over the top of a half-smashed vase.

"See that? — Well — Mother brought it to us. God knows how she got through herself — her and all the stuff she packed. God knows where she found this. But — see? — *it's a sunflower!* And we — are Kansas! — Now, could anybody else alive have done just that, but only Mother?"

Meantime, over beyond in Beney, on the farthest front Y, Boche shells are falling. — For the Boche lies very close; the air is thick with the rumble of guns. And under the shells in Beney is working a woman of parts.

Maude Radford Warren, in the Y service, had been in many a lively spot, rendered many a dangerous service, before that day. Once she walked nine miles, carrying on her back forty pounds of tobacco to a company in a front-line trench that had been without tobacco for sixteen days. Not only was the trench itself under fire at the time, but so, also, was all her road thither.

"Am I a soldier, or am I not!" she retorted, however you like, when they asked her to take to cover.

At La Ferte and at Château-Thierry she had done splendid service with the field hospitals where other help there was none. And now, at Saint-Mihiel, she had put her previous experience to use, to get into the drive with the men.

"It's only a question of starting early enough," she said. "Then no one bothers to stop you."

Following that policy, she left Beaumont when the Army left, moved forward with the Army, in her little car filled with chocolate material, and was actually making chocolate on the new front twenty-four hours before the arrival of the Army rolling kitchens. In the first five days of the drive, single-handed, she served eight thousand cups of chocolate in the field. And for five days she made chocolate in Beney under the Boche guns. Twice she was struck by shrapnel. But the woman was absolutely intrepid, never spared herself any risk, never turned aside while work remained to do. And she never could see a limit to what she would undertake or endure to be and to help an American soldier.

To quit the period of the Saint-Mihiel drive without description of the service of Leslie Colby, of Martha Lindsay, rightly honored by the 78th Division, of Penelope Parkman, and of many another Y worker, man or woman, is a most ungrateful thing. Stories of real heroism, of practical and effective service under conditions of the greatest danger, to record them adequately would be a public inspiration — and would require a set of volumes by itself.

One book should go beyond a doubt, to the epic of A.E.N. Gray — Gray of the 82nd Division — Gray of Verdun.

Stories, again, of service in whimsical form could be multiplied from that field. Take what happened to Gertrude Ely, in the blackness of an early morning, as she stood by the roadside feeding the men.

From a unit marching to attack, one man darted out of line to drop something into her hand.

"Keep these for me till I get back," he whispered. "Look out! They'll bite you!"

Before she could look, he was gone — forward into his

place, and the line had swung on and away into the shadows. Then she saw that she held in her hand a set of false teeth.

For weeks she carried that treasure, done up in tissue paper, in her pocket, never daring to be for an instant separated from it, lest in that instant its owner should flit by. Happily he did come back at last, safe and sound, to claim and receive his property.

No man with false teeth could have been enlisted?

Guess again. Many things that could not be done were done in the World War, by persons sufficiently desirous.

And then there was Sunshine Sweeney, and quite another sort of story, if you look less at spirit than at surface.

A little Irish lad came to her one night in great trouble.

"Miss Sunshine," said he — and this though she was no Catholic and he knew it — "I've lost my scapular. And my cousin that's with me has lost his — and — they say we're going over the top in the morning — and — Miss Sunshine — we're afraid! Afraid to go, without them."

"Yes, I know, sonny," said the girl, quietly. "Now you just stay around where I can find you, and I'll do my best."

The way of it, if told, would lead too far into general French history. But Sunshine Sweeney got those two lads their scapulars. And they did go over the top — and away — far away — in the morning.

So the tide of battle swung into the Argonne. Again the Y Divisional forces did their best to follow their troops. Again the old difficulties of shortage of transportation, of the priorities of war, of scattering of units, of prolonged and absolutely mad congestions and blockings of traffic, complicated their task. But the record as a whole was very good.

To follow, still, the First's personnel would be to find it continuing the same service that it rendered at Montdidier–Amiens, at Soissons and at Saint-Mihiel. At the request of

KANSAS AND MOTHER FITZGERALD AT BOUILLONVILLE

MARY SWEENEY, BERNETTA MILLER, AND A Y COMRADE AT VARENNES-EN-ARGONNE

the divisional surgeon, it ran hot drink canteens at the first dressing-station, — especially at Apremont and at Chandon Farm, places continually exposed to fire. Again at the Army's request, most of the First's Y women during the Argonne drive worked either in the *triages* or in the field hospitals in Cheppy, when Cheppy, a mass of ever-crumbling masonry, was about three kilometres from the German line.

Here at Cheppy the First's field hospital consisted of a series of dugouts, used as receiving-rooms and operating-rooms, with several tents beside. Two of the girls worked in the receiving ward, two in the shock ward, two or more in the tents among the waiting men, while some helped at the operating-tables, sharing with two Army nurses the work that must otherwise have devolved upon them alone.

Shells, off and on, dropped about the hospital, one morning so continuously that it evacuated its patients upon Varennes, an erstwhile town now as flat as Cheppy itself. But at four o'clock that afternoon our gunners succeeded in silencing the Boche battery — camouflaged on a hillside under a shrine to Notre Dame de Lourdes.

Then again Cheppy hospital quickly filled up. And although shelling intermittently continued, once smashing a part of the hospital dugouts and burying patients under the wreck, no great harm befell.

All through these times and scenes, the Y girls worked; some of them by day running canteens for the well, all of them, at night, turning in to care for the wounded. Dangerous service it was, of course. But by now the divisional officers agreed with the women — that, they being so minded, the danger to themselves was more than offset by the worth of the service they could render.

That is to say: The Y women of the First, in the eyes of the officers of the First, had won the right to be considered as

patriots and soldiers — to be allowed to give as men give — without reservation.

Meantime the Y's of the other divisions were more or less pooling their strength. "The Mary-Sunshine Sisters" — as the doughboys called the Misses Sweeney, of Kentucky — by day at Fléville, just a kilometre back of our line of contact with the Boche, and by night withdrawn to Varennes, where hospital work awaited them, served the men of several divisions.

Sometimes the two girls stood at the roadside, using a crumbling stone wall as their counter, serving ambulances and passing troops. Sometimes a Y truck would drop them in a forward patch of woods by which troops coming out of the trenches must move. There, in the woods, the girls would array their canned fruit, chocolate, biscuits, and tobacco, start their hot chocolate and be in readiness to serve the grey-faced, weary men as they passed.

The men were unfailingly appreciative of the service. Never did they omit their thanks. But they kept their loyalty all the same. One pallid dawn, for example, as the line moved by, a big, husky doughboy, with a face like a natural phenomenon in a granite ledge, stopped to say:

"*I'd* like to have some hot chocolate — if I could."

When he and his mates had drunk, as they phrased it, "till they pretty nigh splashed" — the first speaker spoke again:

"We can't tell you how much we appreciate this. It's made us over. But" — a troubled look came over his face — "we're First Division men. We've got ladies of our own. — And of course we can't like *you* as much as we like *them*."

"Yes," the man behind put in — "and some of 'em's big, fine ladies. — When we went into this drive *they carried stretchers all day long!*"

Which was no empty boast.

And then, the spectators report, the resuscitated First threw out its chest and stepped high away. For the Mary-Sunshine Sisters, for all their virtues, belonged to the mere Eighty-Second, and were sizes too small — no question of that — to carry stretchers anywhere.

Others, however, moved out of those trenches toward Fléville to whom the sight of the little sisters was an epoch-making excitement.

"Would you mind — would you *just turn round*, ma'am, and let us look at you?"

Solemnly Mary Sweeney revolved like a manikin, till the solemn audience had refreshed its homesick memory from every point of view.

"Stand back, you fellows, and let *us* hear the lady talk!" cries one of the next lot, enviously pushing up.

"Shut your mouth, there! Don't you hear? It's an American lady's voice," comes an angry and anxious remonstrance, from the outer edge of the crowd, where some unsuspecting lad has let fall an oath.

Next day they were clearing the Argonne Forest, and our wounded came in so fast that many of them could not even be looked at before they died. At the point where the sisters served, one Y man and the chaplain, besides the two girls themselves, assisted the surgeons day and night through — save orderlies their only aid.

"Quick! Give this man some hot chocolate — it may save him!" the surgeons would call. And the sisters fed through tubes the men who could not lift their heads. Four days many of them had been without food; and they were stupefied with cold.

Legs and arms shot away — parts of heads shot away — bodies half torn asunder — sights beyond words — suffering beyond words; but never a groan, and many a "Thank you,

lady," from a man lying dripping blood, who must surely die before the surgeon could hope to reach him.

"The major says, give some chocolate there, Miss Sunshine," says an orderly pointing out a child-faced boy not over eighteen — wounded, shivering hard, obviously on the verge of collapse.

He manages the chocolate. As he finishes, the girl says:

"Now, sonny, let's just tuck your blanket around you," and acts as she speaks.

Then, as she turns away, she sees two big tears — and something breaks.

"That's the way — my mother — would put the blanket round me. It makes a fellow feel a little — a little weak."

Helpless sobs. After that, more chocolate.

"I reckoned he needed conversation as much as anything, though he *was* pretty badly hurt," said Sunshine Sweeney, whose conversation would reanimate the dead. "So I stayed on and talked to him a bit. And you know, that sweet little boy got all right?"

The Y men of the combat divisions, meantime, were generally doing fine work, for the strain of the Front automatically tended to throw off ineffective men. Many of them were individually commended in the General Orders of their respective divisions, for distinguished service, for bravery in action. Many received the *Croix de Guerre* and some the D.S.C. Some were killed on the battle-field, some wounded, some gassed, while they served our men.[1]

Divisional commanders, as well as officers of lesser rank, made their appreciation of Y service the subject of special official commendations, as Major-General Allen, commanding the Ninetieth Division, in a letter of September 26, 1918:

[1] See Appendix A.

Nine Secretaries were with the Infantry battalions, and two Secretaries (F. A. Dawes and B. E. Ford) actually went over the top with the assaulting battalions and carried on their work in the midst of severe losses. I specially desire to commend the zeal and fortitude of these two gentlemen, and to thank the Y.M.C.A. for having sent such excellent representatives to us.

General Orders of the Twenty-Eighth Division cited the entire personnel of the Division's Y, after the Argonne.

The Third Division's Y, in its entirety, was twice cited and thanked, by successive commanding generals. Said Major-General Dickman:

The conduct of the self-sacrificing and brave men and women who have so unhesitatingly given their services to their country, establishes a standard of prestige, exceptional courage, devotion and resource, which the Commanding General particularly commends.

But, as the thread of Y combat service has here been followed chiefly, though very imperfectly, through the First Division, it becomes appropriate to return, in the end, to First Division testimony — to that of one of the very finest of our soldiers and gentlemen, General Frank Parker. From his headquarters in Germany under date of June 2, 1919, General Parker wrote:

. . . I am a personal witness of the work of many of the men and women of the Y.M.C.A. with the First Division, from December of 1917 up to the present date. Three of the Y.M.C.A. workers of my old regiment, the Eighteenth Infantry, were wounded during the fighting of the Second Battle of the Marne, and again, during the battle between the Argonne and the Meuse. Two of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries were killed in action.

If our men of the Y.M.C.A. have been splendid workers with our front line troops, our women workers have been equally fine, and only positive orders prevented them from going into the zones of the greatest danger.

I cannot describe nor calculate the benefit to my command arising

from the presence and influence of these fine women, who under the most distressing and difficult circumstances have given to our men that feeling of touch with home which only our women can give.

In the billets close to the front, in the rest-camps and during the marches, I believe that these women have done more, materially and morally, to re-create our men than any other influence that has been used to the same ends. And it is extraordinary how the presence of but one or two of these women has made itself felt and is still making itself felt, I am glad to say, upon the numerous personnel of our Army organizations.

. . . I wish to make this statement . . . that the American women who have been associated with my command as Y.M.C.A. workers, have without exception, been of the most splendid character, women whose zeal, energy, and devotion to their work have been conspicuous. Any criticism directed against women such as have served with the First Division, is made by that malicious type of fools who add to their ignorance of sacred things a spirit of calumny that it is difficult properly to characterize.

Ask the officers and men of the First Division for their opinions concerning the men "Y" Secretaries such as Steen, Bartlett, Howell, Cross, or of such women as Miss Gertrude Ely of the Eighteenth Infantry and Miss Gulick of the First Engineers. Write into your book that an officer who commanded regiment, brigade, and division, throughout hostilities, has stated that the service of the personnel of the Y.M.C.A. of this Division has certainly been one of the great factors of the successes of the Division in this war.

Persons who witnessed the First Division's triumphal home-coming parade, led by the Commander-in-Chief himself down the principal avenue of New York, saw the Y women of the First march with the troops, heads up, eyes front, step strong and free and steady as a clock. And each came directly after the colors of the unit that she had served. Gertrude Ely with the Eighteenth Infantry, Frances Gulick with the First Engineers, Ethel Torrance with the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, and so on.

To such as knew what it meant, the sight was superb. For

GRAND PRÉ: THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE THE Y HAD TO MAKE "A LITTLE PIECE OF HOME"

those young women, with utter devotion, with steadfast endurance, with unfailing gaiety and tenderness of spirit, and with the love that casts out fear, had shared the hardships and dangers, the lives and the deaths of their men, from the day when the division reached France, all through the war, its fights, its waits, its marches — then across the Rhine and through the long, hard, dangerous pull to follow, and so back over the ocean, home.

Now that it was all over, and the famous division, marching proud before the people, was taking its salute, with a gallant, wordless recognition finer and more generous than any spoken praise, it paraded its Y girls next to its colors, unit by unit, down the first avenue in the land.

Glorious division, glorious day — glorious tribute — marvellous relationship! Would to God that such might be preserved, for the good of the whole Nation!

Chapter XIII

Nancy

Toul was the Headquarters of the Second Army. Therefore Toul, logically, should have been the headquarters of the Second Army's Regional Y. But, *c'était la guerre.* Since Second Army H.Q. itself fairly split Toul into gasping rags with the pressure of its own presence, Y H.Q., very obviously, must hope for luck and hunt another perch.

It found Nancy — a good railhead, about eighteen kilometres distant. It found a big brewery there, which it turned into a regional warehouse for the Second Army's supplies. It found adequate garage space for its own motor vehicles. It found a house for Regional H.Q. And then the Y regional staff, by diligent searching, found a few hooks whereby to hang itself up and out of the way, when not working.

Every fair night the Boche came over and bombed Nancy. And his bombs generally hit *something* — the railway yards first and most of the time; then the town in general, here, there, and all over the place — and, usually, a few of the people in it.

Mrs. Arthur S. Dwight, Y Regional Director of women's work, had quarters in the third story of a dwelling-house in the middle of the city. They were not luxurious quarters, being merely one little sitting-room with a sort of sleeping-closet attached; and the house at the best of times had never been a good house, but a very indifferent one.

The billet, however, far surpassed any that Mrs. Dwight had ever before possessed, since she first put the uniform on, in December, 1917. And she made it a sort of free hotel, shar-

ing with every comer. For there was actually an extra couch in the room — and a little stove — crown of affluence.

Most of her waking hours she herself spent on the road. But whenever wood could be got, she left a fire in that stove, a saucepan of water heating, and cups and a package of bouillon cubes in sight. So that if a soldier or a travelling Y girl crept in out of the cold, there was the means plain at hand for self-revival. And rare was the day or hour when some exhausted stranger was not curled up on that couch, asleep, or wreathed around the stove, thawing.

That third story room was, perhaps, a little over-adjacent to nightly "strafings." A dud incendiary bomb lay wedged in the ceiling just overhead, where the Boche had planted it one moonshine night as Mrs. Dwight was turning in. She turned in, nevertheless, quite calmly.

"Why in the world don't you come to the *abri?*" people asked, the day after each ferocious raid.

"I will when I'm scared enough," she would reply. "But I want to last out this war in service. I'm not going to lose half my sleep, every fair night of my life, running down cellar!"

Yet she did, at first, take one precaution: When the Boche came directly over while she was in her sitting-room, she would go and stand with her back against the outer wall, until he had sailed beyond.

"To avoid the splinters of glass," she explained. "They fly across and stick in the opposite wall, when he smashes window panes."

But soon he had smashed all her window panes; so after that there was nothing to move for.

Never will you see a person more serene than she. Danger apparently gave her double clarity and calm. She worked on strength that was literally superhuman — for no human

source could supply it. And, though no one can picture her putting it into words, she obviously regarded her frail little body either not at all or only as a vehicle for the transmission of others' good. She had no privacy, no personal belongings, no fear, no rest, and never a cloud on her face. She did "last it out," from very start to very finish. And it was, quite simply, a question of quality.

Her *Croix de Guerre* expressed no empty compliment, her three gold service stripes no period of ease.

By August, 1918, Nancy presented a fresh problem. The Second Army was using the place heavily as a leave area, sending men in on twenty-four hour passes. In addition, as the Saint-Mihiel drive developed, a lot of detached units, numbering thousands, were thrown into and about the town. The Regional Y, meantime, had its hands full to overflowing with combat work. And yet, the Nancy local job must surely not go undone.

So Tener, then Regional Director, bethought himself of the Y Leave Department — that live and able arm that always kept on the jump. And he beckoned to the Leave Department; which responded — promptly and intelligently as ever — by sending Mr. Loud.

"Observe these two hotels," said the wily Tener, "so well adapted for officers and for enlisted men. Observe these Thermal Baths. Observe these khaki crowds."

Now, the two hotels were surely a mess. And the Thermal Baths were the private property of a most difficult parishioner. But the khaki crowds, beyond all question, sorely needed help. For Nancy was one of the very last places in an oblique world in which to turn a boy loose without friends.

Mr. Loud reported. Mr. Edmonds acted. Nancy became a part of the Y Leave Area job.

It was Mr. Loud himself whom they sent to tackle it. The

good-sized building destined for an enlisted man's hut was excellently located for the purpose, but, thanks to fine bombing by the Boche, it had practically no front, and half its roof had smashed through to the ground. Each night, of course, brought a fresh gamble as to whether the rest would go.

The lease signed for this remnant of architecture, Mr. Loud engaged the best-equipped contractor in Nancy to hurry it into shape. That contractor actually commanded two laborers — one with one hand, the other with a crippled arm. But in all Nancy no furniture could be bought at any price. Loud, however, wangled furniture from Chaos, and somehow or other the thing came through in a very short period.

It would be difficult to fancy a better-done, more cheerful place, or one better suited to its purpose, than was this Enlisted Men's Hotel, once finished.

The dining-room seated about one hundred and fifty men, at tables of four. Its walls were freshly painted in two shades of light yellow. Bright blue curtains with orange borders hung in the windows. The big overhead lights were veiled with orange shades; the side lights by every table wore shades of flowered medallions. The pillars that sustained the ceiling were twined with evergreen garlands, and handsome trophies of French, American, and British flags decorated the walls. The tables had always fresh, clean cloths (a feature immensely appreciated by the roughest doughboy) and were carefully and prettily set. The food was really good, very cheap and very abundant. The French waitresses, under the eye of a Y girl at the end of the room, were clean and quick in serving. An orchestra of several pieces played all through meals, and at every meal the room was refilled times on times over.

The lounge, bigger than the dining-room, was done in red — red leather couches and chairs, big tables covered with red

baize, red-flowered curtains in the long windows. Plenty of light, plenty of heat, dashing posters on the walls, fresh bouquets on the tables, lots of writing-desks and stationery, lots of books and games and music. Here one Y woman saw to the comforts of the men and to keeping the room in inviting order.

In a room adjoining was the theatre, seating perhaps two hundred persons and giving nightly shows. A big dry canteen completed the ground-floor equipment.

Upstairs were sleeping quarters for two hundred and fifty men; and the chambers, neat and clean, were full nightly.

What would enormously have added, however, to the value of all this good service was more Y women. The welcome that a Y woman, of any age, received in that place, was touching to see.

"May you sit with us!" a tableful of mud-caked motor mechanics chorus, hastily shoving up to make room. "Just listen to her! *May* she! Gosh! We 'll never go as long as you stay, *I 'll* tell the world!"

Then you see a boy who has just dropped off a camion, wits and muscles alike cramped stiff with his long tour at the wheel, half frozen, faint for lack of food. He stands in the hall, staring.

"Dinner's done," the Y man at the desk has told him, answering his shy question — and turning at once to cash checks for a string of waiting boys.

"'Dinner's done' — Well, then . . ." and the lad, with a little telltale quiver and stiffening of the lips, is about to go — wandering aimlessly into the street.

But you see him — you, the Y woman — see the look on his face, and how cold and lonely and wretched he is, and how nearly down and out.

So you slip over quietly and ask a question or two. In a

moment you have coaxed him into the big red room, you have pushed another comfortable chair into the circle around the stove, you have slid your boy down into it till it is almost like being in bed, you have brought him something to drink and put a package of crackers in his hand and told him that supper will be ready in an hour — just as soon as he has had a good nap.

And the way he lets you handle him, then, and the look on his face when you come back to waken him for the good, hot meal, is more eloquent than any words could be — more eloquent of the value of what he calls, with a little boyish catch in his throat, "doing like mother would, back home."

It gets to be late — near midnight. You start for your billet, across the town in the wretched rain. The streets are still seething with humanity — now for the most part French. Down a side street, as you pass, you catch a glimpse of four doughboys just accosted by "mademaselles."

"Too bad — too bad," you sigh, as you go your way.

A moment, and the thud of feet behind you makes you turn. It is one of those same doughboys, running to catch up —

"Say," he pants, talking to your uniform, "do you know any place we can sleep?"

"I'll fix you up," you respond with joyful speed.

As a matter of fact, a stranger yourself, you don't know of a cranny. But you certainly will not turn him back to the hospitality that has just been offered. So you promise quick, and trust to your angel for fulfilment.

The boy turns, with an exclamation of relief:

"Come on, fellers!" he shouts down the street. "Cut it out, there! Hurry up!"

"We've just struck this burg. The Y place is full, they say. — We could n't get in anywhere. We're awful glad we saw you. — When did *you* leave God's Country?"

So, talking all together, surrounding you, they troop along.

What in the world can you do with them? What? — But you don't say *that* aloud!

Then you remember the Y man that runs the Y Headquarters mess. Was n't there a couch in the tiny room off that little mess dining-room? Probably he sleeps there. He has to have breakfast ready by half after six. Probably he is asleep there now.

Saying nothing of your doubt, you lead the way while your boys chatter on like a birds' caucus. You reach the mess place. You pound on the door. You pound more. The poor old Y man at last sticks out a sleepy, tousled head.

"Four stranger doughboys. Just got in. Nowhere to sleep. Everything full. Can you take them?"

"Sure I can. Pass 'em along. I've got lots of blankets. And — say — *there's some pie!* Don't you reckon they'd like it?"

Ten minutes later you go back into the street, once more to head for that dubious hole that is your own burrow; and still you are smiling at the picture left behind: Four grinning doughboys tucking in pie, while a tousled old Y man enquires of them gleefully whether they reckon they can handle a few fried eggs for breakfast.

It does not enter your mind to marvel at your own self, playing around alone in the rain, near one o'clock in the morning, in the black streets of wild Nancy. Because you are as safe, being uniformed and on your lawful occasions, as you could be in church at home on a Sunday morning.

But it does occur to you to be sorry — oh, so sorry — for the men, women, and girls in America, who might have had this privilege, yet who did not take it.

Nevertheless, but for Carter's ceaseless and determined importunings of an incredulous distant directorate — but for that one constant, tireless, hammering force, demanding the

first ladies of the land, no women at all would have been sent by the Y in America to the Army in France.

The Y Officers' Club at Nancy was run, until close to its end, by Miss Alice Lindley of New York and Miss Dorothy Dennis of New Jersey. And it was a creditable job. Again a French hotel was leased for the purpose, and its manager and staff taken over with the rest of the plant. The task of the two Y women was to see that the house was kept and run throughout like a gentleman's home, and, unobtrusively and effectively, to act as hostesses in it — to try to make it, as one of them said, "the kind of a place we would want our brothers to have."

The tone of the "club" was charming. Those two young women were well-bred and dignified, intelligent, welcoming, cheerful. And behind them lay the general tradition of how such things are done in the great world.

"After a month of service in Nancy," one American officer volunteered, "I have not heard either of them spoken of by a nickname or in any way cheaply. Neither at mess nor between officers are their names used — unless merely to say, 'They have done a splendid job.'"

There was always music with dinner; always coffee in the salon after dinner, poured by one of the ladies; and usually dancing later on — with girls in American uniform or with those of the British service. Tea, from three o'clock till late in the afternoon, was one of the pleasantest features of the day, for officers lingered on for long chats and the absence of money dealings, at tea, gave the final touch of the home drawing-room.

The British officers of the bombing squadron stationed near by came in daily for the tea hour, as well as for meals, and were cordially welcomed. French officers, passing through and applying for sleeping-quarters, were informed that they

might have rooms if any remained unoccupied by American officers after the arrival of the last train.

Such a phenomenon, however, never once occurred while Miss Lindley ran the club. And scarcely a night passed in which some fifty or seventy-five officers of the three nations did not sleep in their blankets on the floor of a parlor.

Meantime, the military traffic through Nancy constantly grew. Even at times when, officially, but a handful of Americans was there, the place fairly choked with American khaki; so that the need of the club, as of the Enlisted Men's Hotel, became ever more imperative.

"You cannot imagine what this means to us, in more ways than one," officers commonly said. "To light upon this comfortable, cheerful, homelike oasis of refinement in the course of our rough lives, is an event. But do you realize that, but for this club, there is scarcely a place in the city where we could go to dine and lodge without being subjected to an absolute, determined persecution by the women of the establishment? This Y club means peace and rest and protection to us. And most of us have learned very thoroughly to appreciate that."

Meantime the Hun bombed busily on. Night after night trains on the sidings, or the station itself, blazed up afresh. Night after night more houses crumbled and fell. None of which in any way deflected the regular course of events — unless in such details as this:

One October evening, when the big dining-room of the Officers' Club was full and dinner only just started, enemy planes swept down in unusual force and began a terrific bombing. The French staff in a body, managers, servants, and all, departed forthwith to shelter, leaving the two American girls alone with their guests.

"They've got to catch the night trains — most of these

men. And they've just barely time to eat dinner," said one to the other.

"Yes," the second replied — "and we *can't* let them go off hungry. There's no telling when they'll see food again."

"Then we must serve them ourselves."

So one took to the kitchen, while the other dashed from dining-room to pantry, back and forth. And all the time the hum of the Hun planes swelled and died and swelled again, coming, going, coming again, while bombs crashed far and near, nearer and very near — and rattling shell and splintered glass and crumbling masonry echoed their fall.

But all Alice Lindley could think of was, that her men were not getting their food on schedule time, and that dinner was being sketchily served — two things that cut her to the heart.

"Oh, I'm *too* sorry!" she would say, as she hurried in with the *entrée*, "but may I ask you to pass this down yourselves, while I serve the next table?"

"Mmmmmm — mmmmmm — mmmmmm —"

Drawing close, that one!

"Gentlemen, these chickens are wretchedly carved. Please forgive it. I was trying to hurry. You *must* excuse their looks."

"*Bang* — zzzing — *Crash!*

The corner house falls in, with a slow, thick following roar of dissolution.

"Captain, some more pudding? Please! Oh, really, now, I *am* so distressed at this! It *quite* spoils your dinner, does n't it!"

And at that a young major of field artillery goes off into spasms of laughter, in which every man in the room joins.

"For the love of Heaven!" he exclaims, when he can articulate, "listen to Miss Lindley apologizing for the Boches!"

The Y regional warehouse at Nancy — the temporarily converted brewery, grew into a grand sight as the autumn

wore on. Paris H.Q. was rushing stuff along, piling it up in masses to serve the troops in the expected Metz drive. And then, overnight, the whole war washed out. Broke short off in the middle of its jump!

It was on Armistice Day its very self that those warehouse floors began to sag. At that time they supported thirteen million pounds of Y merchandise. One room, one hundred and fifty feet square, was stuffed from wall to wall, from floor to ceiling, with tobacco. Another, slightly smaller, stood as solid with seventy-five-pound tins of chocolate powder; a third with biscuits; a fourth with Swedish matches and sardines; one million slabs of sweet chocolate, twenty-two hundred cases of condensed milk, and so on through the range of stock, jammed that warehouse full.

Now, what to do with it all?

Five Army divisions — the Seventh with headquarters at Noviant, the Twenty-Eighth with headquarters at Woinville, the Eighty-Fifth at Toul, the Eighty-Eighth at Lucey, the Ninety-Second at Marbache, lay at that moment in the immediate vicinity. The Engineers centred in Commercy; the narrow-gauge railway system and the great corps classes at Gondrecourt; the donkey-engine assemblers, perhaps five thousand strong, at Abainville. Of these, the most remote from Nancy was some sixty kilometres removed, and their detached units and road gangs were scattered around in between.

But after the signing of the Armistice, these divisional troops began, for various purposes, to split up into small sections, — to draw apart. And even a month later, when the Army of Occupation had already reached Germany, the Second Army that was to have moved ten days after it was still sprinkled about in hundreds of little segments, more or less floating bodies, with no sure habitations of their own.

G.H.Q., keeping its own counsel, changed orders for troop movement with a suddenness and frequency that only winged creatures could have followed with success. Troops far on the march to the Rhine would be switched about at right angles and hurried nearly as far somewhere quite else. Troops ordered to a position where the Y, acting on G.H.Q.'s word, lay ready awaiting them, would, between two days, be shot off into territory where no Y had ever been.

"Where is that damn Y?" growled the disappointed doughboys arriving in the comfortless waste.

Because, the simple truth is, they both wanted and expected to find the Y everywhere. The very phrase implied the fact — a disguised tribute. Never did you hear: "Where's that damn" any other organization. In all their war history they had not learned to look for any other organization, with a real expectation of finding it. So, as naturally as breathing, always and all the time:

"Where's that damn Y?"

But G.H.Q. never asked the question, nor made one complaint. For G.H.Q., knowing itself as the fountain of all uncertainty, itself compelled to change tactics by the changing indications of the hour, was just.

Five times in one day did G.H.Q. reverse its information regarding the passage of our returning prisoners at a given point, to the Y waiting at the cross-roads with personnel and goods — waiting to jump in whichever direction G.H.Q. should name.

C'était l'Armistice. G.H.Q., each time, was honestly giving its latest best guess.

Meantime, the little segments in the little villages, and the little segments out in the friendless open, waiting for orders, were pining for lack of the comforts that the Y alone could give.

Now, the Y regional motor transportation, never permitted to attain the third part of its barest, closest requirements, unhesitatingly drawn upon by the Army for army needs in hours of stress, and altogether worked to death, was by this time a melancholy wreck. Cars and camions chronically bled oil, water, gasoline, nuts, and bolts along their reeling way. Reverend gentlemen turned chauffeur lay on their backs under balky rattletraps in the highroad mud, on an average of a good hour for every hour they drove. Therefore, had the little segments in the waste places depended on the Y to bring them goods, the little segments must have gone too much unserved.

So Mr. J. Q. Ames, successor to Tener as Y Sixth Regional Director, invented the Detached Unit Service.

"That," said he, "is the way we'll deal with this mountain of stuff in the warehouse. We'll invite the detached units to send in their own transportation — we'll give them the goods."

So word went out. On the word a stream started in. And from that hour, the office of Mr. McDill, who handled the job, was a little theatre of ever-changing interest.

Here, out of the dismal downpour of a mean December morning, comes a non-com. from Rupt-en-Wœvre, some seventy-five kilometres away. He has ridden in by motor-cycle — just to see if the news is true. Two hundred and fifty men stuck up there by themselves, he reports. But they've got a truck —

"What do you want, sergeant?"

He names his wants — smokes, sweets, writing-materials, lights, and for Heaven's sake something to read. And he hears, with visible amazement, that those wants can and will be filled.

Then comes a lieutenant of Engineers.

"My men are sitting out in the woods, sixty kilometres from here. Nothing in the world to do after drill is done. No light after daylight. Nothing to read. Nobody to talk to. No tobacco. They've been smoking oak-leaves. Can you help me out? I've brought my camion."

He gets an order on the warehouse for fifty cartons of Camel cigarettes, twelve cartons of Piedmonts, a thousand packages of sweet biscuits, two hundred bars of chocolate, ten cases of candles, two dozen packages of playing-cards, four cases of evaporated milk, six dozen razor blades, and a package of magazines.

Magazines and books, alas, are short. The cry for magazines, especially for the *Saturday Evening Post* and for *Adventure*, is incessant everywhere. Never let any one tell you that enough books and magazines reached the A.E.F. The need of both was intense, pitiful. And in very few places, relatively, was there at any time any approach to meeting it.

A New York daily, usually well-informed, printed, in the summer of 1919, a long editorial to the contrary. And it may seem, to those who packed books in America for the American Library Association, that they were deluging France with print. Nevertheless, the A.E.F. in general starved for books and magazines. Don't be deceived about that, if ever we fight again.

All day long, every day in the week — for Ames's Headquarters Staff, to its credit be said, did not rest on Sundays — the messengers followed each other, in and out. From twelve to twenty camions loaded general supplies at the warehouse each day, aside from the steady outflow in camionnettes and side-cars. And still the stock kept fairly up, for Paris still shoved along from six to eight carloads daily. To those little isolated units, marooned like shipwrecked raftloads in the stricken wastes of grey Lorraine, that service was inestimable.

And then, there were always the Nancy Thermal Baths, asset so eagerly snatched by the Y Leave Area scouts.

In the great bath, the wide corridors and spacious lounge-rooms, the luminous marble walls, the character and proportions of the whole design, pointed it out as a true peace-time luxury of the French. Never, one might have supposed, could it hope to render as great and as vital a service as it could have done in time of war. But the passion for water, without doubt, is an Anglo-American characteristic. Also, there was the shortage of coal. And the Thermal Baths of Nancy had been closed until the Y took them over in 1918.

There was a splendid swimming-tank, measuring sixty by one hundred and sixty feet, one end shallow, the other deep, filled from natural sulphur springs, furnace-heated when in use. About one hundred and fifty dressing-rooms, fully equipped, surrounded the tank. Nothing could be cleaner, brighter, more inviting than the whole outspreading of the plant.

Now, the way it was used for the A.E.F. was this: The Second Army would be sending men on leaves to Aix, to La Bourboule, to Nice, to Mont Doré. Twelve to thirteen hundred doughboys at a time. And those boys, or their very great majority, had not had what they called a decent bath within the memory of man. The Army, by great good luck, might manage shower-baths here and there, once and again. But those shower-baths of necessity worked on schedule plan. One sprinkle. Soap yourself. Another sprinkle. Out with you, and give place to the next in line.

"I stood under. A whistle blew. The water zipped on and off, and I give you my word I got the whole ten drops in one eye —" Thus a rueful, grinning engineer.

And the men were, oh! so tired of being dirty, in their dirty, crawling, biting, itching old clothes.

Your own sons and brothers, you know. And they all crept and crawled and itched and stung. Had to. Could n't get away from it. Do you think they liked the sensation?

Well, the twelve or thirteen hundred about to go on leave would arrive in the Nancy railway station, probably early in the morning. Immediately they would be marched to the Y Baths. There, at a big canteen served by Y girls, they would be given — not sold — all they wanted of bread and jam and hot coffee, to help out the ration breakfast, now ancient history.

After having eaten all they wanted, they then marched down the long veranda, and passed before inspection officers who examined the footgear that they had on.

The first man might be wearing a number ten boot on his right foot and an eleven on his left — either because some one had salvaged his more closely related pair, or because his own salvaging had been inaccurate. The next man proves to have holes in his soles. The third, split uppers. All three get new issues, then and there.

Filing on down the veranda aisle, each man receives, from a non-com. stationed below, a complete outfit of new underwear and stockings of his proper size. Next, a sergeant inspects the uniforms, and hands out new sets. All this business of clothing is, of course, the Army's part.

Then, by detachments, the file moves on to the bathhouse itself, discards its old raiment, goes under a preliminary shower to get mainly clean, and passes beneath the eyes of the Army medical inspector, who, if he finds cause, stops men there.

The rest — the great majority — dash for the tank. Three hundred men — two to a dressing-room, go in at a time. And they stay in as long as ever they like, be it five minutes or an hour. It is their first taste of the thing that is to make their

whole leave in the Y areas so sweet to them — liberty to do whatever they like.

As the first lot begins to come out, others take their places. Meantime, lunch is being served by the girls in the canteen. And from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, a continuous vaudeville and movie show is in progress in the building. Because the men must be kept together, and it is the Y's chance to make the day good all through.

Finally, when the hour for entrainment approaches, the dry canteen opens, where men can buy tobacco, candies, chocolate, biscuits, or whatever they want to supplement their Army rations on the rest of the trip. And that is the one and only opportunity that they get to spend a single centime in the Y Baths at Nancy.

Between occupations by leave detachments, the baths were used by the A.E.F. in general. And it will do no harm, now, to remark that the Y people made no point of looking at men's passes. Nancy, as a matter of fact, was a swarming hive of A.W.O.L.'s. But, A.W.O.L. or not, it does any Anglo-Saxon a world of good just to be allowed to get clean.

Chapter XIV

God's True Gentlemen

But the day of days at the Nancy Baths was November 16, 1918. In the middle of the night of the 13th of November the British prisoners nearest the Lorraine line were kicked awake and told that at six o'clock in the morning they would start for France. At four o'clock, finally turned out, they got their ration — one half-loaf of almost inedible "bread," to each three men — and were told that they would march a bit, and then receive transportation to the border.

Heaven knows what that rag of camouflage was for. They got no transportation. One mounted man led them for a day and a half to what may have been the Boche reserve line, and there, on the edge of a wood, turned back and left them, merely with the order to "go west."

Now, some of those men had been taken prisoners four years before. British officers, they had been driven on foot, day after day, outrageous marches, starved the while on a ration of a little worthless soup, and denied any chance to wash or to shave. So they had crossed the German frontier — and on — on. Then, reeling from weakness, their faces covered with rough beard and caked with dirt, their eyes deep-sunken, their cheeks hollow, their uniforms all but unrecognizable from dust and mud, they were herded like cattle down the principal street of every town or city on the route.

"Look at the formidable English, the terrible English! Look at the foe our legions fight! Here is the very cream of their cream. *These* are their *gentlemen ! These* are British offi-

cers!" the escort would cry, pointing them out to jeering crowds.

After that, slow hell in the pens, starvation, bestial abuse, steady labor under shell-fire.

Yet now, you see, by some strange oversight, the Allied Powers forgot with whom they reckoned, and, in the terms of the Armistice, failed to stipulate in just what manner the prisoners should be released.

That gave the Hun another chance. True to form, he snatched it. And, with a gross, particular hatred that should be reckoned his highest power of flattery, he still wreaked his worst on the British, of all the victims in his grip.

You cannot overdraw the piteous condition of that incredible company, cast again into the world. Skeletons of men they were — the mere faint wraiths of what, four years before, must have been the physical pick of the Nation. Otherwise they could never have survived to see and endure this day. Many scores of them crumpled down and died by the wayside in the first hours of that cruel pilgrimage. Many, many more, without any manner of doubt, would have done the same but for the inspired exaltation of a few master-spirits, who spurred and cheered their mates along with their own transcendent courage. All travelled on their nerve and on that only. For the forty kilometres that they marched, the last of it through devastated Lorraine, were as extreme an ordeal as spent humanity could face.

None of them had socks or boots. The luckiest scuffed along in a sort of sandal — a toe-hold of rag and a sole of twisted straw. But the great majority had only a layer of paper cloth tied over their feet — German prison-camp issue, in place of their own shoes long since dropped off. Their underclothes, if any they had, were the rags of those they had worn when captured, months or years ago.

It was cold — raw, freezing, hateful weather. Their blood was starved. They coughed. The shapes of their teeth showed through their tight-drawn lips. Their bones were all but bare of flesh. And the poor, thin tatters that had been their uniforms fluttered in every searching wind. When they laid themselves down to rest, on that awful journey, it was either on the wet, rough earth thick coated with white frost, or in deserted German dugouts, chill and damp as death. So, as they trooped across old battle-fields — that ghost-like company that might have dreamed up from the blood-clogged soil — they stooped and clothed themselves as best they might from the mouldered bodies of unburied dead.

And when, at last, the leaders of those that survived the march tottered through the gates of Nancy, surely no stranger phantoms ever played the epilogue of war. Every combination of uniforms was there — American khaki with French blue or British brown or the great green overcoats and heavy war-boots of the Hun — salvage of fields where the three Allies, dying together, had dragged the transgressor with them before the Eternal Judge.

So their vanguard faltered on, up into Nancy town. And it was indeed as though the graves had opened and given up their hosts. Their very eyes were starved. Many of them could no longer remember their names. The bare fact of their retention of life itself showed what men they must have been. And now the pity of their timid, dumb effacement was enough to kill your heart.

The French, as they saw them wandering on, so helpless, weak, half dazed, seemed not to know what to do. Once and again some woman, here or there, handed out a crust of bread. But that was all.

No one, you see, had looked for their coming. No word had been breathed of the possibility of British prisoners passing

that way. No one was prepared. And so they strayed, unfriended, until some doughboy, attracted by the staring native crowd, saw the awful truth.

Of course, then, our men wanted to feed them all — all those pitiful martyrs — right where they stood — out of the French shops, by their own purses. But French food cost good cash, every mouthful, even now. Doughboy purses soon gaped bare. And steadily the ghosts trooped in.

So then they led them along toward the Y — these first-comers — while some one sped ahead with the news. Loud, head Y man, ran out to meet them. And he did not know till afterward that, as he stood and looked, the tears rolled down his cheeks. No human creature could have beheld them dry-eyed.

The Y fed them, of course. Took them in and sat them down in the pretty, clean, blue-and-yellow dining-room and brought them honest food. Many of them were seized with tearing cramps at the first swallow. Many others fainted before they could be served. Meantime, those that could talk told a little of their tale — told also, that soon a thousand more, less able, slower on the road than they, should reach the town.

How to prepare for them? Where to lodge them? Where to feed them? And only a remnant of time to settle all that!

Our Army, it happened, could do nothing, by way of either food or lodging. The command at Nancy consisted of only sixteen men. Its billets barely sufficed for itself. Its reserve rations were negligible. As for the French, they seemed to be swathed like a Chinese foot in a hard-and-fast strait-jacket of formalities. Once again, it was up to the Y.

"There is just one place where they can possibly sleep," said Loud, "and that is, the old French barracks."

So he went himself to the French Commandant and stuck till he got permission for the barracks' use.

Chill old sarcophagi they were, forbidding as tombs — cold stone, cold concrete, sweating dingy, ice-cold slime. But they had roofs and some sort of bedding could be got. So it was arranged to lodge the British there.

Then, to feed the now rapidly multiplying host, American G.H.Q., petitioned by telephone, promised immediate help. But G.H.Q., in relation to the instant necessity, was a long way off. And as a matter of fact, by some subsequent slip, its sending of rations stalled for two whole days.

The French had nothing to suggest. The barracks offered not even cooking apparatus that might be used to serve the crying needs of literally starving men.

"The Y will feed them. Feed them at the Baths," said Loud — "all that our two hotels can't handle."

So they led them along to the Baths canteen.

Now, as Heaven would have it, the Y girls — Helen Anderson and Eileen Patterson — had just made an ample supply of good solid sandwiches for twelve hundred doughboys expected to pass through on their way to Aix. And those twelve hundred had failed to appear. Now they made coffee — unlimited hot, fresh coffee with milk and sugar, the very best they knew how. And the head of the phantom column appeared before them while yet they worked.

Two of these men dropped dead with the first taste of food. Others died as they waited their turn in line. No one could be served twice, because the pressure from behind forced the column steadily on. That coffee was the first that the luckiest of them had tasted for ten months; their best prison-pen drink had been an infusion of acorns. Now, as the smell and taste of the real thing reached them once again, it was like the essence of things unseen.

And the fine old sergeant-major, true to type, looked to the honor of the Empire by calling for three cheers for the Y.

Given with a will. But oh! the piteous, piteous sound!

And the significant thing was, that both here and in Metz, where almost the same scenes were later repeated, the British prisoners — much the worst sufferers of all who escaped the Hun, far the hungriest, far the most maltreated, most cruelly tortured — never failed to maintain their own self-respect, to show self-restraint, to manifest gratitude and courtesy and a spirit of touching helpfulness toward those who served their needs.

"Steady, lads! There's a lady present. Don't forget you are British," Helen Anderson heard a non-com. call. And instantly the little scramble that had started for her tossed packages of cigarettes stopped short.

"Sorry!" "Beg pardon, sister." "We did n't mean it!"

The British kept their dignity, their standard, their manhood, even as they died.

Meantime, Mrs. Dwight had been at work on the job with a will that would not be stayed. After a miniature international *impasse* she had at last got a row of chocolate boilers set up in the barracks, for the immediate night's use. Also stoves and cauldrons, out of the Y warehouse, for regular cooking next day.

All night long the British drifted in, by twos, by tens, by twenties, each man supporting his mate along the cruel last lap of the road; now and again one actually making shift to carry a fainting comrade on his back. All night long a Y man, J. S. Brown by name, and Miss Anna Vaughan, of the Y staff, stood and made chocolate for the incoming stream, and helped them to such comfort as the place could give.

At dawn, Mrs. Dwight and Miss Moore, valiantly aided by members of the American Fund for French Wounded, launched into the heavy cooking job. Thence on, the whole little team drove straight ahead, making soup and stew and

coffee by day; then, after midnight, beginning again with chocolate and sandwiches, through the black hours.

And still the unearthly company streamed in.

While these things proceeded, one man who must be mentioned with all praise was slogging away alone at an awful task. This was Lieutenant Macbeth Ende, of the United States Army Medical Corps.

Sole American medical officer in Nancy, his authority to practise extended only to American troops. But, in the absence of any British *confrère*, or other professional help, Lieutenant Ende waited for no authority, but proceeded at once to care for the prisoners. For forty-eight hours he worked without rest and with no aid save what could be rendered by two of our enlisted men. On the third day the British Red Cross came in.

But yet Lieutenant Ende kept on, because there was far more than work for all.

"I have served a long time in a mobile field hospital," he afterward said. "I have seen some terrible sights, but none that quite equalled, for pure pathos, those presented by the British prisoners as they came into Nancy."

Every single man needed medical or surgical succor, or both. With most of them Lieutenant Ende had to pour in spirits at once, to keep them up until they could be reached with food. After the first twelve hours' work, the surgeon's medical stores were absolutely exhausted. Luckily, foreseeing this, he had sent an emergency requisition to Toul, which, arriving in the nick of time, prevented his having to stay his hand even for a moment, in those awful days' work.

All of the men were starved. All of them without one exception had skin diseases. All of them were filthy dirty — those splendid lads — those volunteers of 1914 — to whom punctilious cleanliness was as natural and almost as dear as the breath of life.

Since they had been captured they had never had a bath. Their legs and bodies were covered with welts — long, black, raw cuts from whip-lashes laid on by labor-gang officers to hasten their rising when pure weakness dropped them in their tracks. Hideous sores showed where they had been kicked with hob-nailed boots and hammered with rifle butts again and again, daily — so that wounds could never heal. And the sores, however large they looked on the surface, were twice that size in fact. For swarming maggots infested the tissue in big circles underneath.

Disgusting? Yes. Beyond words loathly. Practised as he was in revolting sights, it was almost more than even the doctor could bear.

You don't want to hear it, since you cannot help? But have you a right to shrink away, to pass by on the other side — to refuse to know so much as the name of this tiny fraction of what they so gloriously bore in your stead — these super-martyrs of the Faith?

And you *can* help. You can do your full and active citizen's share in seeing to it that America does not coddle her material ease and lose her soul; does not court moral shipwreck; does not pass by on the other side, cold-eyed, hugging her gross, short-lived prosperity, hard as Belshazzar's guests toward the woes of the nations; does not refuse to range herself among the responsible world-guardians of God's peace.

Working at the barracks with all speed and without rest, Lieutenant Ende examined, classified, and treated the men as they came, during that first afternoon and night. To be entrained for Calais and so for Blighty, as soon as their own people could act — that was to be the fate of those whom he found able to endure the trip. The rest he meant to send to the local French hospitals.

No sooner, however, did the poor wraiths hear that latter

fact than not one sick man remained among them. Nobody was going to be left behind when the train pulled out for Blighty! Yet the state of a very large percentage was so tragic as to admit no effective disguise. Hæmorrhages, the pains of tuberculous pleurisy, and other acute symptoms, demanded care. To move those men now would be quick murder.

On the morning after the first appearance of the British vanguard, the Y offered them all the use of the Thermal Baths.

Every man who could stand welcomed the news like news of the millennium come. They had already got some kind of a wash at the sinks in the French barracks — in ice-cold water labelled "dangerous to drink." But now, real baths — hot, all-over baths! Once more in a lifetime a chance to get *clean!* . . .

Lieutenant Ende then transferred his work to the Bath building.

Up to that time the actual mental state of the men he had handled had been fairly overlaid by their intense excitement — by the joy of their escape from the Hun. But now he was to see a more accurate view.

The late prisoners were marshalled in a long corridor, awaiting final inspection before taking the shower that was to precede the plunge.

"Gangway for an officer!" shouted the British sergeant-major, their recognized head, as Lieutenant Ende appeared.

And then it was that the grim truth stood forth. They all knew the surgeon's face and uniform — knew that he was their devoted, sympathetic friend. Yet the familiar order automatically produced the response that long-protracted torture had made a second nature, an instinct of self-preservation. Like wild rabbits they scrambled to get out of the way — flattened their poor tormented bodies against the wall to let an officer pass.

"Gangway for an officer!"

That, then, was what it had meant to cumber the way when the officer was a Hun.

The words had burned into their brains — deep, raw scars — and it was the American surgeon's fear that many of those seared, half-murdered minds could never in this life recover all their own.

As for the poor frames that contained them, revealed in the bath, they literally had no flesh. Hip-bones stood out like the hip-bones of a skeleton, tightly covered with bruised and broken skin. Not a curved line remained on the body of a single man. None of them dared the surgeon allow in the deep part of the tank, and even at the shallow end he stationed doughboys to rescue those whose strength gave out, lest they slide under and drown. By day and by night the thing kept on, as long as prisoners continued to appear.

"Do you think there could be any chance of an old overcoat, or a blanket?" some of them had timidly asked.

"Well — there might be — or there might not. But I'm leaving here directly," the officers in charge of our Army clothing supplies had replied.

So, no one knows exactly how, they acquired clean, whole, warm raiment to put on as they dressed.

This part, by the way, is not supposed to be told. A question of irregularity involved. But, blessed be butchers of red tape!

All during that day — Sunday, November 17 — and until eleven o'clock at night of the day following, Mrs. Dwight[1] and her staff of three or four stood before the cauldrons in the barracks, or before the chocolate boilers, cooking and serving as fast as their hands could fly. Scarcely had they time to

[1] Mrs. Dwight has received from the British Government the Order of the British Empire, in recognition for her services in this crisis.

look into the faces of the men they fed, so precious was each instant in terms of human salvage.

How did they stand it? Well, some of those Y people had been standing its equal, off and on, and some of them, like Mrs. Dwight herself, had been standing its equal pretty steadily, now, for nearly two years. More strength lies in the human spirit than you may think, and the human frame is its loyal mate.

Also, the spur that pricked them then would have struck life into a stone.

"We don't mind being hungry, but we're *so* thirsty! Please!"

The lips that shaped the words stretched tight back like a mummy's lips over the arc of the jaw. The shaking hand that held out a little old bent bully-beef tin, looked like the hand of Death. The voice and bearing, beyond all mistake, were those of an English gentleman.

Mrs. Dwight filled his tin with coffee. He drank it where he stood. Then, seeing that he suddenly could not move, she hurried forward to help.

But in that instant he had helped himself.

It was only that his knees refused to work. On one bare foot he wore the remnant of a sandal. The other lacked even that protection; and the whole leg, exposed to the hip through the streaming rags of his clothing, was one great swollen sore.

But the lad — he could not have been over twenty-two years old — bending his knees with his two hands, was hobbling away to give place in the line.

And never once forgetting his thanks the while — his terrible, smiling, heart-breaking thanks.

At eleven o'clock on Monday night, the 18th, the British rescue arrived, with clothing, blankets, ample rations, and

seven Army cooks. This, in view of the distances involved, meant splendid work. They then took over the Y's equipment, and assumed the barracks feeding job.

But Lieutenant Ende still worked ahead. For no room could be found in the French hospitals for the sick and the need continued desperate.

Meantime, every creature in the Y uniform had been doing his or her best to help, while still carrying on the regular Nancy work for our own men. Mr. Loud put in all his spare time at the Baths, aiding the surgeon, his endurance strained less by the sights that he saw, horrible though they were, than by the pathos of the gratitude lavished upon him. Alice Lindley and Dorothy Dennis spent with the sick Tommies every hour that they could take from their work at the Y Officers' Club.

And the Officers' Club itself, from the afternoon of November 16, when it received four hundred prisoners as its guests, was daily filled, afternoon and evening, for lunch, tea, and dinner, with British officers out of the Boche pens.

Some few had money, and these insisted on paying their way. More, however, were penniless, yet most loath to have that fact known. So that it took all of the two girls' ingenuity to urge reasons why they should be guests of the Y, without betraying knowledge of their financial state.

But once and again, in the nature of things, an American man might be luckier. Like G. H. Boothby, of the Y, darting through Nancy on his always pressing business. Boothby had barely time to see the face of the thing. But, seeing, he acted.

Hastily collecting sixteen men who looked as though they could perhaps stand such a shock, he led them into the best French restaurant in the town; ordered for them the very best dinner that the place could afford, with the best wines in its yet-good cellar; bought them all clothes, towels, and soap;

staked them all, from a purse too often thus taxed ever to get over-full, and so with reluctance hurried away — one of the kindest souls that the sun ever shone upon.

By Sunday some two thousand Tommies had reached Nancy, and of these a considerable number, after a bit, were physically able to follow their inclination and go from the Baths to the Y Enlisted Men's Hotel.

Here they were joyfully welcomed, always, with free meals, tobacco, and whatever they chose to have. Here, too, at the Red Room tables, they wrote their wonderful first letters home. And it was a glorious and a touching thing to see the life and spirit come back into them as the days passed — the days till the British could move them toward Calais.

Meantime, every minute of every one's hours brimmed over with experience. Scenes, each of which was a drama itself, followed one another so fast as to efface all memory. Among a host of fleeting pictures was that of a British captain and a Tommy, both ex-prisoners, each just through from a separate Boche camp, meeting by chance in the Y Enlisted Men's Hotel.

"They had evidently served in the same organization before their capture," said Lieutenant Ende, who saw the thing. "They were delighted to meet again. The officer slapped the Tommy on the back while they shook hands and pelted each other with questions. Then the captain asked Tommy to go in to dinner with him. But Tommy, remembering the old relationship, said he did n't think it would look right.

"'Right? Rubbish! Of course it will look quite all right!' exclaimed the captain.

"But Tommy still held out — 'It really would n't do, sir. Excuse me, but it would n't, sir!'

"'I'll *make* it look right, then!' cried the captain. And he snatched off his Sam Browne belt and buckled it on Tommy.

"And so the two went in to dinner, arm in arm."

Then, just as Nancy got somewhat in hand, the thing began all over again, in another place and form.

Word reached the British, on November 22, that on the following day British and other prisoners would arrive at Metz, from out of the Boche pens, to the number of approximately sixty thousand.

Now, Metz lay within the French lines. No British troops, therefore, were supposed to enter, except by special permission from the French Army. And by no human possibility could this permission be procured in time for the British to get through to receive and succor their own people.

Therefore, they appealed officially to the Y, as their best and only hope in an impossible situation.

Could the Y, they asked, slash through red tape and rescue the incoming British? Otherwise, quite frankly, all might die of exposure and famine.

That was on Friday noon, November 22. Mr. J. Q. Ames, Regional Director of the Y, acted on the dot; and, now that the war was washed out, one dares tell the story. Deliberately forgetting all orders of all Powers, he picked three good Y workers — two women and a man, all he could possibly spare — put them on a camion containing full canteen equipment, followed it by supplies, and sent all flying to Metz and the emergency.

They got there at nine o'clock at night — Mr. Kimball, Miss McKenzie, and the other woman, all as A.W.O.L. as any militarized creatures could be. Next morning, at ten o'clock, they were serving rations to two thousand famished Italians, the vanguard of the sixty thousand Allied prisoners on the way.

That afternoon, at half after five, the first of the British appeared, a thousand of them, on foot, arriving simulta-

neously with two thousand French who came by rail. And because the French were marched to Fort Goeben, while nobody told the British what to do, the poor, spent souls followed on, such as had strength to make it.

Their condition was as tragic as that of those who had won through to Nancy the week before — mere limping, bleeding, battered skeletons of men, hung in wisps and tatters for clothes. And so in the black November evening, they stood and waited before Goeben's sullen gates, while a cold, thick rain beat down upon them, unsheltered under the sky.

No shelter remained to them anywhere, it seemed. The French were swamped with their own men. Patient they stood at the gate — in the bitter rain — under the black, cold sky — stood, or sank in their tracks, awaiting death or succor — whichever might come first.

So some one carried the news to the three Y people, who, up to that moment, had been laboring hard at feeding some four thousand Russians and Italians otherwise unrationed. But on that news it was that those three Y people really started in to *work*.

As you enter the big grey gates and the inner territory of the fort, you pass through a strait made by the turnkey's office on the right and a warden's chamber on the other hand. Behind the turnkey's office comes an L-shaped jog in the walls. In that jog, out in the open, the Y people now set up their stoves. They could not take them under cover, you see, because of the smoke.

There, all night long, Miss McKenzie stood in the pouring rain, making chocolate, while the other woman, in the turnkey's office, sliced bread and meat and passed it through the window to those spectres of famine without.

Some of the British non-coms. came in and helped her. All eagerly offered to work who had strength more than to stand.

Most of them had tasted no food at all for three days. This was the first real bread that most of them had seen in years.

Where were they to sleep? There was no place to sleep. The French at last said that the British might occupy the lower tier of barracks, within the fort. But those places were horrible beyond permitted words to describe. The Boche, in retreat, had apparently destroyed all his own sanitary conveniences. Since then, the thing had turned into one big offence. And that lower tier of barracks, in particular, was a pool of horrible mire.

Stretch your length in that? The British looked at it — then, spent as they were, turned away.

Meantime, by the mercy of Providence, by much telephoning and by the help of the British Army, Mr. Kimball, the Y man, had got some truckloads of blankets up from the Red Cross stores at Nancy. Now, coming on to the job well supplied, he took matters at Goeben into his own hands, hunted out dry floors in the galleries and chambers of the fortress, dispensed his treasure of good Army blankets, and helped the British prisoners to rest. And so that night wore through.

A considerable number of the British had now collapsed completely, from illness, exhaustion, hurts, or all three. Then the Y man carried them to the old infirmary in the fort — a refuge whose equipment consisted of four walls, a ceiling, a terrible chill, a dry floor, and one mattress.

But there were few or no nurses of either sex or of any nation. So the two Y women — whenever they could leave their cooking and feeding work — dressed open sores and welts and broken bruises, or gave what other aid they could, from their own medical kits.

For about a week prisoners continued to drift in — the French, Italians, Russians, and Belgians in pretty good con-

dition, the British for the most part in a state as near to death by slow starvation and devilish abuse as human beings can approach and live. In the first four days the Y detail served about twenty-five thousand rations, to men who otherwise must literally have gone without any food at all.

After that, abundant British supplies came forward, with abundant British relief — they had had over two hundred miles to travel, you see, under conditions that made the distance equal to many times its length in days of peace. After that, too, the French organized. And then the three Y people settled down to the long, steady, daily pull of feeding and generally looking after the prisoners of the other nations.

A month later they were still at it — those three, there in Metz — and still thinking of the four nights and days that they first aided the British, as among the most vivid in all their war service.

Now, if you look back over this account, you will notice that very little time is allowed for any Y worker's sleep.

People don't sleep — real people — in the face of need like that. Which is why so many Y workers — good ones — occasionally went to pieces. The right temperament for the job will go on till body and nerves collapse together. But it will never measure time, or save itself, while men are starving or dying or sliding away to destruction in any shape.

As for the British at Nancy and at Metz, it is perfectly safe to say that but for the service that the Overseas Y was able to render, in the hour of their extreme need, most of them would have met their end, then and there.

As for the Overseas Y, once more it had shown its greatest quality — the quality that distinguished it above all other welfare organizations in the field — the quality preëminently Carter's own and which he worked so hard to inculcate. Once more, under Carter's letters of marque as "official dispensers

of good cheer," the Y had jumped into a perfectly new and unforeseen emergency. Without stopping to measure its means against the demand; without stopping to calculate its possibilities of success and credit; and without stopping to dispute its field of duty; with faith, courage, elasticity, and a devotion that despised all odds, it had jumped in and saved the day.

Chapter XV

Hold the Men!

A hint has already been given of how Carter, back in July, 1917, perceiving the Army's need of leave centres in France, worked out a scheme to meet it; and of how General Pershing instantly welcomed his offer, as of a great and signal service.

Why not take over the famous recreative plants — the famous tourist centres, the gorgeous casinos — wipe out of their play-life the tainted part, turn it into something whose every aspect is wholesome and clean while as gay and as gorgeous as before, and run them, as many as need be, for the service of the American Army? This was Carter's invention, pure and simple — the child of his brain and heart — a new thing in any army, in any war, in the world. And to its extraordinary development is due a debt never sufficiently to be acclaimed.

It is more than safe to say that not one soldier in a thousand ever heard Carter's name or considered the existence of such an individual as the head of the A.E.F. Y.M.C.A. Yet but for Carter's inspired thought, and, once approved by the Commander-in-Chief, for the drive that Carter put behind it, a life-saving interval of rest and happiness would have lacked out of hundreds of thousands of soldier lives.

Theoretically, the British soldier on leave could run over to England for dinner and the theatre. The Frenchman could and did slide out of his place in the ranks and fly home and back again between dawn and dawn. But the American had not even a hope.

Reasons of tonnage forbade his crossing the Channel. In-

ternational reasons forbade his going to Spain. France, overcrowded, war-weary, bowed down with each day's mountains of work, had no time nor means nor spirit to receive and amuse him safely.

And besides all that, what the boy really wanted — wanted in the core of his heart — was not England, not Spain, not France, but the home that must be denied him.

The thing began at Aix-les-Bains in February, 1918. Its idea was, first, to create a bit of America in the midst of a foreign land; then to enrich that home oasis with all the treasures of sport, beauty, history, and art native to the place; and finally so to provide there for the soldier's life that, at the end of his stay, he should go back to work with a body rested and invigorated, with a mind eased, cheered, stimulated, and turned toward channels of wholesome thought.

General Orders No. 6, issued on January 8, 1918, formally charged the Y with the duty of providing for the entertainment and accommodation of soldiers thus on leave.

By the Army's first intention, the men were to pay for their own board; but after a month's trial of the effect of French prices on doughboys' pockets, a new General Orders provided that men sent to leave areas should go there on duty status, their board and lodgings being met by Army funds.

Thus, the Army became responsible for the selection, transportation, housing, rationing, and disciplining of the men, while it committed to the Y all that concerned their entertainment, pleasures, and extra comforts in the place.

Some notion of the actual rush and growth of the thing, as well as of the sort and size of orders that the Army was wont confidently to toss to the Y, may be gathered from the following. The Savoie Area, St. Malo, Dinard, Paramé and the Auvergne points being open in August, the Commanding General of S.O.S. on August 18, 1918, telegraphed the Y:

Survey of the Leave Situation shows approximately fifty thousand men of the A.E.F. due leave now. This figure will increase at a rate of approximately twenty thousand per month. Please marshal necessary forces, funds and facilities to install 28 Leave Areas, average capacity 2500 beds each, between now and October 1.

Mr. Franklin S. Edmonds became head of the Soldiers' Leave Bureau, seconded by Mr. Karl S. Cate. Mr. Edmonds, it may here be said, continued for a year to serve as chief of this department, during which period he worked with unswerving purpose to make that branch of the service a complete success. The responsibilities of the post were serious. It dealt in big figures and its demands for good sense, knowledge of the wants of men, resourcefulness, and quick decision, never slacked. Mr. Edmonds effectively met them all.

The only hands that the soldiers actually knew were, however, those of their immediate hosts on the spot. And here as everywhere in the Y work, the final fruit of all effort, its success or failure, depended on the personal touch of the man or woman at the outmost tip of the line.

The selection of personnel for leave area work was, as a rule, successful. Mrs. Anderson and Gerry Reynolds, at Aix; Mr. Charles Carver, Jr., Mrs. Anderson, Dr. Dennison, Mrs. N. G. Williams; and Mrs. Kernan, John Martin, Dr. Cook, at Nice — nothing could be imagined or desired to improve on such teams; and the aids that they gathered about them, by selection, elimination, and encouragement, were those who in some degree shared their minds and gifts.

Aix, after the first jolt or two inseparable from starting the train, ran as on greased wheels, a tremendous and unbroken success. The great Casino, taken over bodily, French staff and all, became the centre of a happy, swarming life. A French citizens' committee, supported by the prefect and the

mayor, helped and coöperated to the extent of its power; and the spirit that filled the whole place, by the fireside, in the snow-sports, in the dance-hall, was one of luminous gladness. Gerry Reynolds, a New York school-teacher before the war — you never can tell! — could alight in the midst of any assembly, feel out its mood in two minutes and toss it into the air. Gerry Reynolds embraced the unreachable with proprietary joy. When Gerry Reynolds's boys aspired to shine unequalled in a soldier show, he pulled down to them — not the arc-lamp, but the moon herself — got them their costumes specially made and as free gifts presented by Worth, Paquin, Jenny, Maison Louis, Paul Poiret, and Lucille. He could play, he could sing, he could do anything effervescent; he could stir things everlastingly up — a sort of ageless Robin Goodfellow, magically sympathetic, understanding, inestimably valuable, juggling sunshine criss-cross through the world.

As for the Riviera Leave Area — Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Mentone — a thick volume could be written concerning the Y work there, and gain in interest from its detail. Remember what the place is — palm-trees, sunshine, blue, blue sky and bluer sea, white surf curling on a golden beach, gulls' wings flashing, a blaze of flowers, pink and crimson, wine-red, purple, blue, and every villa wall curtained with swaying masses of leafy green and rose; grey cliffs rising from the sea, high, higher, reaching toward the hills that, grown to mountains, show and withdraw from sight under veils of perpetual white, glorious witnessing spirits that come and go; air soft and warm and balmy, yet full of youth and life and joy; moonlight, and music near and far, and the whisper of surf and of palm-leaves stirred with the breath of mimosa in bloom; the most caressing, most delicious climate that exists; an endowment of historic interest that makes every fresh unfolding scene a page of ancient history brought to life; all held

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together, for luxurious moderns, by every convenience for living and moving and playing that purveyors of pleasure and comfort have been able to devise.

And all taken over by the Army and its Y for the American soldier in France.

If you had seen him cramped in his dugout, in the mud, in the cold, with the memory of his blood-stained, shell-swept, gas-soaked, rat-haunted, water-filled trench behind him, and even now with a cold, dark, dreary barracks, or a mouldy, vermin-haunted loft as his best hope of shelter — if you had lived with him under the winter sky — drivelling endless rains and mists, breeder of aches and misery, stranger to the sun — if you had known with him what it is seldom to be dry and warm and never, never clean — why, then, it almost broke your heart to see the lad reach Nice.

The journey down had been an ordeal. No one could tell how long it would take. Twelve hundred men reached Aix one day, who had been eight days and nights sitting upright in the tight-packed troop train, rationed for a four-day trip!

"Can it pay?" the boys thought, as the cramping hours dragged on and their train stalled and side-tracked along the weary road. "Can it possibly pay — what any week can bring?"

And at the end, dirty, hungry, exhausted, they hauled themselves out of the coaches on lagging feet.

First, the Army registered them in. Then it billeted them — all in good hotels, run by the old French staffs, but sharply supervised by Army inspectors to insure cleanliness, sanitation, and a proper handling of the job. Then they got their baths. And then they fell into their beds — real beds, with springs and mattresses and sheets!

"You need n't get up till you're ready," they were told. "You can have your breakfast in bed, if you like."

"Quit your kidding," they rejoined, scowling at the weakness of your taste in jokes.

But when they discovered that the thing was no joke at all, but simple fact — discovered that no réveillé existed, no bugle blew, no man got up till he had slept his sleep out, and that even then he could do whatever he chose — then they cast themselves loose into a deep sea of slumber such as only tired-out boys can find.

They slept — how they slept! And when they waked, and had washed and eaten again, they said:

"Where's the Y?"

Now, the enlisted man's Y at Nice was nothing less than the famous Palais de la Jetée, the Jetty Casino, running out beyond the surf above blue water, a huge-roomed house of glass. Leaving the broad sea-front walk to approach the Casino door, one crosses, you remember, a sort of preliminary bridge. Well, along that bridge ran a dais; over the dais an awning; on the dais a row of chairs; and in those chairs perpetually sat a row of American doughboys, with lordly, with sublime detachment contemplating sea and distant hills, while kneeling "dagos" polished their boots.

Can you picture the majesty, the balm of it, to a man whom every one has ordered about, whom no one has served, this long, long time in the mud?

Then, entering, you found yourself in an antechamber, where you could check any encumbrance that you might want to drop. Then you mounted a few steps to where a broad foyer, expanding before you, revealed four things: On your left an enormous bulletin full of announcements of every kind of show or diversion that you could easily hope to see; straight ahead, a big, bright, breezy room where boys in khaki lounged at ease; on your right, behind a desk marked "Information," a sweet-faced American girl in Y uniform looking straight at

you with an inviting smile; and just beside you the woman that you presently were going to think the dearest and kindest and best in all the world, excepting only your own mother.

For the A.E.F. this description is a quite sufficient identification. For others her name may be added — Mrs. James Thomas Anderson, of Colorado Springs.

If you looked gay and straight and rangy — as though your nap had set you up and you could go on under your own power, she probably let you gravitate to the girl at the desk, to talk things over, to get the lay of the land and to plan, a little, what to do first.

But if you were shy, weary, heavy-hearted, half-sick, or out of luck, something that she carried within her knew it at once, and in a moment she was beside you, clasping your hand in a way all her own, and making you know your welcome through her kind blue eyes.

She did not patronize you. She did not ask personal questions. She made no fuss or stir. She did not urge you to any effort that you had not the will to make. She just truly felt toward you something that thawed its way straight through your heart and made you know that you had come, right here and now, to your very, very own.

And, whether you realized it or not, that was the one medicine that you needed more than any other thing on earth — the feeling that you, as an individual, had a place and welcome belonging to you — that *somebody cared*. Let who will call this sentimental nonsense — and prove thereby he knows not whereof he speaks.

The United States Army Ambulance Service with the French, that brilliant little vanguard of American participation in the war, maintained an official weekly newspaper called *The Radiator*, edited, written, and published by and for its own enlisted men. *The Radiator* of November 28, 1918, printed

an editorial that, as a personal tribute, could scarcely be excelled — and which nothing but utter desert could have won.

Under the caption of "'Ma Anderson,' the Real Mother of the A.E.F.," it explains that the immediate occasion of writing is the general awarding of compliments following the Armistice. M. Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, Generals Haig and Pershing are being glorified. The various armies are saluting each other. Honors are being handed about. Amidst all this, the boys of the Ambulance Service cannot and will not stand silent while no word is said of the woman they hold "most widely known and most dearly loved by the members of the A.E.F."

The Jetty Casino, at Nice, was the enlisted man's home. The intention, there, was to provide him, under one roof, with every obtainable good thing that he desired, beyond the bed, bath, and plain daily rations that was the Army's part. The central rooms of the Casino — a succession of halls making one big ballroom — were used for daily and nightly dancing, and for rollicking old-fashioned games. In the big salon to the right a concert was practically always in progress. Back of that, a large and perfect floor was devoted to shuffleboard. Again on to the right, came the dry canteen, operated from three sides, selling to three lines of men at once, open till half after eleven at night, and always busy.

Next on the sea side, out over the dancing blue water, ran an enormous glass front, lined with a long row of fine billiard-tables. Then came the wet canteen, a most cheerful and immaculate place, filled with little tables for four, each table covered with blue-and-white checked oilcloth and surrounded by pretty wicker chairs. Here Y girls sold sandwiches, hot chocolate, coffee, milk, and cakes. Returning across the building on the far side, you found the theatre, with a vaudeville

or soldier show or with acrobats or jugglers or a cinema play. And finally, a big breezy sun-parlor serving as a library and reading-room, with its rows upon rows of tables stacked with writing-materials; with its home papers, books, and magazines; with its post-office and its ready staff doing up boys' parcels of souvenirs, weighing, stamping, and mailing them, helping choose books, or dealing with whatever miscellany of small needs might come along.

From the earliest morning hour until on after midnight, that sun-parlor would be well occupied. Usually it was absolutely full, a hundred or more boys writing and reading there at a time. Every seat in the theatre would be filled during the afternoon and evening, men standing many rows deep out into the hall behind. Here, as always, all shows, concerts, athletics, games, dances, reading and writing materials, etc., were entirely free. No Y casino anywhere took entrance fees.

The joy of sleeping in real beds, with no bugle call to break one's dreams and with nothing but one's own pleasure to indicate the rising hour, made many a happy sleepy head. Yet, at seven o'clock in the morning the billiard-balls would already be clicking. And no sooner had the boys risen from their light, unsatisfying, sweetless, butterless breakfast in the French hotels, than they hastened straight to the Y to stand in never-ending line before the wet canteen.

The Nice Y prided itself on its sandwiches. They were big, tempting to look at, thickly buttered, and liberally filled with one or another of a variety of good things. And they often actually cost the Y twice the five cents (twenty-five centimes) for which they sold. Any boy could buy all he wanted of anything on the counter. All prices were considerably lower there than anywhere else in Nice and the canteen ran at a steady loss. As a typical weekly output, that of the week ending March 1, 1919, showed these figures:

Sandwiches	35,310
Cups of milk	8,200
Cups of coffee	4,960
Cups of cocoa	4,640
Packages of sweet biscuit	4,800
Kilos of biscuit in bulk	70
Train lunches	715
Dishes of ice cream	1,981

Fresh milk, not "tinned cow," unheard of in any enlisted men's mess, was a much appreciated treat, as the figures show. And the joy of dumping into coffee and chocolate cups — big, gay cups of flowered faience, not kit tins — all the sugar you liked, was by no means despised.

While the canteen ran without stop or stay from early morning until close upon midnight, the shuffleboard floor was always full, sixteen men playing at once. Orchestral music, in the music room, began at ten o'clock in the morning and again at half after one and at four in the afternoon. This was provided, as a rule, from French sources, and included instrumental soloists. The music played was usually classic in character because of its proven popularity — "I'm fed up with rag-time," many a man complained, and half an hour before its scheduled time every seat in the hall would be taken by enlisted men, with all standing-room rapidly filling.

Dancing, with a fine band, began regularly at four in the afternoon, and again in the early evening, to last till midnight, either more or less, as the need might be. No women but those in service uniform were admitted. And as their numbers could never equal the demand, a system was instituted by which, at the sound of a whistle blown at regular intervals, the waiting men "cut in" and took, each, the girl of his choice away from him who had her. Scarcely breaking step, for time and girls were precious, she would slide into her new partner's arms,

and so off again, while the men banked the walls all around, waiting their turn.

Meantime, between the regular dancing hours, dancing might start at any time where some one dropped down at a piano and began to play. Sing-songs originated in the same way, aside from the regular song-leaders' work, and many a time at nine o'clock in the morning, a huge and entirely unpremeditated sing-song would already be in full progress.

Parties started out daily, in the Y's big sightseeing motors, along the Corniche to the Italian border; up over the mountains to ancient fortifications; to Roman ruins, or to prehistoric villages. Launch trips from Nice to Monte Carlo, or to the islands in the Mediterranean, and sailing and fishing trips in the same waters, took out many hundreds of men daily. Tennis, baseball, golf and other Y athletics were always going on. And "hikes," of any number of enlisted men from five to fifty, led by one Y girl, were exceedingly popular.

The Y girl wore her triggest blue necktie, her fresh white gloves, and made herself as smart as possible. The boys polished up to the best of their power. Each one got a canteen lunch, regularly packed at the Y for the purpose, and off they started for a long tramp to some high and lovely spot, where, once arrived, they would lie about on the grass, eat their lunches, and hear from the Y girl the stories of this and that ruined tower, this and that village or castle or island that dotted the enormous view.

The Y girl on a leave area job had need, among other requisites, of all the physical strength and endurance that a woman can possess. Nice had a woman personnel numbering forty-six, which means that it was distinctly short-handed. Our soldiers wanted American women everywhere. Just as long as an American woman stood behind the canteen, the boys stood

in file to buy. Because, to their eyes, the place then looked homely and friendly.

Put a male secretary beside her, and the fact remained the same; they would rather stand and wait, in order to have a word with the woman, at the end. Even if she was old and ugly, they still preferred her to the average man. She reminded them, then, of their grandmother, or their aunt.

But the work was girls' work in the main. The wet canteen alone, for example, open from early morning till nearly midnight, required a staff of eighteen, working in shifts, and working as fast as hands could fly. Relieved from the canteen, the girl did not rest, but would then go out and do her shift as a "floater," moving through the building looking for shy and lonely boys to cheer up, acting as hostess wherever she could see that such a touch was needed, doing the little kindly things that made the place a home. Next might come her shift at dancing. Then back at the canteen again to stand on her feet for hours, working mind and body fast and hard.

Now and again some officer would come back from a leave at Nice growling about "swarms" of idle Y girls dancing there. If he had seen girls idly dancing there, they were certainly not of the Y staff, to whom dancing was a very serious part of their day's business. The boys came to the leave areas filled with a sort of passion for things not rough, harsh, hard — not of their soldier life. They needed to dance — to dance with women.

If the Y women, their own American women, would dance with them, that made them perfectly happy and content. But if the Y women would not, then others there were, more than plenty, who would jump at the chance.

And, concerning such, beyond any manner of doubt, rather than loiter with them, it was safer and cleaner business to go over the top.

STARTING FOR A HIKE IN THE RIVIERA LEAVE AREA

But wherever our soldiers were, there flocked the "wild women," ready and unafraid. Not the Y casinos only, but also the common cabarets of the town, possessed dance halls, with good floors and good music. And when the boy at last discovered that he was no match for professionals in the ancient trade, the knowledge, too frequently, came too late.

Which was why the Y girls, although they might be ready to drop with weariness after a tremendous day's work, made it a matter of religion never to admit fatigue while yet one hob-nailed, trench-booted doughboy had a flicker of fancy to dance left in him; and why the Nice Y danced at topmost speed all Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Once upon a time they decided to stop Sunday dancing. That Sunday, just before the usual dancing hour, Mr. F. E. Lovell, a Y man of the staff, entering the Casino foyer, chanced to hear the latter part of a conversation among a considerable group of newly arrived soldiers.

"Well — what'll we do now?" asked one.

"Oh, stay where we are, of course. Dancing'll begin in twenty minutes," several others replied in a breath.

"Dancing — nothing! Have n't you heard? They've cut out Sunday dancing."

Silence. Then a dry, cynical voice:

"Right-o. It's *their* privilege. And we've got ours. Come on. Let's go out and look 'em over!"

The last speaker led the way from the Casino. All the crowd trooped after.

The fate of that lot was practically sealed.

The Y man, running up the steps three at a time, dashed for Carver's office, and told what he had heard.

"Start dancing *at once*," Carver responded.

Sunday dancing at Nice never thereafter faltered.

Without any doubt, numbers of well-meaning persons

could be found, even in the Overseas Y, whose comment would be that the boys in that foyer crowd were weak and silly, and that in any case nothing as sacred as religious sentiment — "principle" — "Sabbath observance" — should be violated on any pretext at all.

But one of the happy marvels of the war was the rapidity with which men's vision, if of any elasticity whatever, widened under the pressure of real human need. No body of men should be judged by the smallest characters in it. And those who really stood for the Overseas Y knew that their job, whatever happened, was to serve the boys, not to discipline them; to keep them happy and well and safe; to tide them over their troubles and dangers, and to send them home to their own people clean and unashamed.

Also, that any "religious sentiment" that got in the way of such an end, even in one single case, belied the name — that any "principle" so acting was, quite simply, a grim and cruel sham.

"It would be better," said Carter in Paris, when he heard of the vigorous Sunday dancing at Nice — "it would be better if the men could have been held, as they hold them at Coblentz, of a Sunday night, by an equally popular religious service. It would really be more like home. But if that can't be done, then *by all means dance. Hold the men!*"

The girls helped hold the men, with their never-flagging gaiety and friendliness, their gentle manners and their careful maintenance of the American ideal. The doughboy who would respond to a French woman of the street when he knew that he could go to the Y and meet a clean, sweet, friendly American girl, was so rare as scarcely to count.

"The great leave area work," says Mr. Charles Carver, Jr., head of the Riviera Leave Area, "has been accomplished by the women, supported by the men. There is a certain

amount of direction, business negotiation, for men's handling; but, in the main event, it is certainly the women who make the place — the women who put it across."

Yet, but for Mr. Carver's clean-cut, able, and decisive handling of the whole situation, his liberal interpretation of his job, and his vigorous constructive unconcern as to anything whatever but results for the A.E.F., the Riviera Leave Area never could have been the unqualified success that it was, however effective its woman personnel; and this the woman personnel itself was loyally keen to acknowledge.

Mrs. Anderson held the pace in a way nothing short of miraculous. By half after eight in the morning, unless something called her to it earlier, she was already well into her work. Not one moment during the day was her mind off the *qui vive;* for every boy of the host that passed before her had her positive, personal interest. She never lunched or dined alone, but usually invited a boy or two, officer or man, to take the meal with her in her own hotel. It was one of the means that she seized, to her own intense satisfaction, to prove to the lads, by a silent object lesson, that her friendship for them was her pleasure, to be particularly indulged in off-duty hours.

And those who saw her, in the brilliant dining-room of one of the two best hotels in Nice, *vis-à-vis* with a "common" doughboy whose rough uniform yet showed all the blisters of the delousing machine, knew that two happy people dined well that day.

All day long she kept up the game. Yet she was no Amazon of physical strength, but just a high-strung, keenly sensitized "society woman" constantly making enormous draughts on her own reserves of nervous energy — constantly feeding others' spirits and courage out of her own stock. Heavens! How tired she must always have been, had she ever stopped

to recognize it! Yet at midnight she was still in the Casino, mingling with the crowd, welcoming new-comers with smiles as fresh, with thought as quick and true, with little speeches as cordial as if the day had just begun.

And when, as was forever happening, a boy clutched her arm and drew her out of the midnight crowd with an imperative — "Mrs. Anderson, please — I *must* have a word with you," she still brought the best of her sound judgment and warm sympathy, and all her understanding and *savoir-faire* of an experienced woman of the world, to his service.

If she sat up all night with a sick boy, even that did not dull her morning gaiety. If she lent money and did not get it back, still less did that disturb her — at the next opportunity she lent again with unabated cheer and alacrity.

"What are these men doing for us? Dying for us!" she would say to those who reproved her loose purse strings. "Even if I should mistake my man nine times out of ten, the tenth is more than worth it. Spoil them? *Spoil* them! As if any one could!"

Her reward went far beyond the return of the money. As she sat one day at breakfast, a Paris *Herald* paragraph caught her attention with the story of a sergeant of infantry who, all officers being killed, had taken command of his company and led it in brilliant action.

"Why, that's my friend who sent me back my hundred francs, just before the drive began!" she exclaimed as she saw the name.

Then her mail came in, and in it a bulky parcel addressed in an unknown hand. She opened it. Out rolled a lot of Boche buttons, an iron cross, and the spurs, belt, and rank insignia of a German captain.

"Dear Madam," ran the note enclosed, "when we said good-bye, I asked you if there was anything I could do for

you. You said, 'Yes, get me a German.' Here is all I can mail of him. I'm in hospital myself."

The hospital was near Paris. Having herself to go to Paris shortly thereafter, of course she made time to run out to see her friend. That visit finished, she happened, walking through the wards, rather particularly to notice the good face and cheerful smile of a patient, badly wounded, who lay watching her approach. Immediately she stopped to speak to him, and he, led on by her interest, admitted the lack of certain little comforts that he could enjoy. These she found means to send to him before her own departure, next day, to her job.

All that night she travelled, sitting up, as one usually did, in a stuffy railway compartment whose every seat was occupied. Next morning, arrived at her own place, she got her bath, breakfasted, and then hurried over to the Casino.

Entering the lobby, the first thing that caught her notice was a group of Twenty-Eighth Division men, nine of them — a sergeant, a corporal and seven privates — all evidently in sore distress.

In a moment she had their story. The last time they had gone over the top their captain had been wounded — Captain Stackpole, of the Infantry, the finest officer, the very finest, that any company ever had. A *man*. They had brought him in in their arms — carried him back to the *triage*. The doctors had said he was very bad. After that they lost him — had never been able to hear of him again. They had tried by every means in their power — every last one. No use. Yet they *would n't* give up. He *could n't* be dead. But now —

The man who was talking choked and turned away.

"You can look at this, if you want to," growled another, in a toneless voice, and thrust a clipping into her hand.

For an instant she shut her eyes, scarcely daring, then gave it one glance. A headline, about the death in battle of a promising officer — a wood-cut of a man's face.

With tight-clasped hands she faced the crowd, breathing hard.

"The sergeant, here, just had it sent him," one of them managed to say. "You see — it — it's a month old — and we never knew — till now."

But she scarcely heard.

"Boys!" she cried. "Oh, boys, but *listen* to me! He *is n't* dead! Your captain *is n't* dead, I tell you! Only day before yesterday I saw him and talked to him and got him some chocolate. He's in hospital. He's getting *well* — and — and . . ."

And then, in that crowded lobby, respectfully amazed spectators stopped transfixed, while a sergeant, a corporal, seven first-class infantry privates of the Twenty-Eighth Division, and one American lady, standing speechless in a circle, gazed raptly into each other's faces, the unstayed tears streaming down the cheeks of every single one.

"Like ten precious idiots!" exclaimed the Mother of the A.E.F., once she recovered a bit. "Come on, boys. Let's hurry and wire him your love. It'll do him all the good in the world. Just to see your names. *I* know!"

It was while yet at Aix that Mrs. Anderson one morning lifted her eyes to behold a most glorious sight — a detachment of Sixteenth United States Infantry, her late husband's regiment, trooping into the hall. Hard old regulars they were, immovable of face, slow and dry of speech, and she loved them on the spot.

Well she knew the type. Well, too, she knew the aching fatigue in their bones — in their souls — the weariness of the trenches, weariness of battle, weariness of the journey just

passed through. Naturally it weighed their spirits low. A long night's rest, she thought — and another easy day — would make of them new men.

But passing time brought no rift in the cloud. Darkness clung to them. Unhappily, undoubtedly, this leave of theirs was a failure, whatever the cause.

Finally, in her solicitude, she found the reason why. They were broke, all of them. Dead, dead broke. Coming down on the train they had played poker with the Eighteenth, and the Eighteenth had cleaned them out.

"*In*deed!" exclaimed the loyal lady, at once in arms for her own. "Well, then, we're not going to stand for *that!*" — and forthwith proceeded to arrange that each man should have, out of her own purse, as much money as he could properly use for the rest of his trip.

The total made a very considerable sum, but the Mother of the A.E.F. never counted by cash, while yet a soldier needed it and she had cash to count.

Not without an honest struggle, not without much real embarrassment did the men take it from her. But what suddenly crushed their resistance in the end was the last plea she made:

"Ah, boys, *don't* refuse me. Remember, I have no son. *It's all I have to give.* Now, don't let it worry you. You can pay it back some day — not your first pay-day, mind, because that money you'll need. And when you do, why, then, there'll just be more boys I can help with it, that's all."

Next day the Sixteenth appeared to her again, but transfigured, its face irradiating smiles.

"We've come to pay up," it said, and began the process on the spot.

"Why — but — how —" stammered its friend, utterly nonplussed.

"Aw — it was easy!" at last one explained. "We just got busy and cleaned out the Eighteenth."

And then they set forth that, in token of affection, they were going to buy her a gift. What would she like?

But they must n't, she protested.

But they were going to, they replied. And therefore they wished to be sure of pleasing her taste. She saw she must yield.

"I think it would be lovely," she said, "if you brought me a bunch of fresh flowers for my desk each day that you are here."

Flowers — but this she knew they did not know — were cheap at Aix.

Thence on, each morning saw the approach of a deputation, solemnly bearing an enormous and splendid bouquet. And each remaining day saw the whole detachment joyfully employed in as many pleasures as the hours could hold. Yet no man in it could have been happier than was the woman who lavished on them, one and all, her most devoted care.

Well that it came when it did — that little interval of friendship in hard and stormy lives! As it was the first, so was it the last leave that those men knew in France. Before the dawn of Armistice Day every one of them was gone, — had laid down his life in battle, for the Flag.

Chapter XVI

Never Dare Judge

Intervals of friendship in hard and stormy lives; bright, clean, simple little worlds all their own; islets of safe pleasure in the midst of danger and death — these were the leave areas to our enlisted men in France.

And how they basked in the contrast to the life left behind! The men who stood in line in the Nice beauty shops to get their nails shaped, tinted, and lacquered by a "mademaselle," were precisely those who, two years before, would most scornfully have jeered at a man effeminate enough to own a file. It was the very extreme of the thing that drew them. In this their brief emergence from discipline, cooties, mud, battle and mud, they reached for the most antipodal thing that they knew.

This is a true story:

Two "hard-boiled" veterans stood at a beauty-shop window, gazing at bottles of lotion and perfume, studying the signs.

"Manucure — Schampoo — Facial Massage . . ." read one.

"That's me!" suddenly the other broke in. "I'll *do* it!"

"Do what?"

"That last. Get my face massaged."

His friend wheeled around in honest alarm.

"You can't mean it!" he gasped. "Gawd! That'll kill you, Pete!"

"What odds! It's a grand death!" — and Pete fled to the chair.

This, too, is why the "countesses and duchesses" scored

such a particular success. Their value was simply the value of symbolic contrast. French society at Nice coöperated cordially in the American leave work. In a single month some nine hundred American officers and men, under the auspices of the Y, went to home dances, dinners, musicales, or teas in the best French private houses.

After that, the number increased unrecorded, for the reason that a very large percentage of personal invitations followed first meetings, of which no account was made. Many women of title were among the French hostesses, taking quite as much interest in enlisted men as in officers. For the manners, habits, and bearing of our rank and file surprised them.

As one of them touched on it, "Is it not strange? Your American soldier is a gentleman. The first thing he wants is a bath and clean linen. They are like the better class of French."

Our boys' natural attitude toward women was a revelation still greater. Even an American woman jealous of the honor of her country could well say that that attitude left nothing to be desired. They treated with the most faultless respect and courtesy any woman of any station or any class who would permit herself to be so treated.

And as for the "countesses and duchesses," as such, they stood, like the golden fruit on the orange trees, and the "real dishes" on the tables, just for rose-leaf frills on this fairy-story interlude in the tragedy of mire and blood.

"I danced with a princess this afternoon. Now I'm going to tell my mother about it," a laughing youth would confide to you, on his way to the Casino writing-room.

And you knew in advance how he would parade his princess, to make up for the big blanks that he left, or the loving lies that he told concerning the life of the camp, the road, and the trenches.

The Y Officers' Club at Nice served as a spring-board to as many leaps of wild-eyed rumor as any spot in France. In Liverpool you heard of a man who asserted that the conduct of swarms of Y women in the Nice Officers' Club would dye the cheek of Jezebel a deeper blush.

Incidentally one understood his choosing a distant scene in which to unburden himself.

On the Rhine you found yet another who whispered that the frivolity and looseness of the Nice Club were enough to hasten the Rolling-up of the Scroll, and that word of the things that happened there should not stain his pure tongue — unless you failed to skip away in time to escape it.

But when you came to study the place itself, everything concerning both it and its effect on its critics grew crystal clear.

The Y Officers' Club at Nice occupied an old gaming house. Disused and dismantled since the beginning of the war, empty, shabby, and deep in dust, it had presented its own problem to those whose duty it was to transform it instantly into an attractive clubhouse really suited to men's taste, harmonious with the general atmosphere of the place, yet with something more of a touch of home than any home club need possess.

This feat became a feat for two reasons: First, that in view of the shortage of funds, by that time pressing, it was inadvisable for the Y to spend much money on any officers' club; second, that all furniture had become very scarce and very expensive in the French market.

Luckily, a woman than whom need be no abler, stood ready to take the job. Mrs. Walter N. Kernan, of New York, had come over to France in the autumn of 1917, with her husband, a leader of the Knights of Columbus; and had gone at once into ambulance work with the troops. On the

breaking up of her unit after a considerable period of active field service, she had come to the Y, where Mrs. Anderson immediately recognized in her the fine ally that she was to prove.

Mrs. Kernan was no interior decorator, no domestic science operator, no professional of any sort — but simply a clever and creative woman, a natural and accomplished hostess, used to the graces of life and accustomed to surround herself therewith. Buckling down to her task with an almost quixotic conscientiousness, she set herself to produce an appearance of luxury and a reality of comfort and charm with a financial outlay no greater than a less gifted person must have spent on achieving barren gloom.

Scouring among Nice junk-shops, or ferreting in unmapped attics with no guide other than her determined will, she retrieved, one by one, and with great speed, a sufficiency of well-shaped, well-stuffed, really comfortable armchairs and lounges, precious beyond price in France. Good billiard-tables, card-tables, and other necessary objects followed fast along the same back road. And then she began making her effects.

With color she did it, each room to its own — lounge-room, billiard-room, card-room, and all — a color set by the walls, borne out by the chintzes, and crowned by exceedingly skilful arrangements of quantities of fresh flowers, which Mrs. Kernan made with her own hands and for which she herself went marketing daily.

Fires played in every room. The housekeeping was perfect. The food was delicious and very cheap. The French servants were neither familiar nor sloppy, as was so often elsewhere the case, but, both in dress and in conduct, appeared as servants should. No one intruded upon the peace and privacy of any officer, whether in lounge, library, or game-room, any more

than would have happened in his club in Boston or New York. The whole machinery and social atmosphere of that part of the club which represented its home life was cast and maintained by a charming and exceedingly clever lady who knew exactly what to do, how and when to do it, and when to stay her hand or disappear.

Here again is a case where your good motherly soul who can bake a cake and sing a hymn, or your professional social worker, or your best-intentioned woman without the most sophisticating experience, could never handle the job — but, by her own innocent limitations, would reduce its reach and usefulness to a stultifying degree.

Yet a woman's influence was absolutely essential to maintain the tone of the place. And to the hard-working, steady-handed effort of Mrs. Kernan, to her cool-headed, well-poised, experienced social judgment, and to her strong personal charm many hundreds of our officers owe a debt that they will never realize.

Every afternoon at four o'clock, dancing began in the big ballroom of the club, with excellent orchestral music. During the dance, tea progressed — a very popular tea of much thin bread-and-butter, jam, cookies, home-made cake, and tea or chocolate, pleasantly served as the Ritz could have done it, at the charge of a franc a person. And during that tea pretty Mrs. Kernan acted as hostess, quietly giving a *cachet* to the place and occasion that few Americans would either overlook or desire to ignore.

Dancing began again, after dinner. Dancing proceeded on Sundays as on week days. Dancing never lagged.

For, with our officers as with our enlisted men, that form of diversion filled a need that nothing else could so safely satisfy — the need for bright light, for music, rhythm, femininity, grace, softness — the need for absolute contrast — for the

absolute antipodes of all that they had seen, felt, and been held down to, these many months.

The Y girls could not supply this demand for partners, the needs of the enlisted men usually requiring every atom of their time and energy. So that Y dancers at the Officers' Club were few in number, nor could that number be very materially increased from other uniformed sources. Consequently, the French populace offered the only possible recruits.

In the first days of the club, therefore, it was ruled that officers might invite their own civilian friends as partners. But, as most of us know, every sort and condition of man could be found commissioned in our Army. Specimens of all types came on leave to Nice.

And those whose idea of enjoyment was simian conducted themselves, when uncaged, as simians will. They brought their washerwomen, their chambermaids, and even the women of the street into the club ballroom as partners.

You cannot turn a boor into a gentleman, or a degenerate into a man of character, by any process as quick and simple as sticking rank-marks on his shoulder-straps; any more than you can turn a cold-hearted self-seeker into a good old pal, or a mole-eyed bigot into a Christian by clamping "YMCA" on his neck. Both experiments have been tried, possibly in about the same proportion, relatively to the two main bodies, and with equal success.

So, in those first few days, officers so constituted brought into their club the female scum of the town — fouled their own nest.

And the scum, interpreting by appearances, got horribly drunk on material sneaked in by its new friends, acted according to its nature, and had to be cleared out of the place, neck and crop, together with those who sponsored it.

The whole circumstance was entirely revolting. But its life, though far prolonged by rumor, was, in fact, of the midge's span. And it ended in the reign of John Martin.

John Martin, Mrs. Kernan's running-mate at the head of the club, was an altogether remarkable personage. His work was more than remarkable; it was exalted. And the thought that men can be found in any uniform to cast slurs upon it is quite enough, if those men admit having been in Nice, to start boomerang speculation of the most grotesque cast.

First of all, the local Society of French Homes came handsomely to his aid by supplying suitable women for the dances. It did this through its own committee of old Nice residents, which, meeting regularly once a week, went over the always-growing list of applicants. The committee, in considering names, bore in mind two main essentials — respectability and presentability in a ballroom — since neither one implies the other, when you stop to think. And its judgments were sufficiently strict to make invitation-cards exceedingly desired by the sort of young French women who most would grace the place.

The gentlemen of the French Committee furthermore showed a fine spirit of active interest by frequent personal presence at the dances, imposing thereby much responsibility upon the whole local contribution.

And from that time on, not one unmilitarized woman was admitted save such as had received the approval of the French Committee.

If occasionally thereafter a mistake occurred, it was nipped in its bud. The door-keeper, fifteen years concierge to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, knew his Riviera personnel. John Martin's eyes were keen. No prudishness colored his judgment, but he, too, knew his types. If a woman proved a misfit, not one word was said about it.

Only, her ticket, next time, quietly vanished at the door.

As a result of all this care, the daily dances at the Nice Officers' Club sparkled with life, color, and gaiety, and hid no adders among the flowers. Some five hundred or more officers danced there, afternoons and evenings, every day in the week. And yet, their entertainment was sufficiently shut off from the rest of the club not to disturb men of quieter humor.

"I like this place," one elderly colonel remarked. "It has done me good. I first came in rather on the defensive — rather warily. Thought perhaps somebody would ask me to go to church.

"As a matter of fact, I did go to church, last Sunday, on my own. But I should always resent being asked to do it.

"However, nobody asked me anything. These people just keep house — keep the right things in the right places, make me comfortable, and leave me alone. I've had such a good time that I'm fairly silly about it. And as for their dances, I don't dance myself, but I love to sit here and watch. You see I have grown-up girls of my own. And these nice girls in their pretty frocks, skipping around with our youngsters to the tune of an American band, carry me home."

"My leave's about up, and I've actually spent most the whole of it playing around right in this club," said a young lieutenant. "I enjoy the afternoon — so I drift back at night — and there you are. You can come here knowing the women you meet are n't 'out for a man.' You come with a sense of freedom, not feeling you have to beware. You get everything you need, but nobody asks you to spend money — which most of us have n't got. There's nobody coming around every few minutes to see what more you want."

The man up in the lonely Rhine hills, who, having no Y service, maintained that Nice, gem of the Côte d'Azur, playground of the centuries, sufficed in itself for all the needs and

pleasures of officer or man; who maintained that the Y was scandalously wasting money and effort in operating there, was quite as sound in his last premise as in his first. In all of Europe — and in this war one has seen at close range — there was not a worse, more dangerous, or bolder hell-hole than was Nice, as she prepared herself, or permitted herself to be prepared, for the reception of our officers and men.

And it was incumbent upon us, if we were going to turn many successive thousands of the hope of our Nation loose upon the place with orders to enjoy themselves, to see that that enjoyment was not pitchforked into the shape of a peculiarly unpleasant sort of suicide.

Some men will go wrong, anyway. Some will never go wrong, anyway. But a very great percentage will be influenced, one way or the other, by the strongest current on the coast. The one big current on the Côte d'Azur set from the Venusberg and teemed with sharks.

And the sharks swarmed in shoals, from crest to mud-bottom, at the smell of fresh American blood.

The subject is not pleasant. One does not care to go into it. But few who have not actually seen the voracity of the man-hunt that harried our forces at ease — whether in Nice, in Paris, in Nancy, Brest, Rennes, or where you like — can realize what the men had to endure by way of ceaseless persecution, or what unthinkable, ghastly, smothering pressure was brought to bear upon them all. The British Army went through the same ordeal, and with less, even, than our relief.

To say that the men in the devastated regions, alone and resourceless in the crumbling ruins and the dark, or the men consumed with homesick longings, marooned in the hinterland of the Moselle, needed the Y more than did the men at Nice, is simply an evidence of irresponsibility — an abuse of the power of speech.

They all needed the Y — needed it badly — should and would have had it in vastly greater measure than they did, had not the Nation, when it should have stood firm and used its horse sense, listened, guileless, to abusers of the power of speech, wavered aside, and failed its own.

But if, among the needs of all our needy troops, any distinction be made, then the need of the Y by the men on leave was the direst need of all.

Death by bomb or shot or gas or bayonet is clean and honorable. Even death through melancholy shows only a disordered mind. But from this other thing how can you get so happily away?

John Martin, contrary to his custom, left his club one evening to go out on an errand in the town. It was perhaps one o'clock when he turned toward home, his work done; yet some sort of vague uneasiness forbade his going to rest till he had taken a good-night look at his own domain. So he walked around to the Officers' Club.

The place, as he had expected, was deserted — dancing over, musicians gone, card-games finished, lounge empty, lamps out. But over in the side hall burned a flicker of light. Under the light, crumpled down in a chair, half-lay a young officer. John Martin walked over and looked into his face. Something wrong.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Don't know."

"Come over to a lounge and lie down. Here, let me help you," with an arm around his waist.

Making the journey with difficulty, the boy sank on the lounge almost unconscious.

"Now," said John Martin, speaking very quietly and clear, "for five minutes, lieutenant, I am your boss. I am not going to lecture you. But I want to know where you have

been and what has happened, so I can know what to do for you."

With an effort the boy commanded his tongue.

"Met a woman at a café. Went to her room. About two hours. Just before I left she gave me a drink. Don't know any more. Except, I'm here now."

So John Martin, no novice at the game, went to work with hot blankets, warm water, and skill. By half-past four in the morning, working alone, he had got rid of the dope, and brought the boy to a point where a good sleep would finish the job.

Then he went out and found a carriage, loaded his patient on board, took him to his hotel, and put him to bed.

Two days later the boy — he was only nineteen — came in to give thanks.

"You used me white," he stammered — "the doctor's told me what you saved me from. Now, I want you to know, I'll try to be a man after this."

Only nineteen. And just out of hell — just from the Front.

Never dare to judge him, you, man or woman, who escaped the torments that he, in his racked and quivering nerves, so long endured in your stead.

John Martin is the last person in the world of whom, guessing by looks, you would expect these things. His physique must always have been slender. And he was a Methodist. But the man worked with a magnificent breadth and valor — with utter disregard of any sort of consequence to himself.

"I came here to spend my energies, not to save them. I don't care what comes next; smash, if it likes," he would say to those who begged him to take care. And he meant it — lived it. And held for the other kind a consuming scorn.

The Officers' Club had one dim spot — a counter near the

antechamber door behind which two or three Y men sold tobacco and sweets. Perhaps a changing lot, at the time of this observation these most resembled a row of disapproving, dust-covered stuffed storks, singularly aloof and remote in the surrounding happy atmosphere. Yet they excited less general notice than the birds themselves might have aroused in the same situation, did little or no harm, and, inexplicable though their presence was, were undoubtedly more innocuous there than they could have been in a place more secluded.

It was perhaps with one of these that John Martin was speaking, when the unfortunate chanced to refer to Armistice Day.

"I had charge of a hut then," he said. "It was a wild day all through. And about half-past nine at night the entire camp came trooping into the hut — every last boy of them, I do believe — and all half-soused. Well — I'd simply had enough of them for one while. I was dog tired and I was n't going to stand for any more.

"Anyway, I did n't come over here to look after drunks.

"So I just turned the whole lot out and locked the place up. Lucky I did, for they might have made me a heap of trouble. As it was, they went over to a café, drank a lot more, and got into a brawl. One of 'em got cut, one of 'em broke a Frenchman's head — and . . ."

But there the speaker stopped, staring like a thing transfixed — then, with dropped jaw, began backing toward the door.

For John Martin, Methodist, with clenched fists, fingers twitching, was moving down on him like a spirit of clear wrath.

"You — damned slacker!" he gasped, almost weeping with rage. "You filthy hound! You — ah — ah! If I could only *kick* you across the ocean into your hole!"

But the end of his utterance, so the enchanted bystanders say, was addressed to an empty door. They almost think the gentleman went somewhere and died. We are a sanguine people!

John Martin never preached, never scolded, never even reproved. He simply reached for every chance he saw to give help in any form to any member of the A.E.F. And his working hours were twenty-four to the day. He would leave the club after midnight, a hollow-eyed spectre of pure fatigue; and then, instead of making straight for bed, would stand around on a street-corner watching American boys. Soon a pair would saunter by — another — another, some of them merely scouting about in harmless curiosity; some showing signs of trouble; some, having somehow missed their proper billeting, looking for beds. And John Martin, picking the neediest type, would invite two of them home.

He had only a little room, in a little hotel. But by giving up all his own comfort, he could make beds for two others there. And scarcely a night in the season would these two beds go unfilled, while often boys slept on the floor beside.

"You are foolish, to lose your night's rest. Those fellows are old enough to take care of themselves. Consider your future. You are going to break down," the dodoes quacked.

But not twice the same dodo.

Not always — not often, did his guests quiet down at once to sleep. Rather, having found a friend, they wanted to begin the night afresh and talk.

Sometimes the talk, coming out of a super-excited mood and experience, was rather rotten. In which case John Martin enjoyed it no more than would any other real saint.

But, being a saint militant, he did not on those occasions start in to talk religion or to change the conversation, and so kill his own game on the spot. He first let the boy tell his

stories all out; then he tried to make a wedge and get in his point.

But his best, his strongest, his most effective point was a point without words — was the patent fact that he every night in the year would surrender his poor little room, his only haven of rest and privacy, to its fill of rollicking, thoughtless boys — would surrender his own bed to any drunken soldier, and sit up till morning putting on ice-bags and holding his head; and would never, to any one of them, show one sign of distaste or weariness or utter one word of reproach.

This, and the fact that he did it all, not in the line of duty, but simply because he wanted to. No one can measure the reach of all that.

The "wild women" were always on the streets, sharpest-set and most effective at the late night-stragglers' hour.

"This Y man, here, Martin, took me in last night. My buddy got taken in by somebody else. We were both a little stewed, I guess. If it had n't been for the Y man I 'd have done what my buddy did, I reckon. And, as I see things this morning, I 'd rather be dead."

Then the boy began to talk about a girl and a job waiting in Philadelphia.

"It 's these things that buck me up," said John Martin.

When he worked at Aix, before coming to Nice, he could more or less range in the evenings, choosing his work at will. And the thing that he oftenest deliberately chose to do was to join the beer-parties of the enlisted men.

The men were permitted to drink beer and light wines. No authority existed against that. But, if left to pursue that privilege quite by themselves, the road to trouble stood wide open. The town of Aix, like all French towns, offered every facility to men who wished to drink. And when a party of sol-

diers, usually new-comers, turned their backs on the Y Casino, and set out for the town "to step," they would prohibitively have rebelled against the addition to their number of any sort of guardian.

But nobody minded John Martin. So he just came along.

And they drank their beer and they drank their light wines, and they yelled and sang and had their innocent rough-house out. And John Martin sat among them, as cheerful as anybody, helping things on, with no wet blankets concealed about him.

On all these parties, however, it was noticeable that the cognac and whiskey stage, always possible, never arrived; that trouble never developed; that the "wild women" never got into the ring; and that the M.P. found nothing to do. And when they were over, John Martin spent most of the rest of the night seeing that each and every man got safely home and down into his own bed — a job that took no little doing — no little persistence and diplomacy.

Now it is all very well to say, with the dodoes, that the boys should not drink; and that, if they do drink, they should look after themselves or take the consequences. But the boys would and did drink — not all of them, not much, not often, but a great many of them, somewhat, sometimes.

And then, if it were your own boy, would you really want the John Martins to give him a pious warning and then go off to bed, leaving him to take his consequences as they came? — perhaps of just that one ill-starred step, the quite possible awful consequences to you, to his mother, to his children yet to be?

Or would you hope and pray that the human dodoes may soon be classed, like their beaked and feathered prototypes, with extinct species; that the Methodists may breed John Martins by the myriads who will set the sanctity of men's

bodies and souls above conventions of any sect; who will be all things to all men; and who will fight the devil, not with the tail of their eyes fixed on their own church standing, but with a single-visioned, fiery passion for love and service that jumps in with all fours, joyous, snatches the surest weapon, however strange to the hand, and lets every last rule and dogma go hang?

Chapter XVII

Cooties to Feather Beds

Not Nice alone, but Mentone, Monte Carlo, and Cannes constituted the A.E.F. Riviera Leave Area. And each one of these points differed from the rest in the nature of its attractions and of its handling.

At Nice, because of surrounding social dangers, the effort must be to keep the boys amused inside the Casino except when away on definite trips. At Mentone, on the contrary, the whole bid was that of a lovely country place. There the thing to do was to turn them out into the sunshine all day long, and to make the Casino irresistible in the evenings.

The Casino Municipale, a splendid plant, with big, brilliant rooms, verandas, and sun-parlors, a fine theatre, perfect dancing floors, and all the other adjuncts of a luxurious pleasure-plant, was the Y's Mentone establishment. Figures for the month of February, 1919, show that 5238 men spent their leave in Mentone. During that period, twenty-four vaudeville shows, witnessed by an average of seven hundred men each, were given in the Casino theatre. Twelve formal and twenty-four informal dances took place. Seventy-two band concerts were given by the bands of the Three Hundred Twentieth and One Hundred Sixteenth Infantry, half on the sea-front and half in the Casino. The excellent Y orchestra, recruited from local sources, gave twenty-eight Casino concerts, in addition to its regular daily work in playing for the vaudeville and cinema shows. The billiard and pool room was used by forty-three hundred soldier cues. Daily sing-songs occurred in the canteen. In the writing-room, a daily average of two thousand

letters were written, and the weight of mail posted there by leave men averaged four hundred and fifty pounds a day. Four thousand and twelve men went out on the Y's regularly scheduled, personally conducted sight-seeing trips by motor or otherwise, into the mountains, across the Italian border at Ventimiglia, or on the sea. Besides this, all the Y girls, in their own free time, arranged and took out parties of boys for picnics and hikes.

Mr. Kinder, the Mentone Hut Secretary, reported crying need of more women secretaries, in addition to the twenty women already there. But the fine attitude of the English residents, in regularly entertaining our men in a homelike way in their own homes, and in volunteering for good, hard work in the Casino, meant an enormous help.

It was an English officer's wife who made our boys hot bread for supper and let them help put her babies to bed. They were English ladies who disappeared into our Y kitchens and worked like slaves, not when the humor took them, not three or four mornings a week, but day in and day out, night in and night out, month in and month out, as dependable as the sun, when money could not hire servants and when our own hands could hold no more. Worked, please remember, for *our* American boys. And this wherever they and our boys' need met.

At Monte Carlo, under an excellent secretary, Mr. McAfee, the Y Casino justified its peace-time name — Palais du Soleil. The big halls blazed with sunshine by day and with electricity by night — and if this last point is repeatedly emphasized, it is because of its great psychological importance to men used at home to a sunshine climate, and sadly depressed by long months of brief black days and lightless nights.

The whole tone of the place was gay, happy, welcoming, alive. And the fact that the famous gambling-house, open to

TROOPS IN A Y HUT JUST BEHIND THE LINES, HAMONVILLE, MAY 3, 1918

"SING IT AGAIN!"
CORINNE FRANCES (MRS. TONY HUNTING) AT ISSOUDUN, 1918

their inspection, lay just a biscuit's toss across the road and down a flowery walk, did not detract from the interest of the place in the boys' eyes.

They visited the palace of the Prince of Monaco, they saw his fishes, they climbed his beautiful cliffs, they circled around him in motor boats. They bought jumping rabbits, French dolls, and silk shawls, they got themselves photographed against historic backgrounds, and they mailed the whole lot home.

Then they clamored to hike with Miss Penny of Buffalo. Every day she set forth — she alone, in her trim uniform, with her white gloves and her whistle, "a regular American girl" leading a column of fours a hundred or so strong, and — work it out as you like — they followed her around, there and back, like happy lambs.

Cannes, again, presented another phase. There our officers occupied as a club the beautiful Cercle Nautique, King Edward VII's favorite resort, run to every one's satisfaction by two Y women, Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Antoine. At the Cannes Club, because of differing local conditions, no such troubles arose as those that agitated the club at Nice. The whole tone of the place left nothing to be desired.

As for the enlisted men, their quarters, the Casino Municipale, were perhaps the most beautiful of all; and they contained, in a word, everything that could add to their usefulness and charm.

Nothing, in its way, can surpass the beauty of the scene in which Cannes lies, with the snow-capped mountains towering above her, the great blue hills holding her in their arms, and the palm-fringed sea stretching out from her feet.

"Do you see that island — right out there? — that near one?" you tell a big-eyed boy. "Well, that's where they kept the Man in the Iron Mask. To-morrow you can go over and

look. And then Frejus — there you'll see Roman ruins of about the time of Christ. — And Antibes, where King Louis XIV's big fortifications are —"

Fancy the romance, to a lad never before out of Arkansas!

In the month of February, 1919, 2559 of our boys went out on excursions from Cannes. All over the bay you saw them, fishing, sailing, skipping around on launches. All over the hills you met them, tramping, photographing themselves among ancient ruins, careering about on sight-seeing motor-brakes, always full of exuberant spirits, always crowding the hours with fun.

Our young, young Army! — Kitchener's armies could have done the same. But Kitchener's armies were gone — all, all gone. The generous flower of the Empire, fighting our battle — dead in our stead. In all the world at war there remained in us alone the spirit of careless youth.

And yet, you would find men apart — solitary — sombre-faced, with brooding eyes. Men from the combat troops; upon whose inner vision the hell they had seen and endured had left its picture forever stamped. Not even the susnhine, the flowers, the sweet, fresh friendliness of the place, could bring them back so soon.

"Yes — this is all beautiful. I shall not forget it — But other things, too — I shall not forget . . ."

Useless, senseless, to ask them what. It does not go into words.

And then, once and again, a procession would pass, slowly moving beneath the palms. First, a military band, then a strange little squad of men of all services and of many divisions — infantrymen, artillerymen, *ambulanciers*, marines — twenty, perhaps, in all. Then, something very still, something very sacred, covered with the Flag.

Behind it, a Y man who is a clergyman, an Army nurse or

two, three or four Y girls, each in uniform, marching in line, eyes front. That was all.

The French in the street would face about, stop, bare their heads, wait reverently for the line to pass. Then they would cross themselves and go their several ways.

But the Y girls, following to the end, would lay flowers on the grave. They would see to it that the procession, the scene at the burial, the grave itself, were photographed. And one of them, before she slept, would write word of it all to the dead boy's nearest at home.

They never failed. And, because there were Army hospitals there — both British and American — the call came every day.

After direct, individual competence the most essential asset that a Y worker or the Y work could possibly have, was the coöperation and good-will of the officer commanding that part of the Army whose service was at stake. And the Riviera Leave Area was particularly fortunate in a commanding officer who grasped the intrinsic nature of his job.

This was no simple matter. An awkward hand, a provincial touch, a lack of tact and of international sense on the part of the commandant could have made of the Riviera Leave Area a very sore spot between the two nations, whose ill effects, negative and positive, would have reached far and long. Not only were the comfort, discipline, protection, and general well-being of our officers and men to be secured, but also the rights and prejudices of the French must be respected, with all the courtesy and understanding due from guests and strangers to the much-tried owners of the land. The social view of the French radically differs from our own. We could not change it over-night. To offend them by attacking them through it was worse than useless. Yet the man who could cope with such delicate points, attaining our end without hurting our for-

eign relations, was hard to find in an army so recently strange to all foreign affairs. Also, our own officers, within certain broad limits, had a material right to conduct themselves as they saw fit.

After some experiment, however, G.H.Q. produced, in Colonel C. B. Smith, a man who could penetrate and grasp the whole situation, form a sound, workable policy, and then drive it forward with a firm hand, unconfused by the buzzings of clouds of investigators who found on the Riviera a pleasant sun.

Colonel Smith, furthermore, forced local prices down so that our boys should not be victimized. He demanded certain decencies of the hotels. He insisted on absolute performance everywhere. And, at the price of sleepless vigilance, attention to detail, and exertion of justly mingled discipline, judgment, humanity, and tact, he secured his end. It was altogether a difficult, exasperating, delicate job. He did it in a masterly fashion. And as for the Y, so alertly and vigorously did he support it in every good effort, so steadily did he criticize and jack it up, that Mr. Carver and his staff were keen to acknowledge their great indebtedness to this able officer for no small measure of their own success.

Early in 1919, the Army began its general investigation of the A.E.F. Y.M.C.A. Performing its share in that work, the Army Leave Area Bureau sent out an order to all officers commanding leave areas that they examine soldier mail passing through their hands for comments on and complaints against the Y. On February 22, 1919, Major Lynn G. Adams, then commanding officer of the Cannes area, sent in his report containing excerpts as follows from the censored soldier letters:

It is not very often one is fortunate in getting sick, but here is one case. I am not doing a blooming thing but eat, drink, and roam around sight-seeing.

I used to wonder what the "Frogs" were fighting for, and now I know.

I will have something to talk about for the rest of my life.

After the time I've had I hate to go back like Hell.

I am having a wonderful time; in fact too busy to write. So wait till I get back to camp. The Y here treats us great. We have been to a picnic, had a hike over the mountains, a show at night, a dance in the morning, and everything that a fellow could want.

Major Adams concludes his report:

To date we have been unable to find any letters containing complaints, or any criticisms as to amusements or conditions.

Here and there over France many other American leave areas had been established. In each instance the hunting-out of the scene and all the preliminary and preparatory work was done by the Y. The problem was, to find places of great natural beauty, with interesting surroundings, with large entertainment facilities, and with hotel capacity sufficient to house the men well and comfortably. This done — and, by the way, it was into the hands of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., that much related work fell — all sorts of negotiations must be entered upon, some of them very intricate and baffling, to secure on proper terms the necessary agreements, contracts, and concessions from local hands. Then the Y personnel must go in, to outfit and prepare the plant.

Finally came the Army, bringing in the men, billeting them, paying for their rations and lodging, doctoring and policing them during their stay, but leaving every bit of their entertainment and social life, all that made their leave a pleasure, all the initiative involved therein, all the labor, all the cost, to the Y.

It was Major Duncan MacCalman, U.S.A., Leave Area Surgeon of Cannes, who, on finishing his tour of duty,

wrote to Mr. Stark, Y Secretary at Cannes, an opinion that would justly have applied at twenty other Y leave points:

> I have been surprised, since taking up my office in the Casino here, to observe the varied and many activities carried forward from early morning till late at night under your direction. As the mental and physical labor involved in organizing all these activities must have been enormous, I find that money alone could not be credited with the success daily noticeable. A more valuable expenditure has been taking place — that of personal self-sacrifice. Were that lacking, your fine building would not count for much. . . . Here in Cannes there is hardly a doubt but that the low percentage of venereal infection in the Cannes Area, as shown in the report I am sending for the month, is due to the Y.M.C.A.

The leave areas ran as a deliberate and heavy tax on the Y's financial resources. All the big items of expense — as rentals of casinos, equipment, provision, and transportation of entertainments, supplies of many sorts, etc., represented outlay with no return. The canteen charges rarely or barely covered the outlay in mere foodstuffs used, without regard to overhead expenses. And the charges made for use of pleasure-vehicles, motor-boats, motor-cars, etc., hired, not owned by the Y, were closely calculated per capita, but did not quite balance the cost.

From December 1, 1918, to April 22, 1919, 325,850 men were sent to the leave areas, on duty status. In the week ending April 1, 1919, 33,268 officers and men were distributed among eighteen areas — Bagnères-de Luchon, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes, Biarritz, Saint-Malo, Vais-les-Bains, Lamalou-les-Bains, Nîmes, Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Challis-les-Eaux, Grenoble, Chamounix, Annecy, and the Riviera points, which latter accommodated for that week 9037 leave men.

To attempt to run the leave areas with a purse half-closed would have been folly. But a glance at the figures and condi-

tions just given will show that the expense of running them as the Y did run them — with open hand and to the abounding comfort, succor, and satisfaction of the American soldier, meant a very great financial expenditure with practically no intake. Every man, going on leave, would like to have money in his pocket. But many a man found, and so testified, that, having no money in his pocket, he could still have a glorious time, on his whole week's leave, through the Y.

This, and many another thing like this, made the chatter about sales of gift tobacco [1] and overcharges on packs of cigarettes sound slight, indeed, to those who knew the field in France.

Of the string of leave areas, it may truly be said that each and every one scored a great success. From Saint-Malo in the North, with its magnificent bathing beach, its charming tributary of Dinard, its wonder-book excursion to Mont Saint-Michel, and the hospitality and coöperation of its English and French residents, to Chambéry in the South, where negro Y workers took charge of negro troops on leave (at last segregated by the Army to the greatly enhanced comfort and well being of all concerned), the whole chain made one unbroken gladness.

In the leave area at Mont Doré they kept a register where each boy might write his name, for the better tracing of friend by friend. That register, pored over daily, soon ceased to be a bare record of names, becoming instead a sort of bulletin board on which the passing guest posted his thought, for the edification of those to come. When the impulse seized a lad, you would see him diving for "the book," carrying it away to a table, and bending over its big spread with a busy pen.

Every page contains real food for thought, for one minded to learn its lesson, in the form of true doughboy literature.

[1] See p. 384.

Here is one, for example, on which a string of fault-finders recall a lack of Y service on their bit of the fighting front.

They say they never saw the Y when under fire; that when most they wanted cigarettes, the Y failed them; that they had to pay too much for what should have been theirs without price; that for nothing they got nothing, however sore their need; that all the Y men they ever met were incompetent muddleheads, or sour old cranks, lazy, indifferent, cold. All of which may easily have been true.

To them, however, rejoins a sledgehammer sergeant, thus:

November 2. To the few ignoramuses who have expressed their opinion of the Y: You are at present enjoying the hospitality of the Y.M.C.A. They operate all leave areas — they are the ones responsible for your present comfort. Regardless of what they gave us on the line, credit them for what they are doing here, and if you cannot say something good about them in the book, do not abuse their hospitality by calling them names during the interlude of the good times they have made possible. Do some thinking. I have been in every engagement that the 109th Inf. has been in and while I never got much from the Y.M.C.A. on the front, neither did I get much from my company kitchen, and I hardly think it fair to expect the Y.M.C.A. to operate on the line when our military organization was so far from it. If you want to do some knocking, get after the people who left us 72 hours without rations. When the Mess Sergeant and Q.M. people achieve perfection, then we can ask it of the Y. All praise is due any organization of volunteer workers. The personnel of the Y.M.C.A. is made up of valiant spirits who are ineligible for fighting. As long as we have draftees in our Army we cannot have anything but respect for the men and women who gave up comfort to come to us and aid us.

Sgt. Hebden
109th Infantry

Then, among a multitude of others whom it is a pity not to quote, come these:

December 5, 1918. For the first time in eight months I have been shown the courtesies that are due an American soldier. Our officers have been entertained from time to time, but here the boys have been shown the best time in the world.

J. Lauder
Sgt. 128th Field Artillery

December 13. I take my hat off to the Y girls of Mt. Doré. If I was the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. instead of a sergeant in the Artillery, I would make awards of D.S.C.'s to the women who have made a spot in France seem like America for a few days. Each one of us came to Mt. Doré with this principal object in view — beaucoup cognac avec rhum avec eau de vie. None of us had talked with a real girl, a regular girl, for 8 months or more. We arrived here. After the customary delay and red tape which prevails in the American Army we were assigned to our hotels. Mt. Doré was far smaller than we anticipated. Again we resolved to eat, drink and be merry. In the Army we are considered a sort of pack animal of superior intelligence to the mule. On the rare occasions when we were billeted in or near places inhabited by beaucoup French our main places of entertainment were the cafés. Naturally, our officers were frequently entertained as officers and gentlemen, but you never hear the term soldier and gentleman. At Mt. Doré we are lifted out of the atmosphere of the battle ground. It has done us a world of good.

Corp. John T. Brown
Battery E, 103d Field Artillery

Similar to the Mont Doré book was the register at La Bourboule, from which the following are taken:

The Scripture says God made man (and women) and rested. He certainly did n't have to work any more after making the Y ladies and men, if he was in hopes of making a more social bunch, as it can't be did. From my regiment I am gone but not forgotten, but if they only *would* forget me and leave me here forever and ever!

C. H. Lynn
122d Reg. F.A. Band, 33d Div.

Nov. 9. What expresses the joys of a week at La Bourboule better than "from cooties to feather beds in 76 hours?"

EVERETT W. DEWEY
129th Field Hospital
108th Sanitary Train

In the first place it rained, then it rained some more. It was cold and I had travelled for 52 hours without sleep. I was dubious. I had not heard many good things of La Bourboule. We arrived and things did not look good. We were assigned to a poor hotel and I was miserable. Then I was introduced to the Casino and the people doing business there, and the whole thing changed. Fellows, I started out to have a small seven day hell of my own and I do those things easily but I am some glad I changed my mind. I have had a wonderful time and I am going back to work clean, without a bad taste in my mouth. These wonderful people will do anything in their power to make things nice for you and I know.

RAYMOND BATES, Corp.
Co. F. 116th Supply Train

Dec. 17. Seven days spent here at the Y.M.C.A. fully repaid us for our four days' punishment in route. Take the Y away and you can have my leave.

EDWARD C. NASH
Sgt. 1st Class Hdqrs. 35th Division

Dec. 13. I have been so used to waiting that it is hard to get used to being waited on. It is the Y people who put the arm in Army.

M. C. DULINSKY
A.P.O. 743

Dec. 26, 1918. Some doughboys have the impression that the Y is not doing its part, but of course they have never been in the La Bourboule Leave Area. There is one old gentleman who talks to me like Dad and a girl to sing to me like sister and a girl to dance like my angel, and all of them make me want to love Mother and Sister more — and this old Billy ["Billy" King, a one-armed Y man whom every soldier loved], he reminds me of my happy-go-lucky kid

brother and makes us all feel at home — so taken altogether, the boys of the 36th hope that the munitions plants rather than shut down will manufacture more of those true blue Y girls and send them over.

HIRAM B. WILLIAMSON
Co. B., 114th Inf., 36th Div.
Dallas, Tex.

And finally, here is the comment of a captain, who visited La Bourboule in charge of a travelling soldier show:

Dec. 27, 1918. I came here on the 14th day of December with the Dixie Minstrels. It was really an accident that we were sent here. We were picked for Paris and Le Mans, but luckily were sent here instead. I can say that we have thoroughly enjoyed our stay and leave reluctantly, and if it is at all possible we will be back. I was particularly fortunate in being here for Christmas and a happier Christmas could not be imagined unless we were at home. This trip has changed the view of a great many soldiers. I have seen soldiers from five different divisions while here and I have yet to hear a single adverse criticism with reference to the Y.M.C.A. The girls — they are wonderful. When I drew up here and saw how every one was enjoying themselves, and talked to a few of these big, little and middle-sized angels from the States, I began to feel like life was worth living again, and that France was n't so bad after all. I particularly admire the unselfish attitude of the girls, and the manner in which they supply every want makes a man forget what he has been through and takes him back home again. Another thing I like is the way the enlisted men are treated — the officer has no more attention than the humblest private, in fact, not as much. I know because I have asked several of these blue-eyed maidens from America to take a hike or something with me and have almost invariably been told they have had an engagement with a private or a corporal, but I like that democratic spirit which is so evident everywhere here.

Capt. ROY C. ELIOT, Q.M.C.

The whole leave area scheme was a new thing under the sun. No army, anywhere, at any time, had possessed such an asset before. Edward Clark Carter, head of the A.E.F. Y,

was its sole inventor. Almost never, in his desperately overcrowded days, could he permit himself to feast his eyes on the achieved fact in any of its manifestations. But the mere news of the beauty of the work was a pure joy to him — the joy of a beatific vision realized

Chapter XVIII

Play Ball

If you listen to Elwood Brown, Chief Athletic Director of the Overseas Y, the Army athletics work was the most important thing in all of France. And not for worlds would you disagree with Elwood Brown, because, although he is a professional Y.M.C.A. worker, he is nevertheless a regular human being — a live wire — the kind of a whole-hearted white man that, on sight, you thoroughly like and subscribe to — to him and to all his work.

Besides that, he is right. Every such man is right. Everything is the most important thing, if you put that spirit into it. And it was Elwood Brown who made the Army athletics what they were; that is, a complete, inclusive, unchallenged success.

Now the man himself, if ever he reads the statement, will be honestly afflicted by it. No such statement could ever be wrung from him; because he does not believe it is true.

"It is simply a partnership — a straight, out-and-out partnership, between the Army and the Y, with the Army doing its full share," says Brown.

And he goes on to emphasize that Colonel Wait C. Johnson, chief Army athletic officer, is "a rattling good man — quick and snappy, experienced, determined to do his full duty and then some — and with all the courage of his convictions"; that Major David M. Goodrich is another fine athletic officer — "a thoroughbred — a soldier to the last kink — three kinds of a real person — a *man* you can count on every time to do the right thing the square right way, without one grain

of prejudice about him." Further, with stars like these in its firmament, *any* job *has* to prosper.

All of which, although perfectly true, does not alter the fact that Elwood Brown made the Army athletics. And the reason of it is this:

From the day of our arrival in France to the day of the Armistice, American officers had no time to spare for the organization of Army athletics. Many of them, as will be shown, keenly felt the need of such service. A few of them scoffed at the thought of it. But none of them, whatever their views, had time to give to the development of athletics in any form, during the combat period.

For the only sort of athletic service possible during that period no precedent existed in American experience. To serve a fighting army in the field, in a foreign country, was a problem absolutely different from that of serving the biggest camp at home. It demanded great knowledge of the subject, much common sense, much ingenuity and inventiveness, a jumping wit to grasp the psychology and the needs of the new situation; and grit, drive and courage to get the service to the men in face of any and all difficulties.

Elwood Brown not only possesses these qualities in a preeminent degree, but, a born leader of men, can work marvels in those under him. Under his direction, the Overseas Y met the athletic needs of the combat period to the maximum possible. Therefore, when Armistice Day set the Army free to see to the things of its own household, it turned to the Y as a matter of course, saying merely:

"All that you have done has been fine. And now that we are at liberty, we will help you to keep right on doing it."

The thing began on September 1, 1917, with the appointment of a Y athletic director, Dr. McCurdy. From that time until the first of the following March an average of forty Y

physical directors was in the field. But with the inrush of troops in the spring of 1918, the work spread fast. By August 1, 1918, when Elwood Brown, formerly an associate, became head of the Y Department of Athletics, one hundred and seventy men were working with the troops. This number, under Brown, rapidly increased to three hundred and twenty-seven full-time men, active field directors.

As to concrete forms of service, opportunity for work opened in the ports of debarkation, at the moment the troops came down the gangplank. Fancy a single lot of ten thousand able-bodied young Americans, just out of home training camps, in the pink of condition, who for ten days, more or less, have been cramped in a crowded transport tensely watching for submarines and raiders. Bundles of rebellious muscle and nerve, and now extra-excited by their arrival in the very theatre of war, they are fairly on edge for an instant outlet.

They are billeted. They wash up and clean up. And then they begin to wait — two days, two weeks, nobody knows how long, for French transportation. Pup tents. Barbed wire. Curious. Eager. Straining at the leash. Waiting to be hauled away. And nothing to do.

You can imagine how stale they get. But you can scarcely, perhaps, picture the avidity with which they snatch at a baseball or a pair of boxing-gloves; or their eager response to the suggestion of an enthusiastic athletic director that they stage a wrestling match then and there, or start a contest in basketball. Anything to throw their splendid young muscles, crying for use, into vigorous action. Anything to take up their minds.

Three weeks later it will not matter so much. They will have found themselves — got themselves in hand. But here and now, that athletic man and his box of supplies is a life-saver.

Then suppose that, instead of the thing they all hope and

expect, some of that ten thousand get sent to S.O.S., there to turn into ice-plant operatives, motor mechanics, office clerks, bakers, engineers, hospital orderlies, and what not; that they are billeted in a dozen tiny, dismal towns, each a few kilometres from the next; that a large percentage of them is distinctly unhappy — bored with the mechanical nature of its work, bitter about not getting into the fight, obsessed with the notion that all the world, hereafter, will daily ask it, "What were you doing in the World War?" and lift a viper eyebrow at the truth.

Those men want diversion. They want something to do in their leisure hours — something that shall snatch them out of themselves, set their thought running on other lines, work off their surplus physical energy in good hard play. They want athletics.

But there came one of the countless war-problems. With the Army itself vainly crying for transportation, with the Y cut short by a steady sixty-five to seventy per cent of barest needs, not even the most tremulous Ford can be spared for the S.O.S. athletic man to run about among his scattered towns. Lucky indeed is he, and rare, if he can command a motorcycle. Most often his dependence is just two good hiking legs.

For a kindred reason — our national lack of ships — all supply stocks are low, athletic equipment among them. Therefore, picture your various groups each of dozens of needy camps scattered through S.O.S., all spoiling for athletic service. Picture your athletic man allotted to the job without transportation, with very little material equipment, with nothing in particular to draw on but his own training, his stock of resourcefulness, his own good will and cheerful push, and you can see that he has original work cut out for him.

He has got to feel out the needs of each particular lot. He

has got to satisfy them by hook or by crook, using his brains instead of equipment. He has got to make bricks without straw.

Elwood Brown's men made good, almost always. Those that did not got dropped.

The whole appeal of the Army for athletics came, as a matter of fact, through psychological crises. Take the replacement men in S.O.S., just sitting there waiting to be called — they don't know when. All of them want to go to the Front. Yet those who go, go to probable death. Meantime, there they sit idle, waiting for some one to be killed.

Cannon fodder.

"I want to go. I *must* go. I came to fight the Hun," your man mills over and over, sitting in the dark on the edge of his bunk with his head in his hands. "Yes, but some American must be shot before I am called to take his place. Maybe the bullet is zipping toward him now. *Do I want it to hit?* Do I want him killed so that I can go and stand in his shoes? — And be killed myself. Or worse.

"Perhaps he is dying right now. — Cannon fodder.

"But I *must* go. I came to fight the Hun" — and then on again round and round.

Where does it end? Well, for a while at least it ends wholesomely when the Y athletic man sticks his head in the barracks door and sings out:

"Come along, son — just making a couple of nines out here. Your fellows say you must pitch for the home team. Play ball!"

Among the rear forces the flying-fields presented another and a very acute problem. For the best of reasons little or no news reached home, during the war, of the fearful number of accidents that overtook our student aviators — of the very heavy percentage that never survived to get into active serv-

ice — of the intense nervous strain, along peculiar lines, under which the flyers lived. Nothing could be more abnormal, more unbalanced than their daily course. Given the close friendships that form so quickly when men stand side by side facing their end, given those friendships slashed across by accidental death, once, twice, thrice in a day in the same little group, a tremendous nervous tension exists — a tremendous nervous pressure.

While the war was on, one could not speak of these things. Nor should the men who went through the torment have to dwell on its horrors now.

But for those who by any means escaped, — who did not cross the seas to fight — it is only right that they should at least attempt to realize something, afar off, of what others endured for their sakes — if only to make them humble in their judgments, to make them understand how long it well may be before the victims adjust themselves to normal conditions, standing square on their own feet on the close-fought ways of peace.

Take just one day in a certain flying-camp. Early in the morning, a two-passenger biplane comes down in the middle of the field, in flames; and the pilot and observer, two of the best-liked men in the camp, die before the camp's eyes, roasted in their harness.

Before noon another plane — a single-seater, plunges to smash — down within every one's sight, and the occupant's mangled body is seen by his dearest friend.

Within an hour — perhaps by mistake — that friend is sent up. Before he goes, he tells his intimates that he knows his time has come. They watch him climb. Suddenly something shows wrong. His plane begins to fall. When it is near enough they hear his voice, screaming — screaming.

He has lost his grip, up there. Lost hold on himself. Gone

mad. Nothing is the matter with the plane. Only, he — is mad. Screaming, screaming — horribly.

And they, below, could almost go mad too, looking, listening, helpless. Till he strikes the ground and is still and they know it is over — for *him*.

That night, at the club, they all dance and the Y girls get up a special supper. They *must* dance. They *must* laugh. There and everywhere — just as men must laugh in the trenches. For to-morrow at break of dawn it all begins again. And the Boche must be whipped.

The flyers are not tired, in the sense of physical fatigue. They are not doing heavy physical work, like the infantry. But they are hideously racked with peculiar forms of tension. The Army knows it all too well. It was what the Army medical head meant, in appealing to the Y for "immediate special effort" in the aviation camps, as the strain on morale developed.

This was one afternoon at Colombey-les-Belles, at the Officers' Club: One of the two Y girls of the canteen, at the sudden grasp of a hand on her arm, turned from a bantering talk with a group of young student officers. A boy with the two silver wings on his breast stood close behind her.

"Come away," he said huskily. "Come away with me somewhere. You must!"

One look at his face was enough. "Oh, lieutenant — don't you want to walk over to Madame Gratry's with me?" she asked easily. "I've got to get some eggs for the cakes to-night."

Once out on the road, he spoke again.

"Never mind the eggs. Sit down and talk to me," he begged. "Do you know — the nine men I know best in the world have gone west in these last seven days? Last night I could n't sleep. This morning it began to get me. To-night I go up,

bombing. I — I *had* to talk to some woman. On the way to you, I passed seven fresh graves scattered over the fields — all our fellows — my own best pals. Talk to me, please. I can't think — I can't — think."

If the Y girl had not been there, to bring him gently back to himself with quiet understanding, then women of another kind and drink enough to drug those quivering nerves would have been the almost inevitable alternative.

Human endurance has its limits. And in this awful war with its myriad shapes of horror, those limits ground in on men's bleeding souls like the in-pressing walls of the torture chamber.

You who stayed at home cannot by any effort conceive one fraction of what it really was.

Therefore, never presume to judge — neither to reckon the things men did under the hideous jangling reaction of circumstances, as any part of their real selves, to be written into the record of their responsible lives.

But, if ever we have another war, then never forget the lesson of this one: Multiply by a heavy figure the number of American women you send with the troops. And choose them, every one, from the cream of the Nation's best and loveliest and truest and highest-bred.

Send, too, the ablest athletic leaders in plenty, with an Elwood Brown to handle them.

As the Army's call for "immediate special effort" to help the aviation camps came in, Elwood Brown, with an exact understanding of the whole psychology of the need, collected his keenest men from all over France, and quietly planted them among the flying-fields.

"You have not to fatigue these boys — only to stimulate their muscles," he told them, and then pointed out to them, readily understanding, the essential features of their job.

It was a good job, excellently well done, wherever place was made for it. All the Y athletic jobs were good.

During the combat period, men could always be found, not only among officers of the Army, but also in the Y, who persistently held that troops in combat areas needed nothing in the way of athletics. The Y Athletic Department in those days was working without general official recognition, and had to blaze its own way as things moved on.

Therefore, when the Château-Thierry affair began, Elwood Brown himself took a Fordful of athletic material and started for the Front to scout.

The first friend he met was General Harbord, whose Fifth and Sixth Marines were holding Belleau Wood. General Harbord was frankly nervous. When an airplane dropped something noisy just outside his door, he took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. But at that very moment he knew a thing he was not imparting — he knew the tenuous thinness of our line — the line that held the Boche from Paris.

"General," said Brown. "I don't want to get in the way, but I've come to see if it is possible that any sort of athletics will serve your men here now."

The general gave him one sharp glance.

"You fellows can go just as far up as you've got the guts to go," he replied. "Of course you won't organize a ball game on the battle-field. But go ahead. I leave it to you to work out."

Next Brown saw a Chief of Staff, who said: "Man, you're crazy! This is the most critical time in the war. Get out of here!" And swore heartily.

With two expressions so divergent, the thing to do was to see the Division Commander.

"Help? I should say you *could* help!" exclaimed the new fountain-head. "Do you know the situation right now? Why, of this division, ten thousand men are in the line" — all

the guns were singing as he spoke — "and the other fifteen thousand are scattered around in concealment, here in these woods. In other words, the whole division is in support. No troops in repose.

"Well, what are the men in the woods doing? They are wearing gas masks in the alert position. They have on their steel helmets, by order. They're jammed in like flies and stuck motionless. They're forbidden to show themselves on the road or in open places, because of the enemy planes. They have nothing in the world to do. We can't drill them. They can't even have newspapers for fear they'd blow around and betray their cover. So, they're just sitting there, watching, through the leaves — watching those long lines of ambulances going back — each man wondering if it's to-day he's going to be killed — or not till to-morrow. That's where they break, if you don't look out. They're in there shooting craps, telling queer stories, getting into a blue funk.

"Help? I should say you *could* help! Go to it!"

So the athletic man proceeded down the line. Meeting sometimes officers who welcomed him, or again others who enthusiastically cast him out, he broke through wherever he could, getting forward to the men themselves, with whom his popularity never wavered. Boxing-gloves, balls for pitch and toss, material and suggestion for the whole scale of small physical activities, were acclaimed with muffled yells of joy; and more than one wounded doughboy, when they brought him from No Man's Land into the *triage*, still carried his cherished baseball glove in his hip pocket.

Pursuing his way in his flivver, with its ever-lightening load, Brown came upon a big battery of French 75's, manned by Americans. A sergeant seemed to be running the show. Brown stopped. The sergeant came out.

"Got any cigarettes?" he asked.

Cigarettes were all that they expected of the Y, yet and there.

"No," said Brown.

"Yah! What's the damn Y for, anyway?" Only the form of the phrase was inquiring.

"Got a baseball, though," Brown placidly went on.

"Wa jew say?"

"Got some baseballs."

"Baseball — base — ball — You mean you *got* a *baseball* in there? You do? Well, for the love of God, just lend us a look at her."

Brown passed along an indoor baseball — a playground ball. The sergeant snatched it back to his men. Another moment, and half of them were hard at it, playing one-old-cat among the barking guns.

So hard at it that it was Brown alone who saw an artillery captain emerge from the brushwood, stop short, and stand looking on with a scowl.

Brown's heart sank. "He's going to forbid it," he thought. "He's going to say they've got to sit still, through all the waiting, with their minds just fixed on guns."

"Sergeant!" It was the captain's rasp.

"Sir!" The sergeant snapped around in his track, utter surprise and discomfiture stricken on his face.

"Who started this game?"

"Why, sir — nobody started it. This Y guy came along and gave us a baseball — and — we had n't seen one before — and — it just sort of — started, sir."

The captain scowled blacker. Silence. Elwood Brown, over in his flivver, did some unnecessary thinking.

Then the captain again: "Sergeant, it would be safer to play behind the guns than where you are. Take it over there back of the trees — and I guess I'll come into this game myself."

He turned to the "Y guy."

"I want to tell you it's one good job, your bringing things like this up here to us. Take these fellows of mine; they don't even have the relief of seeing the fight. One half of them is always in rest, the other at the guns. So then, what has the resting crew got to do? Why, it sits around idle, waits and fusses and worries and swears. This ball stunt of yours is a wonder. Bring us anything more you can, wherever you can find us. *You look after us up here.* We need you. Let S.O.S. take care of itself."

But in S.O.S. you heard men say:

"Those combat troops — they are doing just what we all wanted to do. We'd show 'em how to fight, maybe, if ever we could get to the Front — we poor devils that will never see the war. *Here's* where you Y athletic men ought to spend your time — *here's* where men's minds and bodies need toning up."

And then, there was the long line in between — the moving line of supplies. A certain big mule-train, for example, on whose steady service a famous fighting division depended for means to help win the war.

The mule-skinners belonging to that train were magnificent workers — magnificent fighters, too, when they got the chance. But in between — in their brief hours of rest in the little French towns through which they passed — they had just two ideas in their heads — to go find an *estaminet* or to go find a girl. Each came to the other in the end. And they put those ideas into practice each several night of their lives, the very moment they left their animals.

The thing went from bad to worse — cut deeper and deeper into the good of the service. That mule-train was a staggerer. It never got off on schedule time. Because, as regularly as the time came around, just so regularly did a list of skinners turn up either missing or hopelessly drunk and useless.

THE SUPPLY TRAIN HALTS
Y Man on the Catcher's Right

SUPPORT TROOPS TAKING THEIR MINDS OFF WORRY
Y Man on the Left

Meantime, up at the Front men raged and swore for fear lest the great guns go hungry.

At last, Authority, desperate, thought of the Y.

"Send us a good athletic man," it remarked.

Elwood Brown sent Williams, quick.

Now, Williams is a character. As a boy, he was section hand on the Pennsylvania Railroad. But he went to a Y school as opportunity occurred, studied athletic play, and, carrying his new knowledge back into his world of railroad hands, lifted himself and it by the same effort. He had tremendous energy, vitality, enthusiasm, and a tremendous interest in and affection for men.

And Williams went where he was sent — to the officer bothered about a mule-train that covered twenty kilometres when moving.

"Could I travel with your mule-train?" he asked, when he had heard the story.

Whatever they thought of it, they let him have his head. After that, Williams lived in the mule-train, night and day, till the deed was done.

The moment that train halted anywhere for rest, out hopped Williams and started some good, hard game. The men, having been cramped in the camions for long hours past, rejoiced like colts in the suggestion that they should thrash about with their legs and arms. They fairly fell over themselves to get into the sport. Williams knew how to utilize every chance twenty minutes on the ground — every ten minutes — whatever time there was. He knew how to arouse competition, how to keep up the fun and excitement, how to hold the thing, each quitting time, at the point where men were on tiptoe to get at it again, next quitting time, to beat the other fellow out.

He knew, too, how to leave them all, each night, so thor-

oughly, healthily tired that they had no desire to hunt for more outlets for energy — no desire for anything but sleep. And the wonderful truth is that from the day of his joining the train, trouble stopped. No more hard drinking, no more kicking over the traces, no more A.W.O.L.

So the mule-train loved Williams. Nevertheless, one day it put up a trick on him, as boys will.

"That bird Williams is a queer Y man, is n't he!" said one idle lieutenant to another. "Can you imagine him preaching a sermon?"

"Gosh! would n't it be splitting to see him try!"

"Wonder if we could work him up to it?"

And then the monkeys laid their plan. Because they knew, better than anybody, that Williams had a colossal and perfectly uncomplicated sense of duty, and that if he believed a thing ought to be done, the last thing in the world that would stop him would be his own personal feelings in the matter.

It broke on Sunday morning.

"Well, Williams," said the ringleader — "the major says the men ought to have church, you see."

"Oh!" observed Williams, and looked blank.

" . . . And of course, Williams, since you 're our Y man, officially attached — Y.M.C.A., you know — and all that — and since there is n't any chaplain, why — it looks like it 's up to you."

Williams stared like a troubled child. "The major thinks the men ought to have church?" he repeated slowly.

"That 's about the size of it."

"And that it 's up to me?"

"Looks that way, does n't it?"

"Well, then," said Williams, with a long intake of breath — "if the major says so — of course — it goes. I — I don't know the game — but I 'll do my best."

And he went out and announced divine service to be held in half an hour.

Those two lieutenants, to their credit be it said, got attacks of remorse and fled away. But a captain, unburdened with earlier guilt, and in the belief that he could control his face under any strain of secret mirth, came to see the fun.

The mule-skinners, whatever their motives may have been, promptly turned out to a man, and ranged themselves "at church," solemn and attentive before their old friend in his new capacity.

Williams, standing before them, as deadly earnest as he will be on the day The Trumpet sounds, worked through a chapter of Scriptures with slow, laborious care.

"Now, boys, I guess we ought to put a hymn next. Does anybody know a hymn?"

Embarrassed silence.

"Well, then, you 'll have to excuse my bad singing — I only remember this one. Here goes —

"Throw out the life-line,
Across the dark wave —"

With the third phrase a swelling surge of voices swept over the leader's croak, and on, with a will, to the end.

"Now, I've got to preach. Please don't think I've got a awful swelled head all of a sudden — to undertake to preach to you fellows — but there has to be preaching in church — and there's nobody else to do it . . ."

So he preached.

After that down he went on his knees and prayed.

And the captain who had come to laugh, found, as he afterward related, no need for self-control — in that direction.

Because the section hand's prayer, as simple, as truly humble and loving and unself-conscious as his own honest soul — was the prayer of a little child to the Father of all children,

couched in the rough and common language of His children kneeling at His feet that day — the only language that any of them knew.

And the section hand's sermon, about "playing the game," and "trying to be good guys while you're about it," went straight and true where sermons do not always go — to the living core of hearts.

Chapter XIX

The Anti-Dud

As has already been said, not only some Army officers, but also some Y people, questioned the value of athletic service to the combat troops. Just as the majority of the combat troops, while themselves quite certain of their own need of that service, had no mind to divide it with the troops in S.O.S.

"S.O.S. can amuse itself, back there, sitting on the world," said the combat troops. "Are you Y men crazy? Leave S.O.S. alone and come up here to us."

All of which sounded sufficiently portentous to elicit from Major-General J. G. Harbord, Commanding the Services of Supply, this letter:

American Expeditionary Forces
Headquarters Services of Supply
August 27, 1918

My dear Mr. Brown:

I take advantage of our acquaintance, dating from the days when you were the Physical Director in the Y.M.C.A. work in the Philippines, to say to you that it has reached my ears that the benefit of recreational athletic sports furnished by the Y.M.C.A. throughout the A.E.F. is still a matter for discussion among some of your people. In my mind, there is no uncertainty. In the first place, granted the time for recreational athletic sports, it seems to me that there can be no doubt of the value of athletic recreation for men of all types, soldiers and others.

In any Army we have in France, no matter how large, there will always be roughly one-third of it in the Services of Supply. These officers and men are without the stimulus of meeting the enemy, their work is of the hum-drum monotonous character that lowers tone, yet it is so important that the Army at the front cannot exist without it. It extends from the ports to immediately behind the front

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In any Army we have in France, no matter how large, there will always be roughly one-third of it in the Services of Supply. These officers and men are without the stimulus of meeting the enemy, their work is of the hum-drum monotonous character that lowers tone, yet it is so important that the Army at the front cannot exist without it. It extends from the ports to immediately behind the front

line trenches. Obviously, unless the Army at the front can be supplied, it cannot exist. On the Services of Supplies falls the burden of supplying it. I can think of no better method of elevating the tone of this large force, of taking their minds off their work outside of office hours, so necessary to maintain health; and at the same time of guarding their morals, as recreational athletic sports that the Y.M.C.A. alone is able to furnish them.

The theory of the employment of the combat divisions is that in ordinary times probably half of them are engaged in combat and half of them in rest. With those in rest, their minds must be taken off of losses recently suffered, the memory of hardships under physical inactivity in the trenches; and their morals must be guarded by furnishing them an amusement which will keep them from seeking bad associates. For all these purposes there occurs to me but one which appears to help on all points mentioned, that is, recreational athletic sports furnished by the Y.M.C.A. The benefits of this phase of the Y.M.C.A. work are so clear to me, so generally believed in by all our officers, and so welcomed by the men, that I am astonished that there should be any doubt expressed by any one.

Very sincerely yours

J. G. Harbord
Major-General Commanding

So the summer and autumn wore along, each place, each phase, each day, bringing its fresh questions, its fresh opportunities, while the value of an elastic athletic service became more and more apparent to all the field.

It was in the middle of the October drive, for example, that an Army messenger came flying in from our front, bearing the urgent demand of a regimental commander and of nine other officers, that athletic directors be instantly hurried to their respective commands.

"They have just come out of the fight," said the messenger. "They see their men sitting by the roadside with their chins in their hands, staring out at the white crosses scattered around in the fields, and wondering who goes next.

"'This is a hell of an environment,' the colonel said. 'You

go tell the Y to rush up athletic directors and plenty of stuff to play with, and that damn quick!'"

And then came the Armistice, changing all conditions, shifting the line of strain, releasing Army officers to give to many matters an attention earlier impossible.

"Now, they'll want to do their own athletic job," argued many of the Y physical directors. "The Army is full of professional athletic men. They are sure to take it over. We fellows can go home."

But the point was just there. Wise in its own psychology, the Army did not want its Armistice period athletic work to appear as military — as official; too much depended on its hearty success. It is in misuse of leisure time that men get into trouble. Given, now, leisure, the thing to do was to make the men, voluntarily, for their own pleasure, turn to athletics as an outlet for their energy, in a spirit of emulation and of play.

Let the Army order them to play as a part of their military discipline, and, on the dot, they would revolt against it. Fed up with war and the things of war, a tinge of official color would be quite enough to make the best game hateful in their eyes.

And games approached in that spirit would be shorn of ninety-nine hundredths of their normal usefulness.

As a matter of fact, the first general order issued after the Armistice concerning the occupying of the men's new-found time, provided for eight hours' military drill a day. When that order struck the A.E.F., a rumble followed it like the rumble of thunder after a lightning-bolt.

Drill? *Drill!* By this and by that, what should they drill for *now?* Was n't the fighting over? They wanted to go home. *Home!* — NOW!

And it needed no prophet to see that real trouble must result from pursuit of the policy.

But if, again, they should be ordered to play, play would be not one whit more welcome. So came that canny paragraph 5, Section 2, of General Orders No. 241, which, instead of arbitrarily substituting games for drills, provided that the drill order, G.O. No. 236, "is so modified as to authorize all commanding officers to excuse from all military training in excess of four hours a day all of the men of their commands who take part actively each day in any of the athletic sports approved by the divisional or unit athletic officers."

The "four hours a day" here named was interpreted to include all time spent by the men on any sort of military duty. And it will be observed that the whole purport of the move was to give as far as possible the atmosphere of voluntary choice. A man could take eight hours' drill a day if he liked. But he had an elective alternative.

It was after the Third Army had completed its forced march into Germany, that the following appeal was written:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
December 18, 1918

MY DEAR MR. CARTER:

We are now starting on one of the most important and trying periods which the American Expeditionary Forces have had to face. Relieved from the stimulation of the exciting demands of actual battle conditions, we must maintain the contentment of our officers and men and continue to increase their military knowledge and efficiency. This must be done at a time when many of them, especially those whose accomplishments in their particular civil life activities have been such as to carry success in any walk of life, are naturally looking forward with keen anticipation to the time when their services will no longer be needed here.

I am now, therefore, most anxious to encourage in every way possible the athletic side of our training both as a means of keeping the personnel wholesomely and enjoyably occupied during the periods not needed for other military duties and as a means of keeping them in the state which breeds contentment.

Your organization has already rendered to our Expeditionary Forces great and most useful assistance in athletic activities and I assure you I thoroughly appreciate all that it has done and the spirit back of the self-sacrificing services of yourself and your staff of Athletic Directors. Because of this and of my confidence in the desire of all of you to help in every way, I am writing to ask you to continue your assistance at this time, when expert athletic direction is so vitally necessary, by arranging to keep at least one of your best-fitted and most competent men with each of the divisions and separate units in the American Expeditionary Forces, to coöperate with the Divisional Athletic Officer and to act as the Divisional Athletic Director.

Allow me to express the earnest hope that you may be able to comply with this request and believe me,

Faithfully yours

JOHN J. PERSHING

Over two months earlier, however — almost a month before the Armistice — Elwood Brown, anticipating the need, had outlined a plan to meet it. In a letter to Colonel Bruce Palmer, G. 1, G.H.Q., dated October 15, 1918, Brown had exactly forecast December's condition and proposed the antidote. Briefly, this fell under three chief heads:

1st. Great Mass Games — play for every possible man.

2d. Official A.E.F. Championships, in a wide variety of sports, including military events, beginning with elimination regimental contests and ranging upwards, through divisions and corps, to culminate in great finals in Paris.

3d. Inter-Allied Athletic Contests or Military Olympics open only to soldiers of the Allied armies.

The document conveying this proposal explained in every detail, is one of extreme ability and interest and should be read by those to whom the subject appeals.

General Orders No. 241, dated December 29, 1918, worked out in a series of conferences between G.H.Q. and the Y Department of Athletics, brought into realization many of the

points of the Y's proposal. It announced the appointment of a chief athletic officer, and provided for the detail of proved and able athletic officers by each army, corps, and division; for the detail, also, of regimental and company athletic officers; "and in addition, company sports managers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, for each of the various athletic activities."

It ordered the encouragement, by all commanders, of mass athletic sports and competition, especially of those engaging the greatest possible number of active participants. It led up through local games to an all-point company championship of the A.E.F. and to the A.E.F. athletic championship.

Finally, in Section 4, it determined the status and responsibility of the Y.[1]

With the way cleared for perfect coöperation, and with perfect sympathy between the heads of each side of the partnership, Army athletics entered upon its new phase with certainty of success. Mass athletics, both sides agreed, must be the main object, for by mass athletics the physical standard of the whole Army — an army of young men soon to return to the Nation — could be permanently raised.

No one better knew how, or how surely, it could be so raised than did Elwood Brown, who had originated and organized the Far Eastern Games played off by the Philippines, China, and Japan; who devised their machinery, and to whom

[1] "The Y.M.C.A., with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief, has organized a Department of Athletics and is prepared to give every assistance in the development of general athletics and the arrangement and management of competitions between military units. It has a large number of specially trained physical directors with wide experience in mass play and in other athletic activities now in its ranks in France. One of these will be attached to the staff of each division and separate unit, and will be designated in orders as Division (or Unit) Athletic Director, and, under supervision of Division Athletic Officer, will be charged with the responsibility for the arrangement, management, and general conduct of athletic activities throughout the unit." Section 4, G.O. No. 241.

belongs the credit of their amazing results. Nor does it require much imagination to grasp the tendency of rules such, for example, as those governing scoring in the All-Point Company Championship which was now to be instituted in the A.E.F.[1]

Under such rules, the whole moral weight of the entire company is exerted to keep each man in it, even the most incompetent, present, working, and at his fittest; the whole company are his merciless guardians and coaches. He cannot escape physical upbuilding, except at the price of becoming anathema to his world!

For the same purpose it was ordered that in elimination contests conducted for entry into the A.E.F. championships the teams should not be all-star combinations picked from the entire Army personnel, but should, instead, be those teams winning the championships of the several armies, thus

[1] In part these rules read:

. . . 2. The contest will be a Pentathlon embracing the following events:

100-yard dash
880-yard run
Standing broad-jump
Putting the shell (12½ lbs.)
Pull-up

. . . It should be noted that unless each man competes in all five events, his score in single events will not be counted. . . .

. . . All enlisted men of unit are eligible to compete.

Men actually absent on detailed service are not to be counted as present.

To encourage men to take good care of themselves, keep off sick list report and hold themselves fit for the competition, men sick in quarters or hospital will be counted present and competing. Men in confinement will not be allowed to compete, but will be counted as present and competing. The fighting efficiency of a company depends on its training and the number of physically fit men it takes into the firing line. The same principles apply to these contests.

Regulations for scoring all events:

Total points earned . . . by all men competing will be divided by the total number present, including sick in quarters, sick in hospital, absent without leave and men in confinement, on the morning report of the company on the morning of the day the event takes place. Quotient will be the average number of points scored by the company.

bringing the healthful spirit of partisan enthusiasm into fullest play.

And to shape the whole effort up to a brilliant head, Carter and Brown together had worked out the idea of which General Pershing's personal letter, addressed individually to the commanders-in-chief of the armies of all the twenty-one nations our associates in the war, and inviting each to send participants to the Olympics, was the concrete result.

It was the commander of the little Czecho-Slovak Army who sent this handsome reply: "If on the day of the event, our army has one man in the field, that man will be present and competing."

And the spirit in his words was the very spirit educed among our own men by the whole carefully calculated challenge. Of the twenty-one nations eighteen accepted General Pershing's invitation.

As soon as the Y athletic programme, thus built up from the broadest of bases to the most outstanding of summits, burst upon the A.E.F., an extraordinary effect appeared. For the first time since the 11th of November came a lull in the heavy cry: "I want to go home!"

Then, as the thing got under way, as its spirit caught and spread, the patently impossible occurred — men whose divisions were going home actually besieged G.H.Q. with requests to be allowed not to go home — to be allowed to stay over to compete in the Olympic Games, now set for the end of June.

Chapter XX

Elwood Brown's Job

Rivalry between organization and organization now became intense. A.W.O.L. and sick-report men became daily rarer. Because, thanks to the all-point company championship, everybody's hand was against them. Again among the slippery German snowfields divisional teams practised football as though their lives depended on the result. Then, as they went up to the interdivisional games, all the pride of their own people went with them. For, added to their sporting instinct, to their *esprit de corps*, was this keen incentive: The winners, in the end, were to meet the world before the world, in the greatest of all Olympics.

The spectacles resulting provided a sensation new in the land.

In February, for example, when the Second Division's team played that of the Fourth, at Ehrenbreitstein, each division turned out in force to "root" for its own. Some twelve thousand soldiers occupied the stands or stood in the side-lines. Every roof and tree commanding the field was crowded full of men. Airplanes dipped and circled overhead. Five jazz bands, parading around the field, led streams of singing and shouting partisans.

And when the game was over and victory lodged with the Fourth, Major-General Hershey commanding that division, in company with his staff, then and there, before the eyes of the whole twelve thousand, led a colossal, capering snake-dance.

It was the fame of this particular game, witnessed and re-

ported by some of his officers, that led the King of the Belgians to request General Pershing to arrange that he and the Queen should see an interdivisional game played in the presence of the competing divisions. And King Albert's object was less interest in the game itself than a desire to observe this extraordinary mass enthusiasm whose effects, he saw, must be so stimulating to the whole vitality of an army.

Eventually, the A.E.F. had in the field six championship football teams — those of the First, Second, and Third Armies, two from S.O.S., and one from G.H.Q. Each divisional team would play not less than twelve games, to establish its rating, and meantime the Army took care of them as if they had been so many coveys of prima donnas. Everything contributed to stimulate pride and emulation. The football resulting was of the best.

In basket-ball, the team winning the championship must be the best of at least five hundred, working up from companies to battalions, to regiments, to divisions, to the contestant for the International Olympic prize. In the tennis championship tournament, played off at Cannes in February, one hundred and ninety-eight officers entered, with seventy-eight teams in the doubles. And the best tennis players of America, including Wrenn, Breck, Washburn, Larned, and others as notable, competed.

Boxing and wrestling were also exceedingly popular. In such places as the Cirque de Paris, that big Paris theatre taken by the Y for the purpose, at every exhibition doughboy audiences would crowd the hall to the very limit of its capacity — thirty-five hundred persons watching the weekly bouts between American, British, or French soldier contestants with a breathless yet voluble interest in itself intensely dramatic.

The hold and thrill of the thing never failed. And you found

it everywhere, in England, in France, in Germany, in small and isolated units as in great centres — the boxing interest, staged, provisioned, and supervised by the athletic instructors of the Y.

In this field the Knights of Columbus also worked very successfully, although necessarily on a lesser scale, as indicated by their own small numbers.

The Y Athletic Department's monthly reports, be it in combat period or forward, make interesting comparative reading. In the month of October, for example — if so long a step in review may be permitted here — appears evidence of definite arrival in the work instituted on request of the aviation medical officer at aviation centres. Hangars placed at the disposal of the Y in the camps at Issoudun and Tours have been fitted up by the Y as indoor gymnasiums; and athletic directors have been specially welcomed among the aviation bombing and pursuit squadrons in advance areas.

From Italy comes the news that the Y athletic directors with our forces there have, besides their regular work with the troops, trained and entered track teams in Inter-Allied meets at Verona, Bologna, and elsewhere, and have sent two baseball teams to Brescia, at the request of the Italian authorities, to demonstrate to the Italians the American game.

From the wide field, a successful effort shows to get athletic supplies out to detached and isolated units — units of lumber-jacks, cement workers, *ambulanciers*, salvage-dump men, surveying parties, telephone linemen, motor-transport drivers, gas-school men and other small, scattered, and not easily accessible outfits.

At the great convalescent camp at Bordeaux, it is reported, the whole recreational work of the post has been given over to the Y athletic director, who has instituted mass soccer with eight balls in play and three hundred men kicking, has put the

entire camp personnel into setting-up exercises, and has instituted a whole schedule of games ranging from croquet to mass boxing.

From another region, it is specifically stated that the introduction of athletic stunt nights has reduced by a very heavy percentage the calls upon the Army prophylactic station.

Then, summing up all the regions in the field, this analysis is given of the types of work developed by each.

Port of entry	Mass games for troops in transit.
S.O.S. areas	More or less permanent type of work, leagues, boxing instruction.
Aviation camps	Exercises and games calling for muscular stimulation, not physical fatigue.
Training camps	Vigorous games harmonizing with training programme.
Combat zones	Great variety of individual and small group games; non-equipment sports.
Convalescent camps	A range of activities from croquet to football, mass calisthenic drills, hikes.
Leave areas	Standard games, athletic exhibitions, hikes, excursions.
Navy work:	
Port of entry, Corfu and Gibraltar	Boxing, wrestling, vigorous games of quick organization possibilities.
British Army through B.E.F. Y.M.C.A.	Introduction and instruction in baseball, indoor baseball, volley-ball, basket-ball, and many non-equipment games; great stress on "play" idea.

Setting the numbers of active participants in organized Army Y athletics as shown in this combat-month report, against those recorded in a later period, another interesting table results.

Active Participants

Activities	October, 1918	March, 1919
Baseball, standard	68,806	937,948
Baseball, indoor	91,300	722,893
Basket-ball	53,171	824,218
Boxing	33,722	160,030
Football, Intercollegiate	147,218	203,107
" Rugby	2,518	
" Soccer	94,452	412,787
Quoits	43,726	97,801
Setting-up drill	100,520	172,639
Tennis	17,638	38,676
Track and field athletics	11,836	963,940
Volley-ball	86,395	435,924
Wrestling	13,084	11,961
Informal games	206,543	3,157,415
Cage-ball		105,210
Swimming		27,530
Tug-of-war	176	5,972
Walking trips	36,420	92,142
	1,007,525	8,410,193

General Liggett's report for the last two weeks in February, 1919, showed a number of active participants in athletic sports equalling 79.5 per cent of the entire First Army, and reports from combat troops as a whole produced an average slightly exceeding that figure.

It will, of course, be appreciated, that in these figures each man is counted as often as he takes part in a game. The Army athletic authorities affirm, however, that even on that basis the totals are very considerably underestimated. Viewed from the angle of mere entertainment, it becomes pertinent to add that the October report gives the total number of spectators of the games above indicated as 1,973,276; while the figures for March reached 8,837,432. From January, 1919, to the following June, the Y put at the disposal

of the Army for free distribution athletic goods estimated to exceed $1,500,000 in cash value.

It need not be supposed that Elwood Brown, in working toward these results, trod a flower-strewn path, nor that his personnel as supplied by the distant directorate would have made that path easy or even possible. The most amazing misfits came to France, assigned as qualified instructors to the Y Athletic Department — men who, though useful enough in their proper places, never could have been so assigned by any person endued with understanding of the nature and importance of the job.

But Brown, who did know his job and its importance, and who cared for concrete results first, last, and all the time, without hesitation rejected the misfits as fast as proven, accepting not over seventy per cent of the "athletic" men so wished upon him.

As a result, he had a small body of enthusiasts filled with *esprit de corps*, filled with zeal for their work; differing, inevitably, in degree of value, but all at one in single-purposed effort to make good.

This spirit stood out superbly in the conference of Y athletic directors held at Versailles in the middle of March, 1919. Colonel Wait C. Johnson, chief athletic officer of the A.E.F., the second speaker of the day, testified in vigorous terms to the great improvement in the A.E.F.'s morale during the past few months, attributing it to the good work of the Army-Y athletic partnership. Then, in due turn, arose the Y athletic directors of various sections, briefly giving their reports.

Those reports differ as greatly as do the several jobs or the several characters of the men speaking. Finger, Director for the Third Army — the Army of Occupation — tells how he and his men went into Germany stripped of every bit of equipment except one little gunnysack of balls, and how, because of

the Army's exigencies, from early December till the third week in January no Y athletic supplies of any sort could be got over the rails. And yet everybody knows what a good job Finger made of it with only his wits to work with, there on the Rhine.

Finger tells, also, a fantastic verity about a camp of three thousand Russian prisoners of war, guarded by twenty-seven of our own M.P.'s, in the Coblentz area, and of his sending to those M.P.'s some balls and gloves. To-day, he says, he is shooting through another lot of soccer and baseballs. Because the P.W.'s, when they saw their guardians' game, immediately shook off their own lethargic sorrows, developed a sudden, unsuspected life and became rooters of the most violent type.

Then the man from Aix as graphically as truthfully states that he and other leave area athletic men "are competing with the scenery and with all the pleasures of relaxation," when trying to advance their cause.

"Mr. Finger," he complains, "has sent me down about three thousand of his cognac-hounds out of the Third Army, to exercise! Well, the first word they say to us athletic chaps, when they strike the leave area, is:

"'Nothing doing. I came here for fun. Not one damn step do I take for you. Man, *I've walked all over France.*'

"Then they want to sleep and eat. Then they lie around on the veranda and stretch and yawn and grin and say, 'This is a hell of a war!'

"And it's only and after that stage, and if you're a real wizard, that you stand a little scrap of chance of attracting their attention."

Marryat, from Le Mans, tells a whirlwind story of a box barrage of athletics that is catching the big Embarkation Camp on all sides. Marryat is cordially backed in his tale

by the Army athletic officer of the camp, present and speaking.

Goss, who is lent to the English to teach American sports, explains the virtues of cage ball, where twelve platoons play at once, and which, although rough, is so popular that men run for it whenever a scrap of time permits.

"Don't be satisfied with mere large numbers in your games," he urges his *confrères*. "Be satisfied only when every man is playing. And remember that your duty, now, is to spend your time touching only key men. When you find yourself actually doing the job yourself, pull up. You have to inspire men who can command men and things. You have to multiply yourself — to reach farther."

And so on, each according to his place and his kind. But the two outstanding features in each little speech are, the hot enthusiasm of the man for his work, and his honest conviction that his particular athletic officer and his particular Army organization are the finest in the A.E.F., bar none.

Such a spirit cannot but carry the day. Such work cannot but reach forward into the future of the men in whose behalf it was performed. As Elwood Brown phrases it, we sent to France in our Army many, many thousands of "physical duds" — men who could pass the physical test, it is true, but who, nevertheless, never had any muscular consciousness; men whose schooling never reached the plane where athletics begin; men whose bodies had been discounted from the start. To come home from work at night, go to a dance, or to the movies, or to night school — that had been their round; or, in another segment of the social scale, an equivalent record.

Physical duds. Cultural beds for any sort of trouble, physical, moral, or mental, that might come along.

These men the Army had taken by main force, had thrown them into the great physical machine, had used them as long

as it had use for them. Not in a day could they now revert to their old status. And that interval of balance was the Y's great chance.

It used its chance. The accepted record shows that, in a given Armistice month, reckoning the number of soldier participants in athletics as against the number of our forces overseas, each man participated eight times. The probability is that that figure could be doubled without exceeding the fact.

And although, unfortunately, it cannot be considered really to signify that every American soldier overseas engaged in active organized sport every second or third or fourth day, such nevertheless was the aim and effort of the Y, and great was its measure of accomplishment.

"The hope of our mass-play idea," says Elwood Brown, "is that the man who has no consciousness of physical ability will achieve something that he had been sure he could not do. That makes him an athlete by conviction. It happens in boxing. Your spectator gets enthused, tries it himself. Chump fighter as he is, perhaps he wins by a pure fluke. After that he *knows* he is a boxer, no matter how often he is beaten. Or, take jumping: In mass play he can't help making a score. He glories in that score. He considers himself henceforth as a jumper.

"We want to send them all home 'convicted' of athletics, as the dominies say of religion — so that for the rest of their lives, whenever they get a chance, they will go hunt for gymnasiums, or pitch into any and every athletic opening that comes their way. Keep them fit to go home, and minded to stay fit, once they get there."

But, "once they get there," it is up to these United States to see to it that the old conditions are wiped clean away — that any and every boy or man, instead of finding physical dudness on the line of least resistance, shall have to fight hard against the strongest, most cheery, most liberal and alluring,

most positive influence of his community, in order to achieve a condition so stale, flat and unprofitable.

And these things are not accomplished by half measures or by limited effort. Still less by anybody's mere amiable theorizing. The people of these United States must wake up and get to work. They must give their country boys as well as their city boys good gymnasiums and trained, keen, inspiring playmasters. The "healthy country life" as lived on our farms and in our villages to-day, is very largely a dangerous myth.

Do you know that thirty-eight per cent of the Nation's men of draft age failed to pass the physical test during the war? That seventy-five per cent of our school-children are physically defective, to accept the statistics of the child health organization?

The country boy's evenings and holidays are, as a rule, either dull to extinction, or, very poorly spent.

Look at the shoulders and the skin and the habitual facial expression of the lad in the street of a country town. Do you know what he talks about when he really expands?

Not pleasant? No. But, once again, very ominous for the Nation. So, wake up, get to work, and tackle your own job. It *is* yours, and nobody else can do it for you. And the Overseas Y has shown you the way.

Just as it has shown the way in physical development, and thereby in moral cleaning-up and strengthening, to the Continental European world. The splendid vision that Carter and Elwood Brown conceived, and which each in his way worked so devotedly to make concrete fact, has been splendidly realized.

"Athletics for everybody," they said, "the spirit of wholesome play, is simply a means to an end — the bettered morale of a people. And in using that means here and now, conspicuously, we can extend its blessing to our friends of the war — our comrades-in-arms."

GENERAL PERSHING CONGRATULATES ELWOOD BROWN AT THE STADIUM GAMES

Examination proved, however, that no really suitable theatre existed for the holding of the Inter-Allied Games — the Military Olympics — and that the rental and adaptation of any place that did exist would reach a prohibitive cost. Yet the Y's engagement to the Army entailed its providing such a place. Therefore after all possibilities had been surveyed and computed, the Y Finance Committee voted to appropriate six hundred thousand francs to build "the Pershing Stadium," in solid permanent form. This it did only after the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Raymond Fosdick, of the War Department Commission on Training-Camp Activities, and Dr. Mott, in America, had gone on record as heartily approving the project.

Ground was offered by the French, near Paris, close to the Bois de Vincennes. Plans for an appropriate structure of reenforced concrete, seating about thirty thousand persons, with a total capacity of forty thousand spectators, were approved by American and French Army Engineers. Work began on April 11, 1919, by French contractors employed by the Y.

On May 3, however, the French workmen went on strike and the French contractor threw up his job. But three thousand American soldiers, working three shifts a day, jumped into the breach and the stadium was triumphantly finished well in advance of the date set for the inaugural ceremonies — the 22d of June.

Meantime, the Commander-in-Chief himself had selected and appointed a Games Committee, charged it with the entire "responsibility for the conduct of the games and all matters relating thereto."

This committee consisted of three Army officers and two Y men.

The committee then built up a complete working organ-

ization, selecting the personnel for all purposes wholly from the Army and the Y.

At the opening of the stadium contests, however, the Games Committee of five, for quicker work and greater efficiency, concentrated all its authority in one member, Elwood Brown, making him sole Director of the Games during that period.

When the dawn of the day arrived — a day of glorious sunshine — the populace of Paris cast loose for the scene. Trains running every five minutes proved totally inadequate to carry it properly. So the populace shoved and fought and tore its way to Vincennes, arriving at all costs — a statement that will not fail to recall a definite picture to any one who has witnessed an open-air excitement in Paris during the war.

By noon the great stadium could scarcely seat another creature. At 2.30 entered the Garde Républicaine, leading a brilliant array of French troops, whose procession closed with one battalion of our own crack Composite Regiment, from the Army of Occupation. Then followed the parade of contesting athletes — fifteen hundred men. France led. After her came Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, China, Czecho-Slovakia, Great Britain, Greece, Guatemala, Hedjaz, Italy, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia, South Africa, each preceded by its colors; and last, our own soldier champions.

Carter then presented the stadium to our Commander-in-Chief, in a short, significant speech.

On which the General, replying, transmitted the deed of the stadium to the French Republic, as a token of friendship, and on the one condition that it shall remain "forever at the disposition of the French People, without price."

The games lasted two weeks. Three hundred and eighty thousand spectators witnessed them. Two hundred thousand

more were turned away for lack of room. Three thousand prize medals, the gift of the Y, cast on a design produced by a special competition of French artists, were awarded to the victors of the games, beside trophies presented by General Pershing, Marshal Pétain, and the heads of the Allied nations. And the French, among their awarding of distinctions, bestowed upon Colonel Wait C. Johnson, Major David M. Goodrich, and Elwood S. Brown the cross of the Legion of Honor — well won.

But best of all was the general understanding of the purpose of the whole effort culminating in this brilliant final show. The attention of the Continent was aroused to humanity's inherent "right to play" — to the fact that "strong men make strong nations." And in that arousing, America made a real contribution to her Old-World Allies who had so long fought her battle in the World War.

Army officers of all the Allied nations, watching the games, became deeply interested in the mass-play principle. Official observers from Italy, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Belgium, Serbia, Japan, and Greece, daily received at the stadium special demonstrations on the work and in each case the result was a request for the detail of physical directors to that country.

The French Government had already requested the Y to place physical directors in each of the seven great officers' training schools of France, to teach American sports there. And the Ministry of War had already ordered that baseball be taught to French troops, asking for American instructors

But this idea of mass play — "athletics for everybody" — this true American contribution, with all its real significance of raised mental and moral standards through encouragement of physical soundness, stood out in the Stadium Games in a white light, demonstrating its virtue and power in a way that

the guardians of any nation's weal — of any nation's place among nations — could not afford to pass by.

It was a great gift to the whole world. When truth is told, it is Elwood Brown who gave it.

Some question having arisen as to the actual cost of the Inter-Allied Games, all of which was borne by the Y.M.C.A., the official figures in the case may be of interest here.

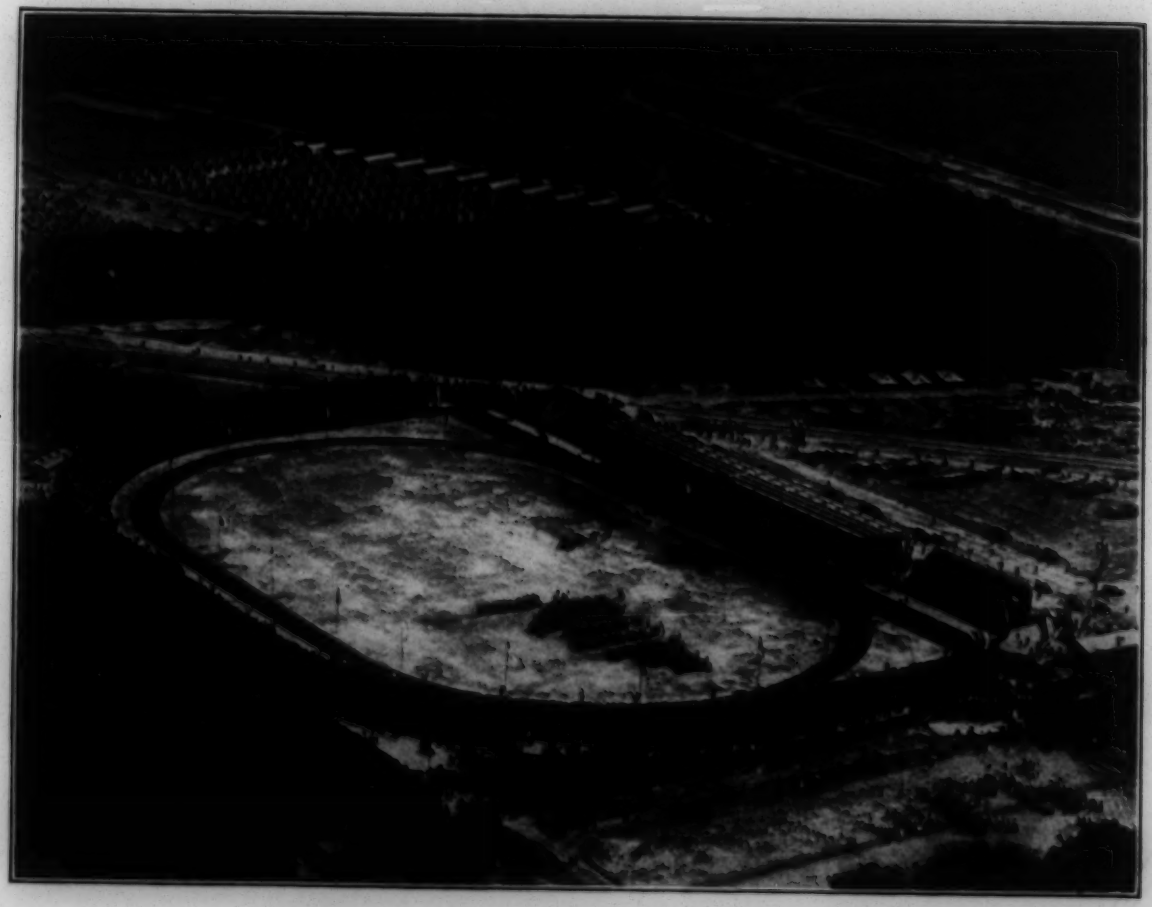
As a premise, the Pershing Stadium was built of reënforced concrete rather than of wood simply because reënforced concrete was found to be the cheaper material. Incidentally, the structure, had it been of wood, must have been scrapped in a few years' time, whereas the present building will remain not only a permanent token of international good-will, but also a permanent benefit to a population that greatly needed it. Then, as to actual itemized cost to the Y.M.C.A.:

The total cost of construction was $85,000. The total cost of operation, including cost of prizes, ceremonies, parades, building equipment, decorations, etc., was $37,000. The total cost of welfare service was $30,000.

This welfare work was carried on by the Paris Division Y, first for our troops engaged in constructing the stadium, and then, during the games themselves, not only for all our men connected therewith, but also for all the competitors of the various nations.

This latter phase, in especial, was of peculiar value, in that it exhibited the American idea of welfare service to many peoples stranger to the thought, but eagerly and vitally interested. Finally, the cost of printing reached $7000.

The cost of the Inter-Allied Games to the Welfare Organization that originated, financed, and with the Army wholly ran them, therefore, amounted to $159,000 — a figure conceded by those in a position to judge to be very modest indeed, in comparison with achieved value.



PERSHING STADIUM, OPENING DAY, JUNE 22, 1919

Chapter XXI

"We'll Never Live to be Fathers"

Who set the pace to the Rhine?

If you ask any doughboy in the Army of Occupation, some stodgy old general in Tours. With a gold lead pencil and a scaleless map. After a good dinner and *beaucoup* highballs he plotted it. Having done all his own hiking by limousine, thinking merely of the objective and of the calendar, he made on his little old map certain scratches. And, being at once too great and too sleepy to bother with distances, he just scratched 'em off. — No matter where you start from, so many hikes to the Rhine.

Simple for the general. Active for the doughboy. Still — what's the use of being a general if you can't enjoy your privileges? Doughboy theories. Doughboy philosophy.

When the First Division started in on that breakneck journey, its Y women — Dorothy Francis, of the Signal Corps; Mary Arrowsmith, of the Third Machine-Gun Battalion; Ethel Torrance, of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry; Mrs. Jones, of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry; Gertrude Ely, of the Eighteenth, went with it.

"You can send only a certain number of your people in with the Army," said G.H.Q. to Carter.

But if any one had really tried to keep those women back, the First Division — within its well-disciplined self, of course — would have expressed its mind.

Ethel Torrance hiked with her men. Not because she had to, for a seat in an officer's limousine was always at her disposal; but because, having already been through hell with the

Twenty-Sixth, she wanted to share their lot to the very end. And because it heartened them and they liked it.

Not later than seven o'clock — which meant réveillé by five, in the bitter black cold of December mornings, did they start the day's march. And they kept it up till dark.

Sometimes they ate, during that interval, sometimes not — as for example, when the rolling kitchen, going back as usual to draw rations, got itself lost, and never turned up for thirty-six hours.

But Gertrude Ely had a flivver, lucky woman. Into that flivver, on the word to move, she packed a lot of rations, a cook-stove, a boiler, chocolate, a fiddle, some maps, a Y red triangle sign, writing-paper, pens, ink, candles, her own bed-roll, a lot of useful odds and ends, and all the cigarettes that room remained for. Then she started out a little ahead of the column.

Each day, for the men, was the same. A cup of coffee and a sandwich in the morning, and often an all-day march on the strength of just that. Thirty-eight kilometres — forty-two kilometres — forty-six — forty — packs on their backs. Shoes giving out — great holes in the soles. Shoes in rags — shoes thrown away. Miles on miles in stockinged feet — in stocking-tops. Men ordered to the ambulance because their feet are tragedies, but sneaking aside and falling in again behind, because they want to keep with their outfit — want to cross the line with their pals. Men lurching along like old crippled beggars — staggering with pain, wavering under the growing weight of their packs — and their young faces old, old — a sight to tear your heart into bleeding bits. Men dropping out from pure exhaustion — in spite of every exertion of will.

Now and again, a man dead.

The end of the day's journey at last — some little scrawny village. Bodies reeking hot and wet. No overcoats. A heavy fog

hanging over the world, penetrating the frozen houses, filling the lungs with every breath, soaking through aching muscles.

God! How tired — and hungry. The Army kitchen far behind. Not a thing to eat. Not a thing to do but lie down in wet clothes, in a filthy barn, with one lone, clammy blanket to quiet the chatter of your bones.

Day after day of it. Night after night. And always more men dropping by the way, finished.

That was, without Gertrude Ely. Plus Gertrude Ely, the main facts and atmosphere remained the same, but with this thread embroidered over:

Gertrude Ely, in her flivver, with her map, would reach the town where her men were to camp for the night, in advance of the column. The billeting officer would give her a place, very kindly and promptly. Usually it would be in the village saloon, because of the tables and chairs to be found there.

Once so assured of her foothold, she would set up her stove, put on a pot of something good to cook, and prepare, meantime, to make hot chocolate. Then, if time sufficed, she would scour the place for a piano, commandeer or salvage it, and bring it in, at all costs. Then she would get out her fiddle, arrange her supplies, hang her Y sign in the window, so that the boys marching in could find her, and use the remainder of time before their arrival in making the place show as much comfort and welcome as skilful hands could bring out of it.

At last, the stir of their coming — the public emotions of ducks and children and pigs and peasants — the clatter of sabots — the sound of men's feet — louder — louder — marching.

At that, with a quick final twist at the half-finished thing in her hands, to the door with her, to fling it wide open, to stand on the sill smiling, waving her handkerchief, so that they all might see where to look for her, when they were free.

In no time, then, they came crowding back — back to the one precious piece of home inseparable from the regiment. She knew them by name, every man — Steve and Neill and Mac and Whitey — and all about their people and all their private hopes and fears and difficulties. And they saw in her sister and mother and intimate personal friend and confidante and faithful pal, all in one, and they loved her and swore by her.

So the room grew thick with the smoke of cigarettes, with the steam of bodies, and of sweat-drenched clothes. And her candles, making the only light that they could have had, anywhere that night, showed them her kind eyes and her warm, rallying smile, and the things she had done to try to make the shabby little room look good to them.

And, between serving her chocolate and that big pot of something hot and savory that she had cooked, she would stick the fiddle into some one's hands — there was always that fiddle, you see, if the piano failed — and start a sing-song with her own sweet voice.

Always it worked in the end. But sometimes the charm took a little time to penetrate. Meanwhile they sat around with their heads in their hands — cursing everything — so tired, oh! so tired.

"Oh, come now, men. Some day you'll be bragging to your children how you marched into Germany with the Army of Occupation!" she laughed, one night, denying the ache in her heart.

But it was not quite laughingly that a boy, lifting his head to show a face haggard with exhaustion, answered:

"Miss Ely, we'll never live to be fathers."

So fast — so fast they marched them! And always, each day, as strength wore down, a harder road to travel and more and more quiet collapses by the road.

"And still," said a French captain — "and still, you have

not yet seen the most depressing thing. They have never had to retreat. You don't know what that is to an army — it can scarcely be held together."

As they got out of devastated France into Germany, a new resource came to her. With the aid of her map, her flivver, her knowledge of plans, and the acquiescence of the commanding officer, she would arrange to reach the village in which the column would rest, at the necessary period in advance of the column's arrival.

Then she would go from house to house, making her survey, giving her orders.

"Our soldiers are coming in, in an hour, cold, tired, wet," she would say. "What can you give them to eat?"

"Ach! but we have nothing."

"You have potatoes?"

"Yes."

"Pork?"

"Yes."

"Then make soup. *Good* potato soup. The best you know how to make, and make as much as you can of it. Directly."

"How much?"

"This house — let me see — this house will hold about fifty people. Make soup for fifty people."

At the next house she would try the same order, perhaps to find that the family had no potatoes.

"What have you, then?"

"Alas, nothing. Nothing but apples."

"Just the thing! Quick, now. Make hot apple-sauce. Have it good and sweet and piping hot — all you can stew of it, ready when they get here."

Can you fancy what it meant to the men, to sit down to those steaming plates of novel, decent food, breaking that starvation journey?

Then she would do it all over again.

Later on, the order went forth that no American soldier might eat German food — lest claims be made that we had denuded the country. But at that moment restrictions did not operate.

When the men, getting in at night, had received their billets, crowds would flock at once to the sign of the Triangle. But still, as soon as her chance came with a lull in the work, Gertrude Ely would sally out to look for missing friends.

A sick man, lying on dirty straw, on a dirty outhouse's half-flooded floor — lying where he dropped when the machine loosed him.

"Ah, Joe! Is it *there* you are! Thought you could lose me, did n't you! *I'll* show you!"

She slips away quietly and brings him a big bowl of hot soup — good Boche soup made at her orders. He sits up and grasps it in eager, trembling hands — a rough old regular, unused to women, bred to a hard, independent life.

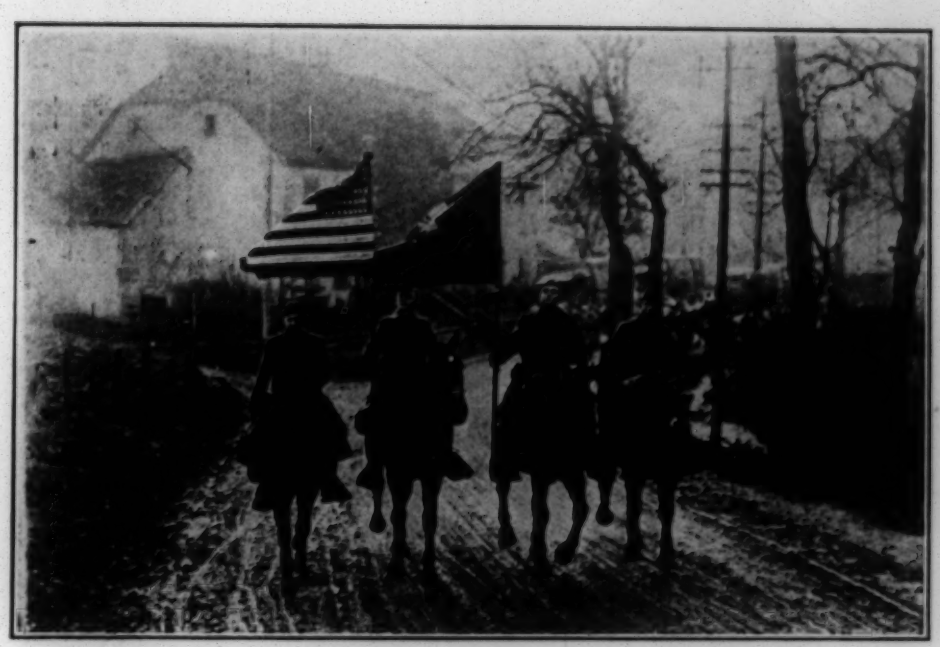
"Lady — this is n't necessary at all!" he has to protest.

But see how he swallows it — and see how he needed it. And what would the wretched night have done to him without that little help to vital forces running low?

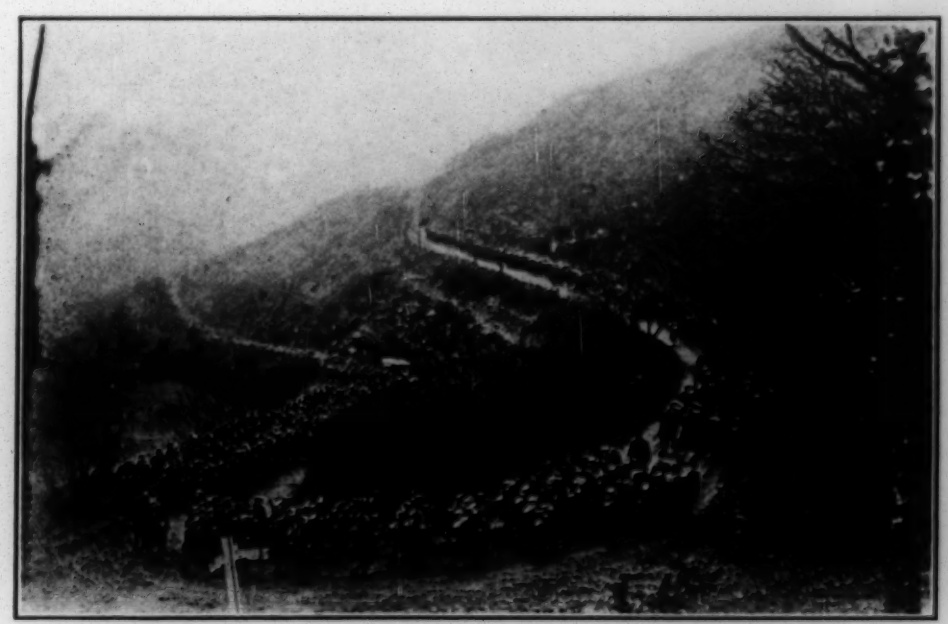
One woman to a regiment! But ask the regiment if that woman would be missed. "You might think any woman would be in the way," said the divisional commander, "but this one knew how to make herself almost a necessity."

Once the divisions reached the Rhine — once they sat down in their areas, new situations arose — new needs on the part of the men, new obstacles in the way of their service.

The rapid movement of the troops, and the issue of the order that they should not feed on the country in any degree whatever, made of an already difficult transportation question



STANDARDS OF THE 5TH FIELD ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH HETZERATH, GERMANY, ON THEIR WAY TO THE RHINE



THE 26TH INFANTRY, FIRST DIVISION, A.E.F., GOING UP THE ROTHE KOPF NEAR GRENDERICH, GERMANY, DECEMBER 7, 1918

a truly desperate crisis. For about six weeks the utmost that the Army's transportation could do, using all available service, was to convey the minimum food ration and strict essentials. Even as late as January, 1919, stuff lay heaped on the docks in Brest that had been there since October, waiting to be moved to points of vital need. The railways were choked.

Five trains a day got through, at best, to the Army of Occupation. Four of them brought food — the barest Spartan necessity. The fifth might bring miscellaneous supplies.

But, so great was the pressure, even such first-aids as boots and blankets had to be left behind, while not a few of our men in the Rhine country went half-shod and cold for the lack of them.

Five trains a day, at the best, to feed the whole Army of Occupation — the whole Third Army, as it was otherwise called. What chance had the Y, in view of that fact, to get any room on the rails? As a matter of fact, it had one hundred and twenty loaded cars in transit, from Paris to Coblentz, of which it could get no news whatever between the 23d of December and January 19.

During which period, more than once, the Army of Occupation had but one day's ration in reserve, while one division, at least, went at times on half-rations.

Under these circumstances it will be seen that the Y, like the Army, was facing a situation as new as that phase of the war. The point was, what could be done about it? What could good wits produce, out of an apparently blank field?

Luckily, the Y had on this job one of the very best men in its service — W. W. Gethmann, who, with his associate, Dr. Maitland Alexander, made as live a team as even that job required. Seeing that the Army's absolute necessities would cut them off for some time to come from their natural source of supplies — Paris Headquarters — they took off their coats and went to work.

Their request to enter Coblentz ahead of the Army, in order that they might break ground early, had been refused by G.H.Q. But even as it was, on the evening of the very day on which the First Division entered the city, the Y sign went up over the great Coblentz Fest Halle. And such a celebration was held there that night — there in the Fest Halle — such a singing of "America" by thousands of thrilling young voices, to the accompaniment of a famous German pipe organ, as may not be twice heard in a lifetime.

These Y people came into Germany empty-handed — lucky to get there in any shape. Yet the demand for supplies was instant.

"The boys will be crazy to write letters home, toot sweet," was Gethmann's first thought, "and there'll be no paper for them — unless we find it."

That was on Saturday night. But Gethmann and his gang turned to, dug and lifted and burrowed and shoved, till they hunted down the Boche *caches*. They dragged them out to the light of day, they commandeered them wholesale — and paid cash. On Monday noon, the Fest Halle had 500,000 sheets of letter paper with envelopes, ready to give out.

Ten minutes later more doughboys than anybody could count were crouching over little sheets, inscribing great news to "the folks back home."

From that on, acting on his own initiative, determined to serve the Army by whatever means could be found, more than ever now that the Army could not help itself, Gethmann produced an amazing stream of supplies from Boche reservoirs. Fifty big huts he ordered at once, to be made by workmen at Düsseldorf and shipped down the Rhine on barges. Thousands of tables and chairs he bought — the whole stock of German factories and stores — meantime ordering from the makers thousands more, to furnish Y plants yet to come. Thirty auto-

mobiles he purchased from Boche dealers, and over a hundred excellent pianos.

Then he sought out the principal manufacturer of musical instruments — him who purveyed to the Boston Symphony Orchestra — took his entire reserve on hand; supplied him next with raw material, and contracted for all that his factory could therewith make for three months to come. Because doughboy orchestras and bands would shortly be calling for tools to cheer the Army.

Knowing the need of maps, song-sheets, guide-cards, and many different sorts of printed matter, Gethmann at the same time took over a German printing-house — and kept it busy thenceforward.

Knowing that soldier shows would soon be needing costumes, he bought the entire wardrobe of several theatres — some twelve hundred and fifty complete dresses — found quarters to display them, and put in Y play organizers and coaches, a costumer, and a set of sewing girls to alter and adapt the garments as needed.

All this and much more he executed at once without the loss of a moment, and repeated it as often as conditions thereafter indicated, to save the weary waiting involved in relying on Paris for supplies.

You can go from Paris to Coblentz in two days by car. But even in February, 1919, the American mail took sometimes over a week to cover that same distance.

It was great work — great team-work. And most of it was actually accomplished in those first few days after the Third Army struck the Rhine.

Then the job divided itself into two parts — that in Coblentz, which was practically leave area in character, and that with the divisions in the hills.

Out in the snow-clad hills, scattered in tiny villages, some

divisions lying at as many as seventy separate points, you found old friends still clinging together — the Y people with their men. And, seeing what they meant to each other there — those intimate groups that had gone through everything side by side — you knew why it was that the Y women, who had quietly borne all the discipline of war, had stood up and fought like wild-cats for their "inalienable right" to go with their troops into Germany.

"You say we have served well. Then let this be our reward. Let us stay with our own. Don't give our places to strangers," they demanded when the question came on.

And so it was that very few "strangers" got into the Army of Occupation service — the combat divisions taking their old comrades in their train.

So it was that you found Charlotte Hand in an upstairs room in a shabby old building in a shabby little town east of the Rhine — a room that had once been a theatre.

She has dressed the place up as best she could with flags and green branches. Her writing-tables, well stocked with stationery, fill one side of the hall. Her dry canteen, occupying an opposite corner, displays mustard plasters, razor-blades, soap, tooth-paste, candy, cigarettes, very much chewing-tobacco, playing-cards — a true little country store. On her stove a big cauldron of chocolate — the inevitable yet always welcome — stands cooking. At her store she sells. But her hot chocolate she gives away — gives all her boys want, and the biscuits that go with it.

This little room is her home — her headquarters. Beyond it, she runs five outlying Y's, in as many little villages, by means of an Army detail and of weekly visits. She is everybody's confidante and chum — a hearty, wholesome, comely girl, with a sound, brave heart, and a level head on her shoulders.

Her billet, not too far away, is in the cottage of two very

ancient peasant women. She sleeps in a corner of their living-room, which is also their dining-room and kitchen. They cook and eat beside her bed. She has absolutely no privacy, ever. She shuts her eyes upon them at night, and their snuffling voices, close at her ear, arouse her in the morning.

They tremble and cry when she tells them that she used to sleep in a dugout, often under fire. The thought is, vaguely, too horrible to them. What is a dugout? What are bombs and shells? They do not know what war means.

Then you find Ethel Torrance, still with her own men, far up in the hills at Hundsangen, doing the job she should do there — and, as usual, living the life of her friends, even to messing with them in their kitchen.

Gertrude Ely, running a little Y in an old Boche saloon, has turned its two strange, dingy, narrow rooms into something cheery, not a little by the immaterial magic of her gay charm.

"Never before did I realize," she says, "that the Front could not exceed, in actual need, the present moment. There are four drinking-places, selling bad schnapps, in this one tiny town — and more than a bit of other trouble to get into. And the men are homesick and blue and bored. I feel that I must work like mad to hold them."

So she is giving a dance to-night, with ice-cream, and with real girls commandeered from somewhere; to-morrow a concert; the next night a show organized from the ranks — and all the while is keeping up a spirit of happy homeliness in the "hut" itself, unflagging.

Then, over in Andrenach, Billy Levere, in a horrible little hole of an ancient rabbit warren, true to form, conjures into being enchanted food and beams on his "Jewels" like a harvest moon as he dispenses wonderful cakes and pies and sandwiches, unlimited and without price.

"These Boches know how to cook, if you just give them the

stuff to work with — and I found a way to do that," he confides, with intense satisfaction. "Just taste this coffee-cake!"

And then he confesses, rather shame-facedly, that when the transportation "fell down flat," and his dry canteen shelves stood bare of any single channel by which the doughboy might arrive at the strange pleasure of purchase, he went out and bought of the Boches the only thing that their exhausted shops could then supply — toy snakes and breath perfumes.

"The boys snapped 'em up like mad!" he goes on. "I marked them the smallest Boche coin there is. But it gave them something to buy, and lots of fun over it, bless them!"

And so on, through the divisions — almost everywhere the old Y people. As Chester Franzell, of Pittsburgh, nine months with the Thirty-Second Division, and now in charge of its Y work, doing an excellent piece of service; as Phillips with the Second. But the Mary-Sunshine Sisters are with the Fourth.

When the Mary-Sunshine Sisters, by the way, had to stop baking epoch-making pies and cakes, had to "quit their kiddin'," cut short their mothering, and, with their soft Kentucky tongues for the first time silenced by tears that would have come with speech, had to turn their backs on their boys and face about for home — those Fourth Division lads half-masted their flag, to show where *they* stood in the matter.

All through the divisions the Y's were scattered — here in an old Krupp hotel, there in the welfare house of a great German manufacturing plant, sometimes working as itinerant rolling canteens, carrying cheer and amusement in flying visits from little camp to little camp; sometimes in humble, shabby corners, the best a hamlet could spare after the quartering of billeted troops; sometimes established in big, bright huts planted in centres of larger needs.

At first, until the Army recovered its equilibrium in the matter of transportation sufficiently to permit the passage of

Y supplies and the coming-in of necessary Y personnel, shortage of hands and lack of material greatly embarrassed the work. It was the insistence of General Dickman himself, commanding the Army of Occupation, for transportation for Y supplies, that at last loosened the situation and secured the attachment of a car of Y goods to each U.S. Army supply train moving from France into Germany. Meanwhile fair-minded officers looked at the facts and judged conditions accordingly. But the enlisted man, like the grouser of any rank, whether ignorant or careless of the truth, did no small amount of cursing the Y, during that difficult interval. And meantime, and all the time, you would find some men out in the country cursing the work in Coblentz.

"Here we sit, in this horrible little town, on the top of this miserable hill, with nothing in the world to do but mark time. We live nowhere. We are forbidden to fraternize with the natives. We mess from our cook-wagon, standing in a chow-line. When it is n't freezing, it 's raining. The food is cold by the time it 's struck our mess-tins. Cold and swimming in rain. At supper-time we sneak along beside the windows of the houses, and rest our tins on the sills, to try to catch a ray of light from under the shutter so that we can see what we put in our mouths. We sleep in barns. We have no light at all. No electricity, no lamps, no candles. When darkness falls, we can only sit in the dark — and think.

"Some of us have poor officers — bad officers — officers who not only show no interest in our welfare, but who take a sort of delight in holding us down to the utmost hardships of the situation. Little beasts that none of us would have noticed at home, but that some way or other pulled a commission and are making the most of it while it lasts. That kind is breeding Bolsheviks, fast. A man loses his sense of perspective here, I suppose. After you've lived for a while under authority —

unable to get a complaint registered anywhere except through an ascending row of superiors, one of the least of whom is going to stop your complaint and punish you for making it, as sure as fate — why — you do lose your perspective.

"You do get to feeling, whatever your better sense tells you, that your only way out is the way the Bolsheviki preach. Someway, with your loss of personal freedom and initiative, with your loss of any power or meaning as an individual, you seem to lose your better sense, too. It turns you into a sort of animal.

"That is where the Y women come in so strong. You can always talk to them and it eases you up — takes the strain off — reminds you you really are human — that some day you'll be a free man again — if you live — and back in the world where people act like folks.

"But why, in Heaven's name, must we sit out here in these horrible places, all alone, and the Y women be all in Coblentz? Coblentz, from what I hear, is a big town, probably with lots of big-town attractions. Any man could amuse himself in Coblentz. Why don't they send these women to us? Gosh! How we need them!"

Thus a typical doughboy — a Second Division man, a very intelligent railroad operative from the Middle West. And what he said was said by many, many more of his kind. As far as it concerns Army matters, let other soldiers judge whether he was right or wrong. Here his own words are given for what they are worth.

But as for his theory — also not peculiar to himself — concerning Coblentz, that theory was mistaken from the root.

At the time when he spoke, some thirty-six thousand United States soldiers lay in and around Coblentz. And the daily life of those in the larger radius was scarcely more diverting than was the life of the men in the hills. Their sole

relief was one rare day in the city. The Army sent them in by camions, standing, packed tight, like farmer's calves going to market. This leave lasted only till 9.30 at night. Theoretically it occurred once in three months, practically far less often, as a rule. And whether they were fed and entertained or went starving and bored on that one precious day of liberty, depended very largely on the Coblentz staff of the Y.

To do the job, the Y maintained in the city a personnel numbering, men and women together, twenty-seven. Was it too much? These twenty-seven persons operated, among other things, the great Fest Halle, several excellently run hotels, clubs, and cafeterias for officers and men, and the Rhine excursion service.

Every day the divisions sent in their quotas of one-day leave men, to be fed, entertained, diverted. And the life of those twenty-seven Y people, upon whom the work chiefly fell, was no sinecure.

Take the Fest Halle, a brief description of which may serve to indicate the concentrated service that it performed:

A big, showy building, excellently situated. Entering, on the ground floor, you find a very large lounge-room capable of containing several hundred men. Near the entrance is a large, circular information desk, where maps are given away, questions answered and mail handled — all by Y women, on the proven principle that smiling and interested women give, as a rule, the most effective welcome to the arriving doughboy guest. In this room a full orchestra plays, afternoon and evening, exceedingly well. And the place is at all times full of men in khaki, resting, reading, chatting, smoking, listening to the music, of which they never tire. To the right is a big and always crowded restaurant — dark-panelled, with much gilt, and with colored frescos of goats and bouncing damsels and horrible little men *à la Boche*. Hot meals and hot chocolate

are free. On the other side a pleasant, quiet library, supplied in the main by the A.L.A., but, alas, short of books. For the book service, at most points, if it ever began, stopped far too short and far too soon.

Upstairs, a galleried concert-room, seating perhaps twenty-five hundred men and enriched by a fine pipe organ and an excellent stage, very well set and decorated. Here some sort of show takes place every night, when the room is always crammed to the last foot of standing-room, floor and gallery, by applauding listeners.

Beside the concert-hall, comes a long lounge-room, with sofas, easy-chairs, and writing-tables. At one end is a desk, loaded with a lot of little tracts. Behind the desk sits a kind-faced, quiet, white-haired Y man who is never alone. Observed repeatedly, and with no little doubt and surprise, this unobtrusive religious worker is found to be always sought out by some boy in khaki. And his tracts are being taken from his desk, not as "souvenirs," but after a silent, preliminary scrutiny, by a stream of soldiers that is never importuned and that never stops.

At the other end of the lounge, screened off to give it an air of precious privacy, is "Mother's Corner." A tea-table in the centre. Easy-chairs all around — perhaps a dozen of them. A pleasant, pretty, middle-aged woman sewing on buttons or service straps, or pouring tea. A little German maid, in cap and apron, bringing clean cups — relays of sandwiches — the chairs always full of contented boys.

Out in the crowded lounge, a Y girl flits through. A big Marine, in from the hateful hill-camp at Hönningen for just one day, plants himself across her path.

"Say, what are you looking so mad about?" he asks.

"Oh! *Why* do you say that?" she exclaims, caught off her guard and troubled.

"Because — well — because you look so just the opposite," he reassures her mercifully.

"Oh, là-là!" she tosses back, catching her gait again. "Why, don't you know — *that 's* because I see *you!*" — and off she goes with a laugh, leaving him chuckling, "Some girl!"

As she moves down the room her glance falls on a figure drooping in a chair against the wall. He must be one of the oldest men in the service — that one. You seldom see so worn and lined a face above the American khaki. A transport hand, at a guess — and very nearly "all in." She stoops over him, saying in a purposely lowered voice —

"Would n't you like just a cup of tea?"

The man starts to rise —

"No, don't!" she protests, quickly. "You 're much too tired to get it. Just sit where you are and rest and I'll bring it to you in one minute, good and hot."

If you know the type and the game, you realize, as the man's eyes follow her down the room, that she has done him more good in his loneliness, his depression, his discouragement and weariness, with that little bit of personal care and attention than any words of his could express.

Down in the dining-room two Y women drift in asking for supper. Birds of passage, these, on the road to duty at an outlying point. They choose a table where four doughboys are already seated, and soon all six are deep in talk.

The doughboys are mechanics and blacksmiths by peace-time trade, from Ohio and the Mississippi Valley, and they are what are called "rough-necks," every one. Their post is down the Rhine, in a forlorn little hamlet on a wind-scalped hill. This is the first leave they have had in all the black, bleak winter. They have looked forward to the precious one day as a diver looks forward to a breath of air — one day of freedom,

brightness, color, larks, out of that sodden waste. And they *have* played to-day — played every game they could find.

To-night, they will use the priceless remaining hours in going to a show — not a Y show, either. They have bought the tickets. See? Here they are. Does n't that look like the Great White Way? Go while the going is good.

So much they confide in the first five minutes. Then, as they spin out the meal, the talk ranges cheerfully on.

Suddenly one of the women looks at her watch.

"Good gracious, boys!" she exclaims, "your show! It is a quarter to eight! I'm awfully sorry. Hurry, or you'll miss a lot."

"Well," one answers, a little embarrassed — "to tell you the truth, we had n't forgotten that show. But it means so much more to us, just to talk to American ladies. We'd far rather sit here with you than see the best show on earth."

Then, rather ruefully, he adds: "Y ladies are mostly too busy to sit down and talk to us like you have. They have n't got time. I — I reckon you don't realize, maybe, how different this will make things look to us four for a darn good while to come. It kind of takes out the kinks and the bitterness. Kind of makes a guy feel like a man."

Chapter XXII

The Way the People's Money Goes

The great Fest Halle concert-room, in Coblentz, was, as has been suggested, the nightly scene of soldiers' shows, concerts, fancy-dress balls, vaudeville — any entertainment you may name. But not its least interesting phase was that which it assumed on Sunday nights. Then it was that Dr. Maitland Alexander gave his great demonstration of how to put on a religious service that everybody likes.

First of all, as religious director of the Army of Occupation, he did not camouflage his services, either there or anywhere else. He did not spring a sermon or a prayer meeting on the men, under a smoke-screen of movies or vaudeville, as some lamentable dodo elsewhere would occasionally break loose and do; and this in spite of Carter's most absolute prohibition, in spite of the men's unfailing resentment — of the unfailing shock to their native good taste.

The men liked and truly desired good religious service, at proper seasons and in a proper way. This has been demonstrated numberless times and beyond any disputing. But they hated being tricked into it, as they would have hated any other bit of slippery dealing. Dr. Alexander announced his services on the bulletin boards, and printed their programmes on handbills. And the result, both of his frankness and of the name he made for his work, was that the Fest Halle was packed full of doughboys every Sunday night.

Here is a typical handbill programme — that of February 16, 1919:

Organ Prelude	
"America"	
Overture: "The Wedding Ring"	*Barnard*
"Old Folks at Home" (words on back)	
Faust	*Gounod*
"I love thee," Atlantis Suite, "Lost Continent"	*Gray*
Hymns: (words on back)	
"Sun of my Soul"	
"Throw out the Life Line"	
"When the Roll is called up yonder"	
Scripture Reading and Prayer	Rev. Reid S. Dickson
"Where is my Boy to-night?"	
Sermon: "Playing with Fire"	Dr. Maitland Alexander
"Abide with me"	
Benediction	
"The Stars and Stripes Forever"	*Sousa*

Band of the 58th U.S. Infantry; Lieut. John Schramer, Leader
Baritone Soloist: Sergeant Ives, Telegraph Station
Violin Obbligato: Musician Latz, Band 55th Reg. Pioneer Infantry
Duet: Cornet, Musician Mills
Baritone Horn, Assistant Band-Leader Neunberger
Piccolo Obbligato: Musician Hazen
Organist: Edgar Le Van
Song Leader: Stanley Hawkins

See how well the thing is worked out. Remember always that the hall, like every part of the building, is flooded with bright light.

The opening effect comes from a glorious, joyful organ performance. Next, "America" brings the boys themselves into action with a rush. Then they alternately listen and sing until, with the hymns and the two songs that they all know and love, they are ready to throw their whole hearts into music — and every man in the hall, as you look back at them, seems to be singing to the fulness of his power. Look at the list of musicians — all soldiers themselves.

And then look at the song leader — an old training-camp leader — as he swings them into "Where is my Boy to-night?"

When you know his story, you scarcely can understand

his fortitude, until you realize that that song must be a prayer. For his own one boy, enlisted in the Marines, has been missing since the fight at Château-Thierry.

Shell-shocked? Captured?

No one knows. Just — missing.

Always the father is seeking him — not bodily — for he has his Y work to do, for other men's sons — but by word of mouth, by inquiry, of the streams of soldiery passing under his hands.

"Have you ever seen my boy?" he asks them. "Did you ever hear of my boy?"

And now and again the answer is "Yes" — an elusive trace — a wandering, broken thread — just enough to keep hope burning. Somewhere, it seems, the lad may be straying — his memory blurred — the power to suffer there, but no power to help himself — Have you seen him? Heard of him?

"Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

Almost three thousand young voices chanting the old words that used to seem so — yes — so flat, so foolish, Heaven forgive us! — But now, in that place, in the presence of that young, consecrated host, under the lead of that father who speaks for so many millions of fathers bereft — it seems no longer any song at all, but the most poignant, most heart-breaking of prayers.

Then Dr. Alexander himself comes forward — big, work-and-weather-worn, eager, earnest, quick of speech, direct, clear of all frills or clerical tricks.

"The first time I preached to doughboys," he had privately confessed that very morning, "I prepared my sermon carefully, and thought I'd done pretty well. But halfway through its delivery an old sergeant unwound himself from one of the front benches, and drawled out in a perfectly audible voice — 'Well, boys, I guess we'll be going.' And half the congregation

followed him into the street. That taught me a lesson. They never did it to me again."

They never did it to him again simply because he found out how to hold them — how to talk real religion straight from the shoulder, as any honest man would urge any plain, vital thing that he truly wanted his friends and equals to accept — without self-consciousness, without pose, or arrogance, or slop — as man to man, talking man-language. And it never lasted over fifteen minutes.

While he spoke, the whole room listened intently. When he stopped, you could hear little ejaculatory comments.

"Say, *that 's* talking!"

"Gee! Why — he *knows!*"

And then, after another hymn and the benediction, a rousing Sousa march, to send them out with their heads high and their hearts courageous.

Every Sunday night the thing went on. And although the Y ran a movie-hall at the same hour, close by, for the entertainment of those who did not care for religious services, the Fest Halle Sunday night services were always thronged.

In treating of the Y work in the Army of Occupation it is impossible really to describe it in little space — impossible to do more than to indicate some of its varied forms of usefulness. The Y Athletic Department, for example, did a wonderful piece of work, devoting itself particularly to mass athletics which reached practically every man in the Third Army — the Army of Occupation. In addition to mass athletics, the Department arranged company, regimental, and divisional football games in series, as well as basket-ball, baseball, and track series, all to culminate in Army and A.E.F. championships. It also promoted boxing very extensively. During a given month — as April, 1919 — it ran boxing shows in Liberty Hut, Coblentz, every Saturday night, each one of which

MR. AND MRS. RUTHERFORD, Y ENTERTAINERS, WITH PIANO ON WAGON, CHÂTEAU-THIERRY
AUGUST 13, 1918

was witnessed by over three thousand soldier spectators. At the same time the Department was organizing boxing throughout the Third Army, not with the finalists alone, but rather to encourage participation by the greatest possible number of men. In this it had wide success.

It also built a fine cinder track, on an island in the Rhine, for track and field meets, made practically all arrangements for the meets, furnished the prizes and coached many of the divisional teams. Up to June 30 the Third Army Athletic Officer had receipted to the Y for free athletic goods to a cost value of $369,466.45.

The Y Music Department was formed to provide music and musical instruments and to forward singing as a recreation among the troops. It equipped orchestras, shows, and Y huts with instruments; and it provided sheet music, charts for mass singing, and instruments for the Y Army Music School. During April it gave out 530,000 copies of songs, with 85,000 more in its press; 22,000 copies of orchestrations, with 30,000 in press; and song-charts to a value bringing up the total cost to 106,108 marks. Like athletic equipment, all music materials were at all times and places provided without charge.

The Hotel Department, in the Coblentz Area alone, operated in April eleven hotels and restaurants, which served 229,954 meals during the month. Under Mr. Victor Moresch, of the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, these meals were marvels. To all soldiers on leave they were free. To others the price was almost nominal. Four marks — with the mark worth eleven cents American — bought a four-course dinner well chosen, well-balanced and cooked, seasoned to perfection, and served with all the decencies.[1]

For service, the Hotel Department retained the German

[1] In the whole area, the Y served an average of 18,000 meals a day during our main period of occupation.

staffs of German hotels taken over bodily with all contents. These men, trained waiters, naturally continued to wear their own clothing — their original waiters' dress.

"Look at the extravagance of that damn Y, fitting out its waiters in dress suits!" was the comment of a worthy colonel, returning to Paris. "*That 's* the way the people's money goes!"

Another "wave of criticism"!

The Rhine Valley Leave Department handled, among other recreational machinery, a fleet of large sight-seeing steamers making all-day trips up and down the Rhine. Meals were provided on board; lectures to explain the famous landmarks as they slid past; souvenir folding maps where a double stream of vignettes and condensed history followed the course of the river down the sheet; music, dancing, and a few Y girls if such could be spared. These trips were extremely popular, and indeed nothing finer could be imagined as a bit of concentrated fairy-story for an American boy.

The Y newspaper service was excellent. The story of that exceedingly difficult job and of how it was put over would make livelier reading than any novel. Incidentally, it involved, as early as February, the free delivery of 70,000 newspapers daily to the Army of Occupation alone, and of getting them to Coblentz in thirty hours from the moment they came off the Paris press — record time, record generalship.

The Cinema Department, during April, gave 1603 performances, to 1,015,350 spectators, all performances free. No charge, anywhere, at any period of war or armistice, was made by the Y for cinema shows, or for any entertainment work.

The Entertainment Department kept forty-two professional units in the field, during that month, besides costuming, coaching, and staging a large number of soldier shows.

On the point of entertainment, no judgment can be as final as that of Major J. J. F. Steiner, Entertainment Officer of the Army of Occupation, who says:

It is the belief of this office that the class of entertainment provided by the Y.M.C.A. professional units compares more than favorably with the entertainment provided in towns of the United States of from fifty to one hundred thousand population. There is a great variety in the style of entertainment provided. Everything from handcuff king to grand-opera singers can be found amongst the professional entertainers of the Y.M.C.A. Almost without exception, the entertainment has been of a clean, creditable nature, and in the very few instances where this was not true, censorship was invoked to properly clean the performance. It is my belief that the professional entertainment has been a splendid thing for the morale of the troops. The Y.M.C.A. has been in a position ready to be of assistance to all soldier shows at all times. It has had competent dramatic coaches, a large Costume Department, and a Musical Department which has furnished musical instruments, sheet music, and advice whenever requested. The Costume and Musical Departments have been especially active and efficient.

In an earlier month — March, 1919 — no fewer than 132 soldier shows, with a total personnel of 127 officers and 2656 enlisted men, were already playing in the Third Army. During March, these shows gave 2640 performances. They depended almost wholly on the Y for costumes, and any hour in any day you would find the office of the Costume Department full of doughboys trying on soubrette or Pierrot or "vamp" or ingenue garbs and getting themselves pinned up. The Y head field coach, Miss Wenner, reported in March 16 additional soldier shows forming under her supervision. And under the personal direction of Miss Dorothy Donnelly, of the Y Entertainment Department, the Third Army Stock Company had begun its career.

It was Dorothy Donnelly, also, who invented The Little Playhouse, in Coblentz, where she would put on, as a single

evening's entertainment, first, a weekly, then a vaudeville, then a short drama, and finally a five-reel "special" movie. The programme ran seven evenings in the week, from 7 to 9.30. The house held 800 persons, and the boys came at five o'clock, missed their dinners, stood in line and fought for seats.

This show, with Dr. Alexander's full approval and at his desire, ran in regular competition with his Sunday night service, as did also the regular Y motion-picture theatre, seating 600, already mentioned. And no one of them interfered with the other in any way. No one was constrained against his will. Every one was served and satisfied.

The Y has a "C" in its full title and should not cater to so secular a use of Sunday? But the Y was there to save men's souls alive, men's bodies clean, be they Christian, Jew, or infidel. And it had its job cut out for it — a job of whose size and meaning you here at home have no glimmering perception. If that "C" in its name means anything at all, it refers to One who frequently "broke the Sabbath," to exactly the same purpose.

The Army's embargo on Y supplies having been lifted on January 20, cars from Paris Headquarters began to roll in, and by the end of the next month Y supplies to the value of $2,848,821.57 had arrived for local distribution, while the goods sent on to the Trier Y, a most splendidly successful plant serving the Seventh Corps, Third Army, brought the cost price figure up to $3,798,428.76.

These goods, naturally, were constantly moving out, and, now that the roads were comparatively free, constantly being replaced. Up to the end of March, the Y had distributed in the Third Army, free, general supplies to the value of 5,966,-255.66 francs. This total does not include personnel, motor transport, or other overhead expenses.

For the month of February the Army's official record shows the following distribution of personnel and transportation of the several militarized organizations in the entire Army of Occupation:

	Y.	*R.C.*	*K. of C.*	*S.A.*	*Y.W.C.A.*	*J.W.B.*
Men	370	54	91	7		1
Women	169	82	0	11	7	2
Autos	49	18	5	1	1	
Trucks	33	21	8	4		
Motor-cycles	1	0	0			

The record adds that in the Red Cross figures here given are included the women in the hospital at Mayen.

By the end of April, the Y personnel with the Army of Occupation had reached a total of 908.

The Salvation Army, K. of C., Y.W.C.A., and Jewish Welfare Board, with their small personnel and shortage or absence of transportation, were able to profit by the willing help and large resources of the Y. Almost all the Salvation Army's hot-drink, cooking, writing and reading materials, Victrolas, movies, and so forth, and most of their transportation, came from the Y. The Jewish Welfare Board depended on the Y for garage service and general supplies the K. of C. for all movie equipment. And the Y Hotel Department provided or bought for the Y.W.C.A. all foodstuffs that it used in its hostess-house, delivering them daily at the door. The relation between the organizations was entirely cordial and coöperative.

Now, if you stop a moment to glance at the figures given above, you will see how great was the real dependence of the enlisted man on the Y for his pleasures and extra comforts in Germany. With the best will in the world the other organizations could scarcely make themselves felt in that big territory where one single division was stationed in seventy towns and villages and where eight divisions, plus Advanced G.H.Q.,

Headquarters and Corps troops, comprised the Army. With their small numbers the lesser organizations could concentrate on a few points and do good bits of work there. But the vast majority of the troops, although they might hear much talk of that work, would never so much as lay eyes on their uniforms. This condition was not peculiar to the Army of Occupation, but had obtained in France throughout the war.

The figures speak for themselves.

Thus, Army records show that on November 11, 1918 — Armistice Day — the Salvation Army had slowly built up its personnel with the A.E.F. to a total of fifty-seven men and sixty-nine women including its Paris office staff; and that after three more months had elapsed, the personnel had grown by only forty-one men and seventeen women.

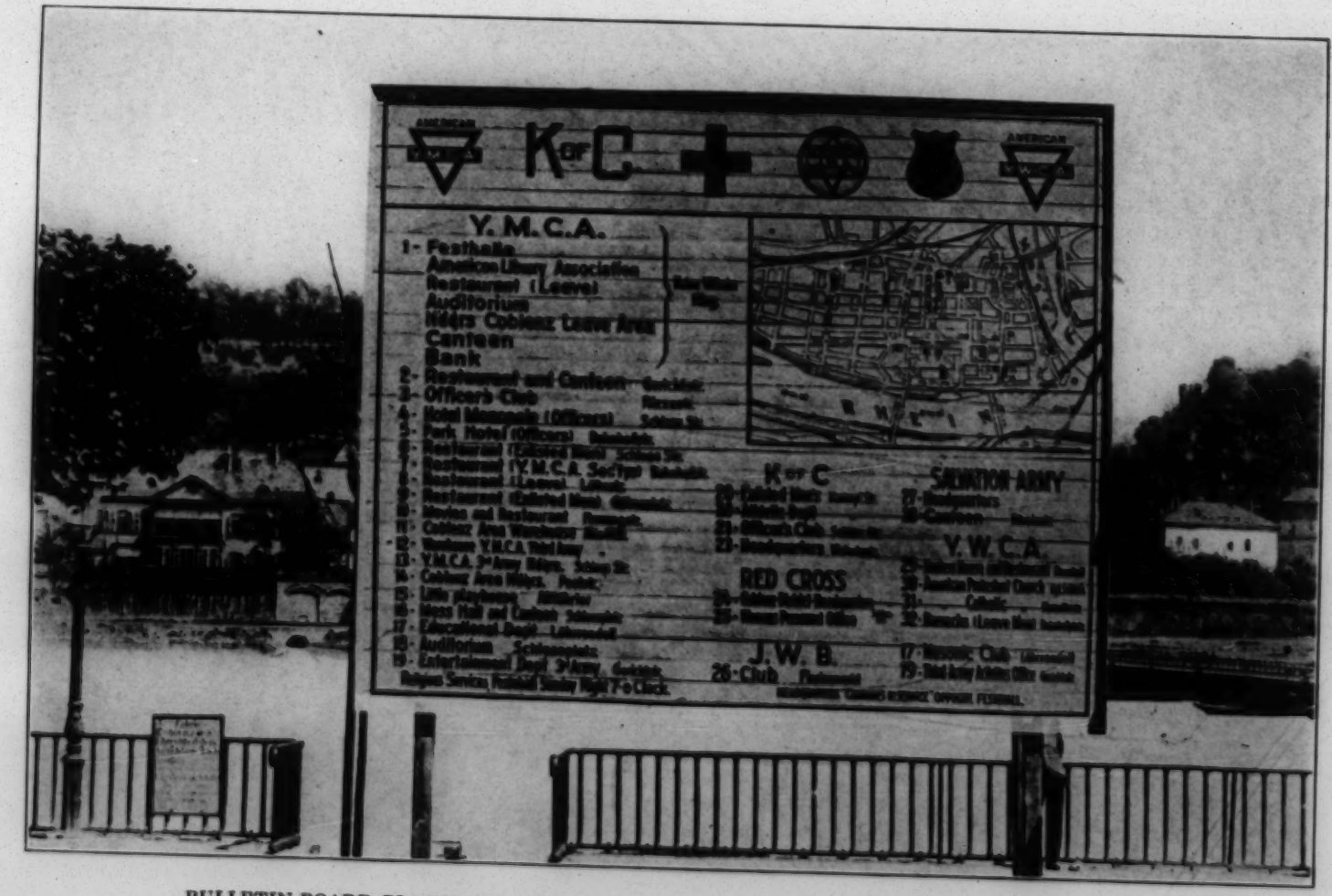
On November 11, 1918, according to the same authority, the Knights of Columbus with the A.E.F. numbered four hundred and thirty-four. On March 1, 1919, this figure had had been raised by two hundred and eighty-two.

On November 11, 1918, the Y personnel with the A.E.F. in France numbered forty-five hundred and ten. On March 1, 1919, its total had increased to sixty-three hundred and eighteen.

For easier comparison, these statistics may be ranged as follows:

	S.A.	*K. of C.*	*Y.*
November 11, 1918	126	434	4510
March 1, 1919	184	716	6318

Army computers have officially stated that eighty-eight and a half per cent of all welfare workers with the A.E.F., exclusive of the Red Cross, during the period July, 1918, to March, 1919, were Y personnel; not quite nine per cent, K. of C., not quite three per cent, Salvation Army.



BULLETIN-BOARD PLACED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY ON THE BRIDGE AT COBLENTZ

Thus, with the best of endeavors on all sides, limits were imposed by sheer force of numbers. How surely that force operated is set forth in another computation by the same authority, according to which, over ninety per cent of all welfare work, exclusive of Red Cross work, actually accomplished with the A.E.F. was accomplished by the Overseas Y alone.

Major J. J. F. Steiner, of G.H.Q., Army of Occupation, has already been quoted. His opinion, regarding the services of the Y, was precisely that expressed by other principal officers, his associates. Speaking on February 12, 1919, at Coblentz, Major Steiner said:

Transportation shortage has always been one of the underlying causes of difficulty. The efficient operation of the Y necessitated a higher percentage of motor transportation than was necessary for a like amount of Army traffic. The Army has at its disposal all of the agencies for communication. The Y needs two cars where the Army needs but one, because the Army has perhaps one hundred times as many telephones as the Y, as well as the command of telegraph and courier service, and yet is not spread over one bit more territory.

I have heard the Y criticized for not having canteen supplies up at the line, but those same critics all know very well exactly why our rations were short.

The Army has always called for greater results than any welfare organization could meet. It is natural that no one should be satisfied but it is also fair that the welfare organization should not be criticized when that demand meant larger and broader means for operation than the Army could either provide or permit this organization of itself to acquire.

As for free distribution of articles: It is my belief that, in the case of the Y at least, more real good could have been done by eliminating free distribution entirely than by the expenditure of millions of dollars for gifts of chocolate and cigarettes. Few people realize, however, how great a quantity of goods is and has been freely given by the Y, and this is simply because the Y furnishes so tremendous a quantity of post-exchange supplies to the Army that its gifts, though no small matter, are dwarfed by comparison to that huge bulk. . . .

I have never been able to purchase a newspaper from the Y, but have rarely failed to get one when I wanted it. I have been given in numerous cases both cigarettes and chocolate from the Y, and don't know how I would have gotten along if it had not been for the Y and the cigarettes I bought from them.

The big thing was, not to give the soldier cigarettes for nothing, but to make it possible for him to get cigarettes and candy when he wanted them. It was much wiser for the Y to expend a dollar on the transportation of a case of cigarettes than it was to devote that dollar to the free distribution of one carton of cigarettes.

As far as entertainment is concerned, I have heard criticism to the effect that the Y did not send entertainments up to the front-line divisions during the combat period. That criticism is met by the fact that the Army did not consider establishing leave areas up near the front, either. It would, moreover, have been the cause of a great deal of criticism had entertainments actually been provided in quantity, simply because they would have been a nuisance.

Now that the Armistice has been signed the Y has done a splendid piece of work in furthering the entertainment of the men.

It may possibly be considered at some later time that the entertainment programme of the Third Army was due to the Army initiative itself, but, as the Third Army entertainment officer, I deny it, and wish to give the Y a very high share of the credit for any success that has been made.

They started, in the Third Army, by developing, in general, a splendid organization. Such a programme as we now maintain could not have been put over otherwise. So far as the expenditure of money is concerned, the Y has never shown the slightest tendency to be niggardly; they have exercised, on the contrary, a certain generous economy which has made it possible for the money to go a long way with excellent results.

Chapter XXIII

Bookwalter Backed Them

Studying the Y work over the A.E.F. opened a series of human situations so deeply and variously interesting that it would be hard, indeed, to say which dozen outclassed the rest. But, for rapid transformation, for the triumph of will over circumstance, the job at Le Mans had claims all its own.

By the end of January, 1919, the old city of Le Mans was already hemmed about with camps of American soldiers — Forwarding Camp, Classification Camp, Spur Camp — just as the surrounding villages, in a wide radius, were crowded full of our billeted men.

And everywhere everybody was waiting, only waiting, just gloomily waiting, for orders to move to the coast and sail for home.

Even the city itself overflowed, what with headquarters troops, with the M.P.'s, with the hospital force, and the rest. And shortly a body of a quarter of a million men, so General Pershing announced, would constantly flow through.

The American Embarkation Centre, they called it all. Only — nobody seemed to embark.

Meantime, Forwarding Camp was a sea of thick, deep mud, where men marked time and cursed. Classification Camp, where incoming troops were sorted out, became known as "the Madhouse" — because there, also, men just marked time and cursed. Out in the scattered villages, the billeted men, too dull and disconsolate to endure the company even of each other, wandered in solitary by-roads, sat alone by desolate waysides, marked time and cursed.

In Spur Camp, only, reigned comparative peace of mind, for Spur Camp had to labor hard, as supply source for all the rest.

Meantime, the Y installed in Le Mans was making, it must be said, a very poor job of it. Excellent bits of work were doing, here and there, scatteringly. But the personnel, as a whole, rolled in the trough of the sea, without drive or direction. Weak heads were wasting the strength of their betters. An opportunity in size and importance second to few or none, lay withering.

For example, Central Hut for enlisted men — a large private house in the heart of the town, taken over for Y uses. At the end of January that Central Hut was a heart-breaker. It was dirty to the point of squalor. It lacked any attempt at brightness or homeliness that an outsider could perceive. It was disgraced by a canteen that closed with the suavity of a snapping-turtle at hours that must have suited the convenience of somebody, but which very far from suited the convenience of the men it should have served. It could scarcely have been more incompetent, more forlorn.

As you passed through the grimy front door, into the grimy entrance hall, the first thing that greeted your eye was a long, bleak counter, behind which stood one or more stone-faced figures as cheerful as Rhadamanthus judging the dead. As a matter of fact, these, if they were doing anything at all, were exchanging money. Now, the exchanging of money constituted a very valuable service to the American soldier; and a great deal of money — the local currency of numberless remote little French towns, generally useless away from its point of origin — was actually exchanged on that very spot.

But oh, the chill of those faces! And the frigid, forbidding desolation of the whole plant!

Boys drifted in and out — but they, too, looked dull, resentful, dreary. "Better no Y at all," one could not but think — "better the utter absence of any pretence at service than such a frozen thing as this."

At night, trains rolled in all through the small hours, bringing troops from the field, later to be marched to the outlying camps. Meantime, no place to rest. The town full, the railway station full, this miserable Y place early crowded. Deadly cold, damp weather, deadly "flu" all about, and no comfort anywhere.

"If only we could give them hot drinks and substantial sandwiches! If only we could give them hot water and soap, just to wash their faces and hands before they lie down to sleep! If only we had extra blankets for them to roll up in, on these cold, cold floors! If only we girls could be here to welcome them, when they arrive, looking alive and awake ourselves — instead of their being swallowed by mutes in a silent tomb!" So mourned Ruth Brooks, sorrowing over the place, frantic to change it, yet unable to lift even one corner of the weight that smothered it all.

Out in the camp Y's the same tone, as a rule, prevailed. Asleep. Dead. Unprofitable. Beyond, in some of the villages, the Y here and there was doing fine work, handsomely upheld by Army officers whose commands it served. But even there the lack of central stimulation and support could not but be felt.

In a word, the Y in Le Mans, like the troops there encamped, hung idle — marking time.

That was at the end of January. About a week later something happened. Carter, at last enabled by a shifting of personnel, sent down a man; — a *man*, named Alfred Bookwalter. The effect of that act was like the effect of laying a finger on the button that releases the power of Niagara.

Under Bookwalter's touch the whole feeling changed in the twinkling of an eye.

Bookwalter knew nothing about working hours. Nothing about conserving his strength for future use. Nothing about limitations. He jumped in and worked, body and brain, as if each minute that he lived held his last chance on earth. There was no end to his imagination or his courage, or his pressure. The people under him stood up as if by magic, shook into place and bloomed with vigorous life — flung themselves suddenly into the job with a real passion.

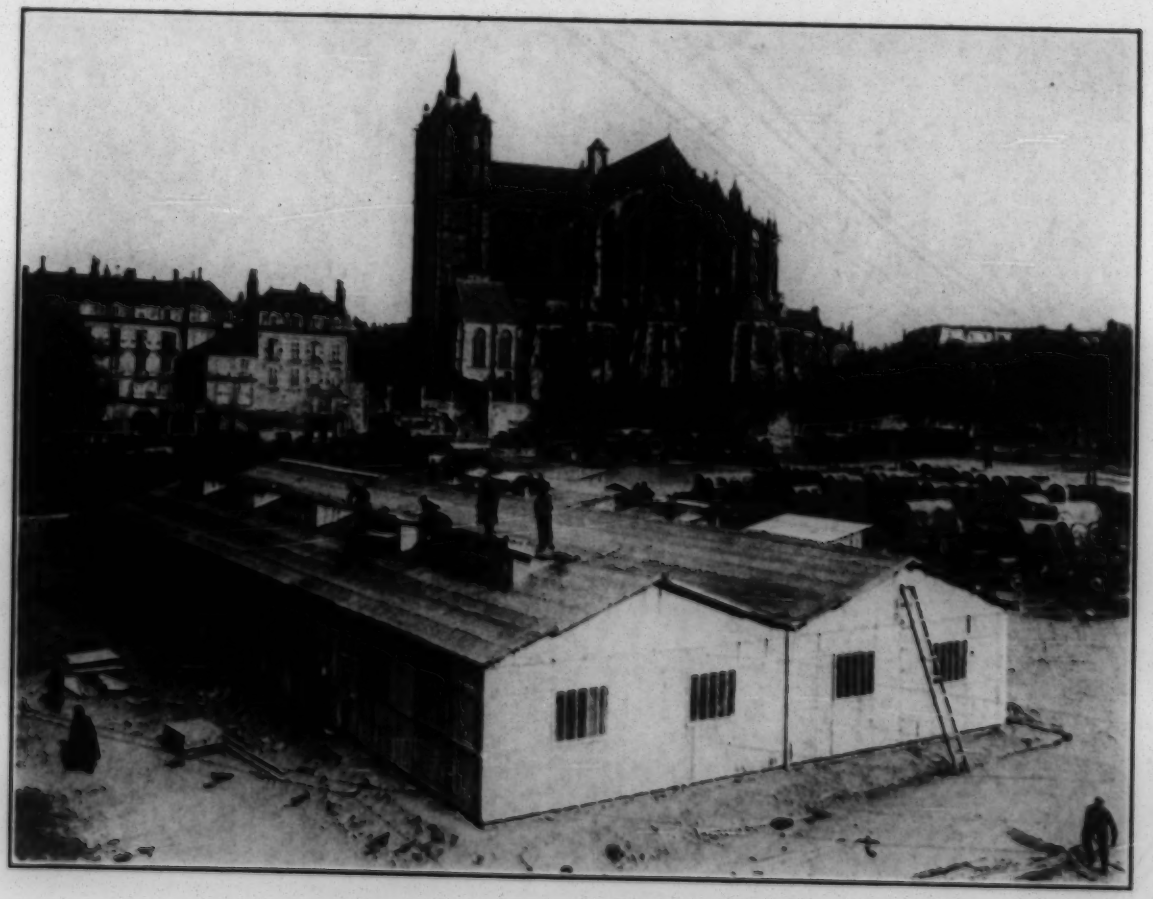
In two weeks' time you would not have known the camp.

"A fortnight ago I was ashamed of my uniform," said one Y woman. "Now I would n't exchange it for anything on earth. It means a smiling, hearty welcome from every soldier I meet."

Splendid big huts sprang up like mushrooms, thanks to the willing manual help of the Army who saw with appreciation the new effort afoot. The great York Harbor YD Hut, for example, was completed in thirty-six hours. A staff comprising women only was thrown into it. The service that it rendered was superb, as was that in the many other new structures that Bookwalter wished into vivid life.

Out in the camps miracles were wrought. In the Forwarding Camp, that fine officer General Longan, the while he scientifically did away with his own dull legacy of mud, backed and assisted the newborn Y with the most genuine and efficient energy. With his help the whole work took on the air of a well-planned festival.

In the villages, now, all sorts of novelties appeared — for instance, one of "The Count's" inventions. The Count, by the way, was himself an itinerant blessing, manifest now here, now there, always to dispense benefits in forms as original and as spicy as his own unique character. His real name was



Y HUT BUILT IN RECORD TIME AT LE MANS

Markward. He was a commercial traveller by trade, and came from Washington.

The Count, then, invented the idea of a one-ton truck, containing two or three Y girls "easy to look at," who can laugh, sing, and make doughnuts; one old man who loves men; a Victrola, and any pleasant little accessories available.

On a given day, a telephone informs some dreary little outfit marooned in a given village that to-morrow morning a party of girls from home will pay them a call.

Meantime, the girls are making American pies and cake and doughnuts, as fast as human hands can fly. For these are just plain Y girls, you must understand — not Entertainment Department people, but regulars — on the regular job.[1]

At the time fixed, they reach the village. The entire detachment, which has been keying up for this moment ever since the news arrived, awaits them in the middle of the road. The officers welcome them as a godsend, because of the cheer they will surely spread. Their truck becomes the theatre of the day. They multiply themselves to chat with the boys. They set up their stove, cook chocolate in a big boiler, and lay out the sweets they have brought. They play the Victrola, they sing, they recite, they tell stories, and do all the tricks they know.

And then, late in the day, when everybody is happy and good-humored, when all the lot are friends, the old man that loves men gives a plain little ten-minute talk about things that it does boys good to hear — religious, perhaps, but something anyway they welcome — something that leaves them feeling homely and softened and helped and stronger.

And so, at last, with warm good-byes all around, with scores of messages to be conveyed and errands to be done, and

[1] General opinion held that this difference should have been emphasized by a distinct difference in uniform. This, however, the Y could not do because of the Army's refusal to permit it.

with a promise to return next week, for another party, the old man and the girls that are "easy to look at," pack up and move on to the next station.

These stations, you see, could never be served by permanent Y's; they are too small, too numerous. Another army would be necessary to cover them. But the visiting truck can do much to break the monotony of dull days.

The Dancing Unit, consisting of fifteen young and deliberately pretty Y girls, with a chaperon feelingly described as "herself very far from unattractive," was another successful feature of the Bookwalter Renaissance in the Le Mans area. This Dancing Unit, during all the bitter winter weather, each day betimes piling into a big truck with a piano, an Army band, and a hot-chocolate apparatus, would move upon some isolated hamlet where American soldiers lay forlorn.

Once on the spot — and they tried to reach it early — their first task was to seek out its best likeness to a dance-hall — which might be anything from an old barn to a ramshackle, cobwebby theatre. Whatever it was, the girls flew to work at once, sweeping, cleaning, decorating. Then they set up their hot-chocolate apparatus, turned on the band, and gave a *thé dansant* to the enlisted men. After which they messed — with the officers as a rule, not to leave them out entirely — and gave another enlisted-men's dance in the evening.

For the girls it meant heavy labor. Living conditions anywhere outside of Paris were rougher, dirtier, harder, than peace-time travellers can conceive. Short hours of sleep, stiff physical exertion, and the continuous task of working off the accumulated energy of dance-mad doughboys, at the rate of perhaps twenty doughboys per "honest-to-goodness American girl," twice daily. No service was more welcomed by the men. And the girls loved it. But never think that it was an invalid's job for a holiday!

The Athletic Department, too, always good wherever it had the ghost of a chance, under the new régime burst into wholesale and spectacular efficiency.

As for that worse than barren waste, the Central Hut, the change that now struck it was as sudden and as complete as if wrought by a beneficent cyclone. With the picture of its former estate in mind, scarcely its shell remained recognizable. Little more money had been spent on it; that was not where the secret lay; but its spirit had been released from bondage. Two people had been given charge of the hut, who, like the old man on the Count's trucks, loved men and knew how to let men know it — Mr. and Mrs. Tait. And Bookwalter backed them. That was all.

They made the place clean. They got its worst walls freshly painted — by soldiers volunteered for the job — by soldiers who from the first would have welcomed that job had it been so presented to them. Bright calico curtains, costing nothing worth mention, now relieved the long windows of cruel hardness. Cheerful prints appeared on the walls. Good hot water and soap never failed, the round of the clock. Extra blankets were plentiful. The wet canteen ran all the time, day and night.

And Ruth Brooks, at last come into her own, and with a chance to work her pretty head off, beamed like a sportive young saint betimes enjoying heaven.

From having been a living tomb, an abattoir of gladness, the place had suddenly become a sort of Temple of Joy. And the charm that had done it, once again, was simply the change of spirit — the taking away of the dodos, the drive toward life and service that Bookwalter had thrown into his whole machine — the invocation of the power of unsparing love.

The visage of the place changed from moment to moment: Mrs. Tait in her little sitting-room, mending a uniform blouse,

talking quietly with some one boy who wanted counsel; Mrs. Tait appearing downstairs, on an errand of sorts.

"Oh, *here* she is! Come, now, mother, tell us a story."

The errand forgotten, a chair pulled into the centre of the room, herself planted in it, while an ever-increasing circle of lads forms around her and she laughingly racks her brains for some new tale to tell. Any tale will do. Her mere voice seems to content them.

Then Ruth Brooks and the others with her, working away at the night canteen, closely watching the boys as, all through the small hours, they stumble in, white with fatigue and hungry, caked with the dirt of the long, long road, weighed down with their packs.

The girls give them good, solid food and all the hot drinks they want — for the weather is bitter cold and raw; but they look out the while for other needs — for sickness, for swimming heads, for trouble of any kind — and use all their well-trained wits and judgment and sympathy.

There were quiet back-waters in the transformed hut, where boys by the many score lay sleeping — on tables, benches, floors, wherever they could curl down in their blankets. But the main downstairs rooms seemed never to sleep — never to stop their frolicking.

As, for example, the night of the 22d of March, a night exactly like other nights.

At one o'clock the whole ground floor is swarming with lads in khaki — lads who, had they not been there, would have been wandering around the streets of that strange, dark, foreign town, wandering into *estaminets*, wondering what to do next, wondering where to sleep — drifting away with strangers.

Ruth Brooks is feeding them, smiling on them. Mr. Tait is cleaning them up and bedding them down — in so far as they

care to accept that latter process. Mrs. Tait sails among them like a sort of impersonated Christmas-tree, shedding a feeling of festival. In the big room, at the end, a soldier orchestra is playing — will go on playing as long as the house stays awake; for the schedule, here, is dictated solely by the feel of the passing moment.

Suddenly a civilian appears in the street door — Mr. Ramsay, it happens, of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, but an absolute stranger to every boy in the room. Yet his coming stirs them all — an American business man, dressing the part, by his mere look carrying them forward to the old, new life at home toward which their thoughts yearn.

The stranger, silent, beaming, just a spectator, follows the sound of the music. The boys trail after, till the room has filled in his wake.

"Speech!" some one shouts.

The civilian catches the spirit.

"Gentlemen," he begins — and with that one word he owns them.

It is just the friendly greeting, the tone of belief in them, an assurance of welcome home. Then: "Say, now, let's sing something," and a dive into a tune after which the band plunges gallantly.

And the simple heartiness catches them fast — falls in with the general lack of restraint, the complete amity and confidence that breathes in everything.

"Come on, Spuds, *you* sing now!" a dozen voices call out —

"Aw! I'm so shy."

"Sling him up here!"

And Spuds, slung up, limp with feigned embarrassment, lands beside the piano.

Perhaps he is a vaudeville star in civilian life — this carrot-headed, lanky corporal of engineers. Anyway, he sings with

professional effect a song that sets the whole room roaring its chorus.

Quick on the last note Spuds fades into the close-packed mass, whose rear ranks now stand on chairs and sofas, or cling to brackets and window-sills. Another boy takes his place, tossed forward by the laughing, chaffing, cheering crowd, and sings his own specialty. Then somebody jumps up to express a happy thought, is heard in a spirit of lunatic levity, is capped by another wit. And so on through songs and chorus, jokes, and speeches, and songs again. The rush, the brilliance, the spontaneity of it all, pass telling.

On through the night it goes, the crowd gradually changing as the stream of arrivals flows in and as earlier comers, seeking out the upper rooms, at last coil down to sleep. And all the while a Y man — it is Bookwalter himself on this particular evening — is looking new-comers over, finding out their personal needs, shooting them hither and yon in cars and trucks, saving them from being A.W.O.L., or sick, or too badly broke, attending to them in as many different ways as their wants suggest. Bookwalter, worked to a shadow, looking like a ghost — but the happiest man alive.

Chapter XXIV

The New Recruit

Meantime, a really queer thing had been happening. It started on the 3d of December, when the Y in Le Mans was as dead as yesterday's stewed fish, and when its very limpest, deadest, and most useless feature was perhaps the Educational Department's representation. And it began, as most movements do, by the dropping of a high-explosive, in the shape of a human being, into a heap of punk.

Her name was Mabel Otis, a new recruit. Having only just landed in France, she did not yet know her ropes. The Y Educational Department's Paris Headquarters sent her to Le Mans, to report to its local director. The director — remarking that there was nothing whatever for her to do — shoved her off to the library in Central Hut, "to help tie up magazines."

"Magazines? *Magazines!* Why, we have n't any magazines to tie up," exclaimed Miss Bacon, the excellent librarian, and went on about her business.

So the new recruit, come to France to serve the A.E.F. (and it was not her fault, by the way, that she did not come sooner; Washington kept her six months awaiting her passport) — so the new recruit, come to France in the Y to serve the A.E.F., found herself thrown flat on her own resources.

"Well," she said to herself — "they say American soldiers like to talk to American women. I'll stand out in front and see if any soldier will speak to me."

But the first to address her was a Y man — another member of the Educational Department, like herself sent to Le Mans only to be turned adrift.

"I am an architect. I am supposed to teach architecture. But no classes have been arranged here. Nothing has been planned in any direction. Nothing could be more hopeless. I shall leave to-morrow."

He strayed away, disconsolate.

Then a passing doughboy tossed her a word, got a gay word back, and stopped to investigate. In five minutes' time she had learned, as the good fairies would have it, that this doughboy was himself an embryo architect, that he hoped to resume his study on his return to the States, and that an opportunity to work at it, here and now, would look to him like a lifeboat to a swimmer in mid-ocean.

Breathless with excitement, she fled with her new friend in search of the Y architect. By good luck the architect was still in the building. The two men seized upon each other hungrily, as mutual *raisons d'être*. With a flash now of surmise as to what her own *raison d'être* might be, she hurried back to her position.

Another greeting—another—yes, strange as it seems, another embryo architect. Again the flight through the building. And then it was that she saw the firm outline of her real job.

These two soldiers — these two would-be students, strangers to each other, came from different organizations, different camps — had had no knowledge of each other — had different hours of freedom. Undoubtedly many others, like-conditioned, were scattered here and there among the troops. They must be found, brought together, and their leisure synchronized — however that could be done. They must be organized into classes, and teachers procured.

Meantime, even as she thought it out, she was scratching ink on paper.

"Men interested in the study of architecture and allied subjects are requested to sign below," ran the words she wrote.

ARCHITECTURAL CLASS AT LE MANS

That notice, tacked on the wall, before the next noon had collected a string of subscribers.

On the afternoon of December 4, the Y architect, Mr. Coxhead, lectured to an interested class thus gathered for him. At the same time, Miss Otis herself, having crammed the history of Le Mans and having identified its points of interest of all sorts, began personally conducting ever-growing and ever-appreciative parties of doughboys through the town. Sketching trips with the architect started on December 7; and by December 20 the Y Architectural School had taken on so much size and importance that the Mayor of Le Mans granted the free use of the draught-rooms of the municipal École de Dessin for its housing. A set course included one week's outdoor drawing from the fine old buildings in which the town abounds, one week's indoor drawing from measurements, and a final week in the field, under the Y instructor. The completion of the first course resulted in an exhibition of two hundred and fifty drawings that would have done credit to any Architects' League and which drew crowds of interested French visitors. And it was the New Recruit who had pushed the whole thing into action.

Meantime, inviting applicants for other subjects, Miss Otis was rapidly accumulating names of men who not merely wanted, but fairly pined — the thought once given them — to study all manner of things. Building, Contracting, Higher Mathematics, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Salesmanship, Law, French, Drawing, Painting, Music, Harmony, Shorthand, Typewriting, French History, Debating, Agriculture, Accounting, Public Speaking, Advertising, Economics, English, Journalism — by the 9th of December, or five days from the birth of the parent idea, nearly three hundred enlisted men had signed for classes in one or another of these subjects.

Now, therefore, it was up to the woman who had started the

thing to find a habitation for the school, to secure the co-operation of Army officers, to arrange the classes, to produce teachers.

It was to the distinguished courtesy of the Commandant of the French Forces and to the Mayor of the City of Le Mans that she owed her school. Kindness itself, the Mayor handed over to her one of the best school buildings in the town, for the use of American soldiers after the hours when the French children occupied it. All its classrooms, all its typewriters, all its equipment of any sort, the Mayor placed entirely at her disposal from four in the afternoon to nine at night, when the lights went out.

On the 16th of December the Y school opened. From the moment of its birth it scored a success of truly sensational character. And certain lessons of no small general value could be learned in observing it.

"The men themselves have done it. It is their work — simply the product of their strong desire," as Miss Otis insisted both then and throughout the school's career.

That strong desire, indeed, fairly blazed in evidence.

But it is also clearly observable that, until this one woman came along, no one had remarked its existence. Now the force in which it presented itself was enough to sweep you off your feet.

Take a scene or two on an evening early in January, remembering that they were simply characteristic scenes, which might have been equalled or surpassed hundreds of times, either then or later.

Between six o'clock and ten minutes to seven, fifty-two American soldiers, drawn by the mere rumor of the place, walked into the little office to be enrolled for classes. Enlisted men all, they came from every walk in life. Some were professional men, some almost illiterates. All of them wore on

their faces such a look of mingled hope and doubt and hard-wrung purpose as told of conditions that, if ever we fight again, must not be possible.

Most of these new-comers moved straight on, into classes at the moment in session. But one little group of five, having registered for a particular subject and having been assured of teaching as soon as a teacher could be found, yet lingered about as if the very atmosphere of the place pleased them.

Miss Otis, meantime, was busy at her desk.

The office door opened and a non-com. entered — a strong-faced, soldierly type, somewhat older than the rest. The woman glanced up.

"Sergeant Calvin!" she exclaimed. "What luck! See, these men, here, want to study building. We have no textbooks. That I know. But what can be done for them?"

Now Sergeant Samuel Calvin, an established architect at home, had volunteered in the ranks on the day America entered the war, eager to get to France by the quickest route. But, by a turn of fate far from unparalleled in war experience, some accident had early detached him from his organization. Next, his papers had disappeared in their long passage "through channels." Now, therefore, through no fault of his own, he was a man without a record, officially non-existent, far more helplessly lost than any sane human being outside of an army could possibly be — unable to acquire a right to move in any direction, powerless to escape from the grip that held him month after month, wasting in idleness. Briefly, an able man, whose force and training were urgently needed by the Army itself on every hand, was condemned to "The Madhouse," marking time, lost among the swarms of de-lousing negroes, in a prairie of slime and mud.

"Want to study building, do they? Shall I try?"

Another two minutes and the class is in full swing, in

that very room. Sergeant Calvin stands by the blackboard. The five men have pulled chairs into a semicircle at his back.

"Any of you got anything special in view?" he asks.

"Well" — remarks one of the five — "we were all figuring on getting married if ever we get home. We'd kind of like to build our own houses, if we could. Anyway, we'd like to know how they'd ought to be built."

"Got any dimensions set?"

A second man pulls out a scrap of crumpled paper.

"Someway, it is n't easy to think about such kind of things — out there in the Madhouse," says he — "but I did draw this. I thought we'd have it about thirty-six by twenty-five. . . ."

The sergeant snatches the bit of paper, scowls at it a moment, then slashes at the blackboard with a bit of chalk.

"Here's your ground-plan," he says. "Here's this, and this. And now here's what you must look out for" — and with that he is away on points of drainage, floor-beams, planking, strains, and a string of tricks of the trade.

As he talks the five men listen with concentrated earnestness. Now and again one asks a question, always the question of a very intelligent layman — always to be answered with an earnestness as sharp as his own, and with absolute quick clarity. The whole atmosphere is electric. Any observer must see that both teacher and men are catching at the thing with a sort of fierce hunger to test once again the starving muscles of their minds.

Meantime, a little black-eyed Greek had come in begging for Arithmetic lessons. Calvin had tossed him two different arithmetics from the very few textbooks on the shelf. "Look 'em over and see which you like."

An hour later, the little Greek, his head between his hands,

is still boring with bead-bright eyes into these same two books, open side by side.

"Well, which do you like?"

"I want 'em both. There's things in both I need. Lady, I gotta learn arithmetic. *You gotta teach it to me. See?*"

Impossible to exaggerate the intensity of the man.

"Listen, once: In the College of Pharmacy, in Boston, I was studying to be a druggist when I got drafted. And I missed out on arithmetic. And I got married before I come away. And now my wife says our little baby 's comin', see? And — oh, I *gotta* get my examinations passed just as soon as I'm back. I *gotta* get to work. And if I can't learn arithmetic here — I can't pass. *Can't pass!*" The little man caught his breath with a sort of choke — "And that means a *whole year* again before I earn money. And the baby comin' — why, don't you *see?*"

"We'll teach you arithmetic," says the self-made head of this self-made school. "You come around to-morrow night and you'll have your class, never fear."

For that was her principle — to make an absolute appointment with the applicant, and then out of the blue to find the teacher and the class to meet that date! Never did she fail.

Chapter XXV

"Rescued by a Woman"

Meantime, in every room in the building classes are in progress. Below stairs, elementary and advanced French are being taught. Officers and enlisted men fill the place, sitting straight on, class in, class out, through the evening.

In the next room a class in business law is convening, when suddenly news comes that the teacher, a Harvard Law School man, now a doughboy, is down with flu. Miss Otis hurries in to see what can be done to keep the group together for the evening. The class of some thirty-odd enlisted men having heard her statement, a long, lanky private unfolds himself from a rear seat.

"Never taught school in my life," he drawls, in a soft Southwestern voice, "but I'm a law school graduate, and I've practised six years — and if there's any way I could help tonight, ma'am, I'd be proud."

There is not a law book in the place. The A.L.A. has no law books to give out. But at this the lean cousin to the Rail-splitter laughs. Coming down to the front, he starts in to ask questions shrewdly calculated to provoke discussion. Then, guiding the flow, he soon has the liveliest sort of a law class in action.

Some of these men are business men; some were actually lawyers before the war. Some want to learn outright; others to refurbish their rusty wits. They come from all parts of the country. They supplement each other's knowledge. The thing is live and stimulating to a degree far beyond the possibilities of any formal teaching.

SOLDIERS' DRAWING-CLASS

Another opened door reveals some twenty-five men drawing from models. A French artist, d'Heraine, himself a *blessé* on leave, is teaching. They are absolutely concentrated on their work. Some of it is excellent. None of it shows a beginner's hand. Drawing, to all these men, is clearly a serious concern. Suddenly the lights go out — leaving one little candle-flame to conjure big, black shadows in their place. A wave of sighs passes through the room — a pause. Then a shuffling of feet, a crackling of paper, an impact of boards — as men prepare to go.

"Does this really amount to something? Do you care for it?" the visitor quietly asks of a doughboy whose work is of the best. He turns a face yet tense with excitement.

"Care!" he exclaimed. "Good God! Don't you *know?* — If any one had told me, last week, that the Army could contain such a thing as this, I'd have said he lied. — Oh, '*Care*'!"

That very afternoon a private in khaki had stopped the New Recruit in the street, appealing to her uniform.

"Can you tell me where I can buy paint?"

"House or picture?"

"Picture."

"Yes; I'll tell you that if you'll tell me why you are n't in our Art Class."

"Art Class! I've spent all my money cabling and telegraphing, trying to find out how to get loose from this awful place, and where to go for an Art Class. I'm a Chicago Art Institute man. And I'm *dying* to paint."

"We have four men from the Chicago Art Institute in the class to-night. Do you know Ferris?"

"Ferris! Is Ferris in France? Why, he was my room-mate!"

Another enrollment.

With the exception of the teachers of French and of Art, all the staff of this extraordinary school were drawn from the

doughboy ranks. And every one of them worked without pay, for pure joy of once more using his mind to some purpose.

The bookkeeping and accounting classes were largely composed of men who had held positions as bookkeepers and accountants at home. Yet their experience had been overlaid by a year and a half of war. Their minds had been forcibly turned and held away from former channels. Now, on the eve of home-going, and with the necessity of fighting for their old livelihood imminent, they were perturbed. Bewildered. Worrying, lest they should find themselves out of the race — unable to handle their old jobs against stay-at-home competitors.

"Are you learning new things?" a visitor asked one of these men.

"No; I learned all this long ago. But I'll tell you what we're all doing in this room here. *We're getting hold of ourselves* — ourselves, that got lost somewhere in France in eighteen months of mud and discipline. Later we'll be ready for new ideas. Then that chap up there will give them to us. For he's a rattling good teacher, let me tell you. Business college sharp — camouflaged like the rest of us as a buck private."

Talking with Fritz Kreisler's accompanist, then a private in the ranks, Miss Otis learned from him that an excellent teacher of piano-playing, Kenneth Jones, of Madison, Wisconsin, was working as a driver for the Army truck repairs department in that vicinity. Knowing that she might soon need a piano-teacher, she sought out this man, and asked him to play to her. He showed her his hands. The whole of both palms was callous from the monkey-wrench, the knuckles big and swollen.

"For a year and a half," said the pianist, ruefully, "I've been trucking. See what it's done. I can't play now."

Then Madame Salmon, wife of a prominent French citizen of Le Mans, hearing the story, offered the use of her own piano for Jones's daily practice.

But Jones felt a little ill at ease in accepting the kindness. So Miss Otis betook herself to a musical-instrument shop in the city and asked whether her new friend might not practise there on an exhibition piano. The French shopkeeper met this request by an invitation to Jones to use a piano daily, at the same time extending the courtesy to any other American soldiers whom the Y school might send. Whereupon several more music shops followed that generous example.

Meantime, having succeeded in getting a piano for the school building, the New Recruit asked Jones if he would be willing to teach classes — a proposal that he welcomed with delight.

The next step, then, was to get him transferred by his commanding officer. His papers went to Tours for action and came back disapproved. Then his determined ally attacked from another angle higher up — and after three weeks had her man. Jones, meantime, had nursed his battered, misshapen hands, had practised diligently in every odd moment, and now was ready to take on pupils. Thereafter, from four-thirty to nine daily, or all the school's hours, he instructed a string of happy doughboys in piano-playing.

Then, one day, a private from Classification Camp — "The Madhouse" — straying into the school, showed his interest and delight at hearing good music in the building. And a question revealed the fact that the stray was Oscar Demmler, Musical Supervisor of the public schools of Pittsburgh, teacher of harmony, theory, choral singing, sight-reading, orchestra leader.

Would he take on pupils — become one of the Y school faculty?

Would he! — Would Dives like a drink of water, or Lazarus a square meal?

In a week's time his papers came through. He began at once with two classes — sixteen pupils in theory, thirteen in harmony — courses needing no apparatus — a happy thing where there are no books! Then, the new good fortune advertising itself, doughboys clamoring for sight-singing began to flock in; and the school's response to that call quickly developed a big choral class.

Next, a demand for violin instruction led to the exhumation from snow, mud, and potato-parings of a doughboy who had been a violin pupil of one of the Kneisel Quartette. That doughboy, after some rapid work between his captain and his new friend, became violin master of the Y school. Then a call for closer instruction in singing resulted in the rescue of an excellent teacher from the bread-ovens of Spur Camp; in much teaching of individual men; in the discovery of some fine voices; and in the formation of a good choir that sang thereafter at all the star occasions of the Embarkation Camp.

The work of this Y school, always picturesque, was much more extensive than can be here described. In order to appreciate, however, anything of what it really meant, one should be able to realize, as perhaps only an eye-witness can do, the utter depression, the weighted melancholy, the general low morale of the whole body of troops held waiting in the Embarkation Camp Centre.

The great machine that had been throwing men across the ocean into France was now to be reversed. All the big, nervous effort that had preceded the Armistice had stopped short. The excitement was over. A long, dull pause had ensued. Men had begun to fret and fear about their jobs at home — to ponder at leisure the possible personal cost of their war period. Mail service had been exceedingly defective. For many

months, in many cases, home news had been entirely shut off. Meantime, in America, the influenza had slain its thousands, and every man who had failed to hear from his family dreaded the possible truth.

"Cheer up! Your division's sailing orders are out," called a Y woman to a boy with the Keystone mark on his shoulder and with a face as sad as Despair.

"I don't care if I never go home. Last night my buddy found a Philadelphia paper, four months old. And it had a notice that my mother's dead."

"Please talk to me a little, if you have time," pleaded another lad. "It's about my mother. She would always write to me — my wonderful little mother. But her last letter was dated August and I got it in November — and now it's almost February, and not a word since. I — I'm afraid — to think — I'm afraid — something's happened — to my little mother — and the folks don't dare let me know."

Nothing had happened — except that the terror-stricken mother in America, during all that time, was receiving her letters back marked "soldier discharged." In June, when the boy was serving in Germany, both persisting in writing, communication miraculously opened again.

Under conditions anxious as these, with little but time-killing labor to occupy attention, and with sailing orders still delayed, a vicious circle of thought ground on.

Into which, like a bolt into a stagnant, unwholesome lake, dropped the freak-school idea, and stirred it from shore to shore. And the mere fact that the whole effort was the men's very own, inspired, facilitated, and furthered by a single ally's enthusiastic friendship, gave it a marvellous vitality.

The men of the Post-Office Department went on regular duty at six o'clock at night, to work till six in the morning. Then to bed, to sleep until dinner-time.

"Can you possibly do anything for us?" they come to ask. "You see how our hours cut us out of your school."

Miss Otis found them a classroom — they numbered eight or nine — she found them teachers, and within two days' time those boys had begun a course in mathematics — running from two o'clock to three, daily; a French course from three to four; and a course in shorthand, bookkeeping, and accounting from four to five-fifteen. Then they would hurry off to their supper, and begin the night's duty at six o'clock. They worked steadily and hard. They worked all the time. Were they worth helping?

One evening four Southern mountaineers came in from an outlying camp, bearing a note from their lieutenant:

"I have discovered," said the note, "that these men cannot read or write. They have not had a year's schooling in their lives. I have heard that there is an order that such men can go to school, but can determine nothing here. Can you do anything for them?"

Next day the New Recruit went out to that camp — beating her way on chance trucks, for she had no transportation as yet, and applied to the adjutant under whose charge the matter should fall.

"This is no time and no place for such nonsense," was the adjutant's response — in the hearing of the several enlisted men on duty in his office. "Why, these men of mine don't want *education! I* never had any education. The way to handle *them* is with the mailed fist. Besides, I've got too much to do to be bothered with rubbish."

He sat with his feet on top of the stove, as he spoke, smoking a corn-cob and snapping a rubber band at the spots on his breeches.

Just a species of dodo, again, in another suit of feathers.

A very large number of the student body of this curious

school daily walked long kilometres through mud, cold, and wet, foregoing their meals, for the precious privilege of teaching themselves and each other how to think again. As for the author of it all, she worked day and night, making each man's cause and case her own till it was satisfied.

At first, and for weeks, she carried with her own hands all the coal and ashes, made all the fires, cleaned all the stoves and lamps, and did all the janitor's work of the building, in so far as it concerned the uses of her school. That was in the Age of Dodos; for no dodo, of whatever plumage, had cared to facilitate that irritating energy. Later the men themselves found means to help her. Finally, she got an Army detail of orderlies, to save her own time and strength.

Said one of her doughboys of her — and his final phrase is quoted here by no means as evidence, but merely as representing a widespread doughboy view —

"She had nothing but discouragement, from anybody, to start with. I know, because I've watched. But she's counted to us for more than anybody can know. Of course all the material was here, all the time — the men and the knowledge and the brains to swap. But we did n't know how to find each other. We had lost our initiative. We could n't get our times arranged. We had no connecting link. And a common doughboy can't get anywhere alone. Can you imagine anything of what she's done being done without her?

"Oh, as long as we can come here, and talk our wants and our troubles out plain, like human beings, we've got a show. But let the Army once get hold of this — let an officer take the place of that woman, why — we'll have about as much chance, any more, as a cat in Hell without claws."

"My main job was carrying water-buckets for French charwomen. But I was sitting under a counter undoing parcels of cookies and gently going mad, when she came and salvaged

me. If ever I get home I'll write a book called 'Rescued by a Woman.'" This from the hard-working "Dean of the Faculty," head of the law work, himself holding his degree from one of our best law schools, and for eight years a member of the bar.

And then comes another sort of testimony, well worth quoting — the testimony of a humane and broad-minded officer, Major George Armstrong, commanding the One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Battalion, Military Police Corps. On Major Armstrong's efficient shoulders devolved the sizable job of preserving order among the A.E.F. in Le Mans.

"I am for the Y on general principles," said Major Armstrong, "because I have found that directly the wet canteen goes in, anywhere, there my work is reduced. As for this Y school, it has been my big ally in handling the town."

Later on, The Recruit, as Y Divisional Adviser, established a branch system of schools throughout the camps, with the warm coöperation of Army commanders in general, and with the invaluable friendship of the A.L.A., at last able to approach its original desire in the matter of books. But the great outstanding quality of the thing continued to be its elastic spontaneity — the quick, imaginative facility with which it faced every changing problem, whether of individuals or of conditions, and made good.

And herein again is shown the prime characteristic of the Overseas Y — the wide avenue that it opened to each man and woman in its uniform to do his or her best. Of those who had failed in Le Mans, in the earlier days, no doubt some had done their best. And some had not failed, certainly. But even the dull opposition of the feeblest had not prevailed to stall this woman's effort in any way. She had gone ahead, single-handed, single-purposed, courageously, with imagination,

humanity, intelligence, and firm will, to do her duty. She succeeded brilliantly.

But she could not have laid a finger on the job without the Y behind her — without the uniform to pass her along.

Such advantages as she possessed — and they were priceless — these same advantages every single soul possessed who wore the Red Triangle in France. What she did, every one could have equalled, had the meat of the matter been in them. In a word, thrice repeated, the great gift of the Overseas Y — the gift that the very looseness of its organization enormously enhanced — was *opportunity* — leave to strike out, to fight your own way — to play your own game, and to show by your works what stuff you had in you.

The thing was not handed you on a salver. Rather not. *C'était la guerre.* But you got your chance — the most dazzling chance that a lifetime could possibly bring you, whoever you were.

And the final result was nothing under the shining sun but a verdict on your own personal calibre.

Chapter XXVI

The Educational Scheme

Meantime, in many other parts of France, the Y educational work had gone forward.

In the British Army in France a most remarkable educational record had been accomplished in the long period of war before our arrival. This Carter from the first had appreciated, and observed carefully. And as early as October, 1917, he was cabling New York to begin at once to scatter through its sendings of secretaries a heavy proportion of the "finest type of instructors and professors from large Eastern and Western universities."

Carter, being what he is, knew what the words meant — used his adjectives with purpose. But, judged by its response, the distant directorate scarcely followed his language.

Then Carter cabled begging that John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, or George E. Vincent, President of the University of Minnesota, be sent with speed to map out the work that he felt so strongly should already have been far under way. At last — in January — they sent him Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University, who finally made a survey that became more or less the basis of later work. Submitted to G.H.Q. it received this endorsement:

> The Commander-in-Chief approves the project in principle and has directed that proper facilities be given for this work throughout the command.

It was much later still, however, before New York seemed really to awaken; and Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, of Cleve-

land, the backbone and enthusiastic, practical driving spirit of the greater educational work eventually accomplished, was not sent until late in August, 1918.

By the end of September, however, the Y Educational Department had over two hundred secretaries in the field. And if Carter's plea for quality was still sometimes interpreted by the distant directorate with a certain looseness — at least that calamity was not peculiarly visited upon the Department of Education.

As Dr. Spaulding himself observed, after a three weeks' masterly survey of his field: "This is a glorious opportunity, but an absolutely unprecedented situation. Nothing so fine, so big, has ever been seen in all the educational world as is this coming chance to teach our young men, with their high and eager intelligence, things that will advance them, and, through them, the whole nation. But the actual situation is exacting, as to the teacher. A man that might be fairly capable at home, with a well-organized system behind him, falls down utterly when confronted with these conditions. Rare qualities are essentials here — originality, inventiveness, elasticity, power, practical ideas."

And, he might well have added, a contagious enthusiasm, a buoyancy, a sympathetic knowledge of, and genius for the job, like his own.

"What is your strongest point — what do you care and know most about, yourself?" they used to ask the Educational secretaries going into the field. This in the days before the Armistice, when the Educational man had usually to take his share of general hut work, and to slide in his teaching wherever he could steal time or chance.

"Well — if you ask me — my real fad is bees."

"All right, when you get to your post, ask the boys now many of them want to take a course on bee-culture. You'll

have two dozen signed up in the first hour. After that it's up to you — just a question of whether you can be interesting. They'll flock to study any old thing you can name, if only you yourself are n't a dub at talking."

So generally instructed, one Educational secretary, arriving in August, 1918, and assigned to an ice-plant hut in S.O.S., found himself promptly swept into canteen work — because of the general short-handedness. But instead of settling down to that deflection — as not a few men did, "calling it a day's work," and letting his first mission go — he scoured about for odd openings through which to shove his original purpose. But he had no specialty — and, as usual, there were no books.

So, one night, putting his trust in Providence, he mounted the platform in the big hut, when the concert troupe had finished its show — and asked for a moment's hearing.

"I wonder," he began, "if any of you men would like to take lessons in agriculture. Maybe some of you might be on farms when you go home. If you do, the best is none too good for you. You want to know how to get the biggest return out of your trees, or your chickens, or your cows, or your crops. You don't want to go it blind, old-time farmer fashion, do you? Don't you want to lead the game?

"Now, if anybody cares, I suggest we have some courses of lectures — one on soils, one on grafting, one on poultry-raising, one on vegetable-growing, and so on. To begin tomorrow night. Would anybody here like to sign up?"

As he finished speaking, about thirty men signified their interest.

"Now I *have* spilled the milk!" thought the Y man, half-scared by his quick success. "Where are my teachers to come from!"

So he scouted about among his ice-plant hands for help.

And among them, before the next noon passed, he had found one of the faculty of an Iowa Agricultural College, agricultural instructors from the Universities of Wisconsin, Idaho, and Missouri, a specialist from the Federal Department of Agriculture, and a Davies Tree Surgery man — each delighted with the chance.

That very night the courses began. In the complete absence of textbooks, the men took notes like mad. All the following day you saw them hovering in groups over bits of paper, eagerly arguing, comparing. And so the thing rushed forward. It was a little Le Mans over again.

In the Gièvres District, S.O.S., the Y Educational Department showed for the month of September, 1918, the following record:

Classes	*Number teachers*	*Number classes*	*Number pupils*
French	17	199	3851
French History	10	55	1187
Shorthand	2	6	240
Mechanics	1	8	480
Agriculture	1	2	120
English, Penmanship, etc	8	91	3515
	39	361	9393

In many places Y classes for illiterates early began. In one little labor-camp alone, twenty-six men who had never signed their names before signed the payroll after a month's instruction. And in the fall of 1918 many men who had come over as illiterates were writing letters home.

Meantime, the organization of the Y Educational Department was constantly improving. Better men were coming over and some excellent service, like that of Kenyon L. Butterfield, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and member of the Y Army Educational Commission, was being done in the field.

Meantime, too, G.H.Q., fully realizing the importance of this work — a work that it felt itself entirely unable to handle during the combat period — was closely watching the performance of the Y. And the result of that scrutiny was General Orders No. X, issued on October 31, 1918.

This document, the result of careful joint study, explains the whole status of the Army Educational work at that date. It displays the Army as recognizing and fully endorsing the Y's already organized system and as committing entirely to the Y the standardization of methods and the establishment of schools. The order itself should be read for a clear understanding of the entire situation. It was later extended by additional General Orders, as General Orders No. Y, dealing with an increase of subjects to be taught in the Y Army schools.

As early as the first of September, 1918, the Army Educational Commission,[1] as the Y department directly charged with organized education was now termed, had taken up the question of securing the admission of our men to French and English universities and technical schools during the period of demobilization.

The response of both nations was most liberal. The Sorbonne, the Universities of Bordeaux, of Lyons, and of Montpellier were among the French schools that opened their doors. And Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and the finest of the British technical schools were so more than generous that some of them held extra terms solely for Americans, their staffs, from don to door-keeper, cheerfully giving up their own vacations to that end, while in others they actually crowded their own British students into the waiting list, to favor our boys.

[1] The members of this Commission were, Professor John Erksine, Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, President Kenyon L. Butterfield.

The result was an advantage for young Americans, most of whom otherwise could never have hoped for schooling abroad, that was nothing short of epochal.

Would that we, as a people, were not so willing always to be debtors in respect to these liberalities of spirit! We have scientific and vocational schools to which British key-men-to-be would gladly come. But how long have we been content to profit, without reciprocation worthy of the name, by the great gift of a great Briton! Cecil Rhodes's scholarships, alas, have no counterpart in America.

In March, 1919, two thousand United States soldiers, by arrangements made by the Y and sanctioned by G.H.Q., had entered British schools and universities. Two thousand more were registered in Paris. At Bellevue three hundred advanced art students, American soldiers all, were enrolled under the best French teachers. One hundred and fifty thousand men, meantime, had been studying in the post schools since the first of January. In the First and Second Armies, where living conditions were very difficult, Army Y schools had been set up in practically every village. And John A. Kingsbury, former associate of Mayor Mitchel, of New York, was building his Bureau of Citizenship with his accustomed drive and energy.

On the Rhine, meanwhile, Dr. Guy Potter Benton, President of the University of Vermont, was making himself a new record. For nine months a Y field worker on the advance front, he was now, as Y Educational Director for the Third Army, doing work of the same fine quality that had characterized all his varied war service.

Academic, agricultural, and vocational study throve in the Y Army schools of the Army of Occupation. By the end of March twenty-three thousand United States soldiers were actually studying there, under a very able teaching body —

many members of whom were drawn from the Army itself; while the work grew daily in size and importance.

And all the time, a corps of lecturers, giving any and every sort of instruction, from courses on international law to talks on South Pole penguins, was moving through the A.E.F., speaking as opportunity offered.

Mention of what had promised to be one of the finest fruits of the Y Educational effort — the University of Beaune — has purposely been left to the end. A sound plan had been built under which seventy-five thousand men, taking Beaune with its adjunct of Allery, were to be housed and handled at one time. These were to receive three-months courses of study under conditions of great advantage, and, circumstances permitting, might take additional courses. The range of subjects provided was wide enough to cover every probable desire. The thing was finely conceived, and, had the march of events permitted, its continuance might have been a great factor in the immediate future of America. As it was, a most promising dream there "washed out," with the sudden flow of troops toward home.

In the meantime, on the 14th of March, 1919, Carter had found reason to address to the Commander-in-Chief the following letter:

I desire to inquire whether you think that the time has come for the A.E.F. to assume the complete control and responsibility for the work of our Educational Commission. As you will remember the Y.M.C.A. undertook the responsibility of establishing an educational system for the A.E.F. at a period when the Army itself had to dedicate its entire personnel and resources to crushing Prussianism. The Y.M.C.A. was able to draw upon the American public for men and women workers who were not available for direct military service, who could assist the Army materially in building up a simple educational system which would be practical during hostilities and which could be expanded rapidly when fighting ceased. A demobilization

educational programme could only be made possible if a substantial educational machine were built up during the period of active operations. . . .

In view of the fact that, as a result of the preliminary work of the Educational Commission, the Army itself has now established an educational system as an integral part of the A.E.F., we wish to inquire whether there will be advantage in having G.H.Q. assume complete responsibility for the Army Educational Commission and its staff.

In placing at the disposal of the Army the service of our staff of educators (over five hundred persons) we desire to assure you that if you decide it is best for the Army Educational Commission to relinquish its official connection with the Y.M.C.A., we will do all in our power to insure that the present programme of lectures and classes supplementary to the Army school system will be maintained. In general the Y.M.C.A. will continue to coöperate to the limit with the Army Educational officers in furthering education throughout the A.E.F., and in helping increase the men's preparedness for citizenship on their return to civil life.

On March 25 the Commander-in-Chief signified his belief that "in view of the extensive educational system now developed, the complete control should now vest in these headquarters," ending his communication with this paragraph:

It is desired in conclusion to express the highest appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A. through its Educational Commission in organizing the educational work at a time when it was impractical for the Army to do so — and for the continued assistance, up to the present time, in the wise development of the educational system in the A.E.F. The large number of well-qualified educators brought to France by the Y.M.C.A. during the past year will be of inestimable value to the Army in its educational work, and this contribution is especially appreciated.

The 15th of April was then set as the day on which the Y's Army Educational Commission should be finally absorbed by the Army. Up to that day the Y had done all the field work, all the foundation and organizing work, all the hard and vary-

ing labor that made the Army's desire possible. It had found men to teach and to oversee teaching — good ones in the end; it had negotiated *liaisons* with foreign scholastic bodies — and, be it not forgotten, *it had paid all the bills.*

Now, on April 15, 1919, it handed over the finished result into the Army's hands.

Chapter XXVII

Our Beautiful Debt

It is one of the marvels of a war in which so much has been said and printed regarding American welfare work, that almost nothing has appeared, or even been guessed, of the American Y in England.

The work of the American Y in England was superb.

But, listen to this:

The one great factor that made that great achievement possible was the beautiful generosity, the unmeasured hospitality, the self-sacrificing personal outgiving of all classes of the English public toward American soldiers and sailors in their land — toward their comfort, their well-being, their happiness.

Even France, with all her kindly courtesies, produced nothing to approach it. If America is not to be shamed in dishonoring a debt that is in itself a sacred asset, then America must turn her eyes upon true things, and learn. America must cease listening to vicious, calculated propaganda, or to idle folly however unconsciously serving as its tool.

"Our next war will be with England," or, "We've got to lick the British next," says the returning doughboy. And the sympathetic listener, knowing no more of the underlying facts than he does of doughboy psychology, hearkens with wide-open ears, and innocently accepts the existence of a natural and righteous antipathy that "makes the doughboy hate the Tommy."

Just one thing makes a doughboy hate a Tommy, or a Tommy hate a doughboy — ignorance, the one of the other.

And ignorance, at home and abroad, is a ground in which any ill seed may be sowed.

"Have you heard the real meaning of 'A.E.F.'?"

The speaker was the wife of a regimental commander in the American Expeditionary Forces, a New York woman of a certain position; the time about two months before the Armistice; the scene a semi-official dinner given in Paris by an ally; the lady's hearers, alas, a group of British officers.

"Have you heard the real meaning of 'A.E.F.'? No? Why, 'After England Failed.' . . ."

The thing sounds incredible. Unfortunately, it occurred. And if a woman of middle age, of social experience and standing, of active military connection, and of supposed responsibility, could so easily be guilty of such an offence against decency, loyalty, chivalry, and truth, what shall be expected of the careless thousands of boys in khaki who repeat words put in their mouths? Who, boy-like, swagger in saloons and *estaminets*, spoiling for a fight — the fight that has been so cunningly suggested to them without their recognizing either the suggestion or its source.

"Have you heard the real meaning of 'A.E.F.'?" The contemptible speech had not even the quality of originality on that woman's silly lips. It was common doughboy patter all through the A.E.F., excepting among troops who had seen the British Front, especially among troops of the S.O.S. And, unfortunately, there was no one, in all the busy world, to appeal broadcast to our boys' better sense, to their proper pride and self-respect, against the slimy grossness of the sin that was using them.

"And when are *you* going to get into the fight?" tauntingly asks Tommy, exasperated by the effervescent jauntiness of his eleventh-hour ally.

"Now!" snaps the other, and hits out with two well-taught fists.

Hubbub. Outcry. Scurrying feet. M.P.'s of both nations. Partisan recruits. "International friction." Free-for-all scrimmage. Clink.

"Why does the doughboy hate the Tommy?" Because, on the one side, of long years of struggle, fatigue, and suffering, endurance of intolerable pains, steadfast, crucified; because of a vast and wordless weariness of all that is profitless and vain; because, on the other side, of a preconception that "the Britisher" is sure to assume a position of arrogant superiority, and of a determination to strike early and to give him no chance at the game; because, on the part of both, of a complete and artificially colored ignorance each of the other's real character.

Further and finally be it said, doughboy and Tommy did not hate each other, but, on the contrary, were the best of friends wherever they worked and fought side by side under good officers. And the longer they worked together, the stronger became the sympathy. One effort, one purpose, one sense of honor, one sense of cleanliness, body or mind, one mentally predominant blood, the bond, once seen, is greater than any prejudice. And it makes the world's one hope to-day.

"America won the war" can still, alas, be heard, in some unfortunate quarters. But our gallant troops who fought with the British never stain their tongues with that.

The Eleventh United States Engineers was our first organized unit in the Zone of the Advance — suffered the first casualties. Its first six months of service was with the British Third Army on the Somme Front. Then, after some two months' railroad building in S.O.S., it returned to the British and was attached to their First Army, near Arras and Béthune. This just after the great March drive.

Now, the Eleventh Engineers had a band. And the best thing that that good band did was to play "Over There." On the transport it had played it constantly. Every man, from the colonel down, particularly loved the brave, sharp, hurrying air. The whole command sang it, whistled it, made it its hymn. Then came the Front — association with glorious, sober troops who had suffered the rack of hell, undaunted, for three awful years while we flirted with shame; yet who now received us with generous, kindly refraining. And the Eleventh Engineers, warm with real admiration of its company, jumped into the job with all fours, like the good stock they were. Even the band dug trenches, laid ties, or killed Huns, but touched its music never.

Not until April, 1918, and one night in camp near Arras, when Major Arthur S. Dwight, D.S.O., bethought himself of softer things and ordered the band into action. The command, as it happened, was all in camp, just back from fatigue duty.

"*Tra*-la-la," began the old air, "*la*-la-la."

Instantly, from within the surrounding tents, arose a bedlam of shouts and cat-calls — "Cut it out!" "Rotten!" "*Shut* up, you —— —— lop-eared rookies!" and so on, farther.

The band stopped short, changed its tune, and peace followed. The major pondered. A day or two later the same thing happened again. Then Major Dwight determined to know the cause. Had not the Eleventh lived on that chant, all the way from Hoboken to the British Front? Yet since its arrival, as he now realized, not once had he heard it in any form, from a single man. Now, the regiment was almost ready to mutiny at the sound of the thing. Why?

"Well, sir," at last explained an old top-sergeant, reluctant, "if the major'll excuse me, it's because of the words. The Tommies might hear. Anyway, our men just can't stand it, sir. It makes 'em sick, it's so damn boastful."

"Nor did I ever hear it again," says Major Dwight, "except in British officers' quarters, where it was considered a jolly good tune — a favorite."

But, as has already been indicated, the really extraordinary thing is, the silence with which we have received and ignored one of the finest developments of the whole war — the attitude of the British public toward our uniformed forces in the British Isles. The truth, of course, is that our people do not know it — have never been told of it — thereby missing all the profit and joy of grasping a rare and generous friendship.

The most widely known bit of American Y work in England was undoubtedly Eagle Hut, for enlisted men, in London. The largest hut in the war zone, this plant covered an area of thirty-five thousand square feet in the middle of the Strand — a wonderful location; served anywhere between three thousand and seven thousand solid meals a day, and maintained a daily average of six thousand soldier visitors. It had two hundred and nine beds in its immaculate dormitories, and it contained every feature that ingenuity could suggest to make the place pleasant and homelike to an American boy. It never closed, day or night. Nor was there any hour of day or night in which its restaurant did not provide a hot meal. Opened in September, 1917, and a tremendous success from the very start, it ran like a perfect clock. It did a work beyond all praise, beyond all estimating, first and foremost for American soldiers and sailors, and only after them for any of the British service who might find room remaining.

And the whole priceless, elaborate, highly organized fabric rested on a single column — the volunteer help of the people of London.

The staff of Eagle Hut numbered over eight hundred. Of these eight hundred, twelve were American Y secretaries; and between seventy and eighty were business men, American or

English resident in London, giving themselves and their leisure to the service. But the remaining seven hundred and odd were English women — unpaid volunteers.

Now, the devoted, unselfish, steadfast service of these English volunteers, service rendered out of pure good-friendliness to us through our most precious possession — our boys — was nothing short of glorious. Every man, woman, and child of us should know it, remember it always, and be on the watch to acknowledge it — for, happily, no such debt can ever be cancelled or paid back.

The same work went on everywhere in England, and in many phases. The example at Eagle Hut merely typifies the whole.

The Eagle Hut corps of seven hundred and twenty-six uniformed volunteer women workers was headed by three Americans, Lady Ward, Lady Acheson, and Mrs. Robert Grant. But all the cooking in that big kitchen, all the mountainous dish-washing, all the table and counter serving, all the cleaning, dusting, and polishing, all the statistics compilation, all the bookkeeping, all the housekeeping, day and night, was done by English women.

They worked in shifts — the first from 7.30 to 11.30 in the morning, the last from 10.30 at night to 7.30 in the morning. A small corps of paid charwomen relieved them of the very roughest labor, such as scrubbing floors. But the main dead weight of a heavy task fell on those willing, those really heroic shoulders. And they sustained it not for short periods, not spasmodically or at their own convenience, but straight on, from the opening of the hut, without variableness or faltering.

Many of them were women who earned their living in shops and offices. Almost all of them were women of responsible places in life — with definite duties and occupations sufficient, in normal times, to consume all their energies. And they

were not now quitting those duties, but merely assuming a further burden, without any sort of recompense.

It was magnificent to see their steadiness. Women, for example, attached to the long night shift came to their job as punctually as the clock marked the hour, three nights a week for over eighteen months, without missing a single occasion. The "Green Cross Girls," organized from behind the counters of London shops, turned up in their trim uniforms, serious and sternly bent on doing their bit — a good stiff, sturdy bit — every night at 7.30 to serve through the evening, as well as on every emergency call arising outside shop hours. Stenographers who worked hard in offices all day gave two or three whole nights a week to the night shift service. Women of rank and fortune were every whit as personally faithful and laborious.

And it should be carefully remembered that all this came, not in the first flush of a new enthusiasm, but at the end of a long war that years ago had worn away all glamour — that had taxed, man by man, woman by woman, the utmost strength of the nation. Without it all, no Eagle Hut would have been possible. Just as, without it in other forms, nothing of the superb American Y work throughout England, Scotland, and Wales could have been possible.

For money, in those days, could not buy service, and without ample and dependable service, no such great enterprises could have been undertaken. As it was, the heads of the Y everywhere will tell you that the British, men and women, of all classes, literally paid with their bodies for our boys' comfort and happiness, counting no effort enough, no accomplishment enough while yet a further sacrifice could add to the well-being of Americans among them. The figures show that in Great Britain alone five thousand Britons, men and women, gave us their services as steady workers — unpaid volunteers. A far greater number contributed in every form

of hospitality to the welcome of our men. It was the more than coöperation — it was the extraordinary, unlimited self-giving of the British that gave us a piece of welfare work covering all needs and beyond all criticism.

The very make-up of Eagle Hut shows the truth of somebody's statement that "the volunteer force loved it like their baby." Every few feet of space in it had its own attraction, its own activity. These wonderful people, aided by the advice of the Y Headquarters Staff, had spent themselves racking their brains for new things to please and interest American lads and to create for them a home.

The news-stand by the door was loaded with every American magazine fit to read, from the best literary and scientific types to the most airy fiction monthlies. The English dailies, the "Stars and Stripes" and the "Union Jack" lay side by side with the Portland "Oregonian," the Louisville "Courier," the Baltimore "Sun," and many another "home town" sheet whose very title gave a thrill of pleased surprise to any American.

The booking bureau for free sight-seeing trips came next, and lest those who had booked for this or that of the myriad sights of London should forget the hour, a Y man with a megaphone occasionally dashed forth, proclaiming:

"Next party to see all over the Deutschland [the captured enemy U-boat] leaves here at one forty-five."

"Party for the Tower of London goes in fifteen minutes."

"Party for Windsor Castle leaving at two."

"For Hampton Court," "For Greenwich Observatory," "For the Mint," "For the National Gallery" and so on.

Close by, again, the Hospitality Secretary sat at his desk giving out free tickets by the bunch, arranging for sports and dances; arranging, too, invitations for dinners or for week-end visits in English private families.

Beyond, came one of the several broad, open fireplaces, where big fires blazed always bright, surrounded by huge squashy lounges and armchairs, every one infallibly occupied by basking khaki-clad forms. Half hidden, then, around the chimney-breast, half blocked with a group of palms and ferns, was a corner occupied by a low table with a rocking-chair beside it and an armchair or two drawn invitingly near. On the little table stood a pot of flowers, a knick-knack, a picture, a woman's workbasket.

"Mother's Corner. Do you want a button sewed on, or any mending done?" says the sign above. "If so, the lady in this room will gladly do it for you free of charge."

That pleasant-faced lady did, on an average, some twenty-five such little sewings each day. But for every boy who came with a loose button, came two and three just to talk to a kindly, motherly, sympathetic listener. And those talks led to long and various consequences. Including letters home.

A huge map of the United States, crowned with the legend "Flag your home town," occupied the next wall-space, bristling with thousands of tiny paper flags on whose backs boys had written their names and present addresses, so that old neighbors, coming after, might find their traces here. Telephones. A row of busy billiard-tables. A dry canteen. An information desk. Weighing and pencil-sharpening machines — not because they were necessary, but because they looked American — looked like home. Bubbling fountains. A string of writing-tables. More big fireplaces embanked with deep, luxurious lounges and chairs. More palms and ferns and flowers, always fresh. A "Quiet Room," full of soft light from its deep-seated curtained bays, as from its ever-blazing fire — full, too, of the laziest of welcoming chairs, all occupied by contented boys, dozing or reading, sitting on the middle of their backs.

Then, the dining-room, clean and bright, entirely inviting, where excellent and substantial cafeteria meals, at nominal prices, are always being well and quickly served to an endless line of boys in uniform. Fresh flowers here as everywhere. The kit-checking office. The Childs-Restaurant griddle-cake baking-table. The ice-cream soda fountain. The American barber. American bootblack chairs. A long battery of shower-baths. The fresh, airy, pleasant dormitories — beds eightpence, and clean linen throughout every day.

And finally, the theatre, seating seven hundred or more, a delightful room, where movies, vaudeville, or concerts are given every evening and three afternoons a week.

Now, with all the varied comforts and attractions, far more than have here been named, that filled the place, little indeed would have been its value but for the spirit that animated the whole. The devotion with which each individual helper worked, however hard or ungrateful the task; the sympathy and intelligence that those who came in contact with the boys brought to that contact; the sleepless good-will and watchfulness with which one and all sought for any and every nameless opportunity to be of use, made, altogether, the atmosphere that made the place.

"Just come from France?" some one asked a doughboy in the lobby.

"No. Just going back. Leave's up."

"Had a good time?"

"Bully."

"Where've you been?"

"Nowhere. Just here."

"Here? In this hut?"

"Sure. Never so well off in my life. Nothing to go out for."

No one could go to sleep at the wheel, in Eagle Hut. Emergencies made the food they lived on there. Each day's work

presented its thousand regular irregularities; but aside from those came frequent spasmodic moments like that late evening in October when Admiral Rodgers, entirely without warning, sent in word that eight hundred American sailors on leave from the North Seas Fleet would arrive at the Hut for breakfast at four o'clock.

Word went forth, on receipt of the message, to as many of the English volunteer helpers as could be reached. They responded like fire-horses to the gong. In the dark of four o'clock, when our sailors marched in, a good, hot, bountiful breakfast awaited them.

After which, of course, began the regular service of the day.

It is good to know, in view of these things, that the hut served our friends also, upon occasion, although only after our boys were placed. Thus, toward two o'clock one winter night, a British captain blew in with the statement:

"I've got my men out here, on the way to France. Could they get a cup of something hot?"

"Bring 'em along!" exclaimed the Y man with enthusiasm.

So the whole draft, five hundred little Welsh miners, dirty and tired and worn, tramped in and threw their packs on the floor. It took just three quarters of an hour to make ready for them, not the mere bread and tea that they looked for, but an extra sound, hot supper to set them up.

Meantime, happily, some of the hut people discovered that, out of the lot, one man had a wife and family in London, while another had his sweetheart there. Each, naturally, had longed to pay a good-bye visit to his own. But the captain very rightly forbade.

So two American Y men, saying nothing to any one, stole away, seized fleet taxis and fled out into the night — to reappear before supper was done with wives, children, sweethearts,

and friends, dishevelled, half-dressed, mad with excitement, bursting through every window of their respective cars.

Rapturous reunion. More supper. A true Welsh sing-song; and then once more the road to bloody France.

Welcome as were these occasions to the few Americans on the staff, glad as were those few Americans to welcome Tommies, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans to the hut, it is not a little worthy of note that the English volunteer staff, upon whom all the sustaining work fell, decidedly preferred serving our own men. They felt that Eagle Hut was for Americans. They had offered and pledged themselves to serve Americans. All war work was their work. But the service of their nearest ally was their chosen part. Characteristically, having put their shoulders to the wheel, they put their hearts there also — and they wanted to push that one wheel night and day, first, last, and all the time.

May we have the grace and take the privilege, for this and countless other priceless things, to show a worthy reciprocity!

Meal hours at Eagle Hut were: Dinner, 12.30 to 3. Tea, 3 to 5. Supper, 5 to 9.30. Cold supper, with meat, salads, and relishes, 9.30 to 12. If between midnight and four o'clock a man came in from a train, or on his way to a train, a special meal was cooked for him. Breakfast, 4 to 10. Hot griddle-cakes, 10 to 12, and 3 to 5. Hot drinks, and sandwiches all the time. Price, bare cost of materials, or less.

At 12 midnight, the quietest hour — the hour when an upset stage least could disturb the men — the night shift attacked the cleaning. While the paid charwomen, on hands and knees, scrubbed the floors, the women of the night shift — and please remember what kind of women they were, and why and for whom they were doing it — rolled up their sleeves and started in to scrub every counter and every table in the place with hot water, soap, and stiff brushes.

That task finished — and finished well — they rearranged the whole place, reset and dressed the tables for the early morning comers, and then settled down to hours of work cleaning all the silverware. Nobody ever picked up a dubious knife, fork, or spoon in any of the Y's in England.

A great American daily published, last winter, a long article dated "Coblentz, Jan. 5, 1919," whose burden was practically an arraignment of the Overseas Y. That article, the opening shot of the famous "wave of criticism," made, in the United States, so great a stir that the echo of it reached Europe before the paper itself could arrive by mail. When the material did come to hand, those on the ground and familiar with the subject as a whole could scarcely believe their eyes.

Then, after the first shock of surprise, they realized as they had never done before how little America really knew of any of the conditions at the theatre of war. For, had it known even the *a b c* of things as they were, that letter could never have made the very slightest ripple in the public mind.

Those of its strictures that were based on fact were so self-evident in their nature and occasion — our national unpreparedness, mental and material, affecting every effort that the Nation put forth — that their detailed mention read like an analysis of the multiplication table — just as informing, just as original in results. And its strictures based on fancy — of which there were many — flew so grotesquely far afield that one could only stand amazed at their sticking, point down, anywhere.

A good example of the latter type was contained in this statement, from the letter of January 5, 1919, above mentioned:

> . . . the Y.M.C.A. can save some money by closing, for instance, five hotels operated in London, *where there are no longer any American soldiers or sailors.*

By the month of January, 1919, most of our aviation camps in Great Britain had washed out, some of our ships on British stations had left for home, leaves from France, although slated, had not yet begun, and the big inflow of students was still impending. Nevertheless, there were in the United Kingdom at that time about 28,500 American soldiers and sailors, aside from the Army and Navy Headquarters Staffs, some percentage of whom was constantly drifting through London. The Y hotels, like Eagle Hut, were always full to their utmost capacity.

And if, pending the new influx of American troops so soon to begin, those hotels could spare a few beds to British officers, soldiers, or sailors, is there a conceivable creature in all America who would not have made them joyfully welcome there? American money paid, to be sure, for what money could buy. But American money by solid shiploads could never have bought for our men the thousandth part of what the people of England were hourly lavishing upon them, unasked and without price.

Finally to dispose of the stricture in question, showing the while how feebly it was based, it would be difficult to imagine a more conclusive instrument than the following letter, given for the purpose of this book:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
BASE SECTION NO. 3, S.O.S.
LONDON, ENGLAND
January 11, 1919

The service of the American Y.M.C.A. in London and in the British Isles has been and is of incalculable value. I do not know what we should have done without it. I consider the Eagle Hut, Washington Inn, and the Officers' Inn, Cavendish Square, each in its way quite perfect and of the utmost importance to the well-being and morale of our forces here. Each time that I visit them I see or hear of some new feature extending their usefulness, which is constantly growing in many directions.

The general care and housing of the American officers and men, the arrangements made for their instruction, entertainment, sightseeing, etc., have been of the greatest value both for their well-being and discipline while here.

The night street work is a comparatively new development of great significance and one which may point the way to an at least partial solution of the same problems among our civilian population in the cities of America.

What is true of London is true, in relative measure, of the work done all over the United Kingdom, in cities, small places, ports of entry, and isolated camps.

Few realize either the extent or the usefulness of the service that is being rendered, or its far-reaching effects.

I am all for the "Y."

Sincerely yours

JOHN BIDDLE
Major-General Commanding

Attention is directed to the fact that this letter, from the highest United States military authority in the British Isles, and the letter from the correspondent in Coblentz are, in the matter of date, nearly identical.

Washington Inn, to which General Biddle refers, was, indeed, as he says "quite perfect." Washington Inn, a specially designed and newly built Y hotel, owed its place in the centre of Saint James's Square to the courtesy of the Bishop of London and of other residents controlling the property, who, through Carter, gave the use of the ground, rent free. To detail the merits of the Inn would, unfortunately, take too much space. But it is safe to say that no one who has seen it will differ from the Commanding General's estimate.

It contained every feature that solicitous care could suggest, every comfort that a reasonable man could desire, dressed in the most attractive forms, yet attained with a skill that added economy to success. One hundred and thirty-six officers could be quartered there, each in a separate room. The

overflow, sleeping in Mrs. Astor's ballroom across the way, used the Washington Inn shower-baths and made the Inn their home. About two hundred and fifty American officers got their three meals a day in the Inn dining-room. A night cook provided for officers coming in during the night, or going out on early trains.

The price of lodging was four shillings, that of breakfast was one shilling sixpence, lunch was two shillings, dinner three shillings, and all meals were not only excellent in themselves, but specially matched to American taste. The kitchen and the storerooms were models of neatness and order, the housekeeping everywhere faultless.

Now the American Y.M.C.A. footed the bills that could be paid in cash and those bills were not small. But who paid the real price that made the whole thing possible?

Again, the answer: *The women of England* — a staff of three hundred volunteers, working in shifts, serving our men. Without them there could have been no "perfect" Washington Inn. And before the opening of Washington Inn the simple truth is that our officers, passing through London, slept like migrating birds, literally wherever a ledge would hold them — sometimes, for example, on the War Office steps.

The girls of the volunteer staff worked, as a rule, two or three days in the week, many of them coming up from the country for the purpose — which meant very early rising. But, as the whole place showed, the housekeeper was always on the spot. This housekeeper, the Countess of Essex, on her job at eight o'clock each morning in the year, and steady there all day long, ordered and looked after the preparation of all the food, kept all the minute records demanded by the Government Food Control, personally saw to the administration of every detail with the most complete competency, set

and maintained the standard of the place with a beautifully sure and invisible hand.

Impossible to over-emphasize the sincerity of all this work. Not one creature was in it as a fad, or for the fun of it. Each woman and girl of them all was doing her best, in all earnestness and honesty, without time or room for personalities — to help win the war.

Further to show the disposition of an English family at that period, Lady Essex's eldest daughter, Lady Joan Capell, had been at day labor since 1914, as depth charge inspector in a Woolwich munitions shed, while little Lady Iris put in six full days a week as telephone girl at the Washington Inn, from June, 1918, on.

There were dances and concerts at Washington Inn. There was peace there and quiet, there was refinement and the air of delicate living, wholesomely to remind a man that he is indeed a gentleman and an officer. And there were some very touching pictures, too, to be seen upon occasions — as when of a summer's afternoon the ambulances drove up from the hospitals bringing convalescent wounded to be wheeled out into the green shades of the lawns, for a cup of tea from hands so welcoming that they could not seem hands of strangers.

General Biddle's second reference, that to the Officers' Inn in Cavendish Square, brings up a different but equally pleasant memory. The Cavendish Square Inn consisted of four very fine old houses, one of which was the home of Lord Nelson of Trafalgar; all rented by the Y for this purpose, and thrown into one. Impossible to imagine a place more dignified, more cheerful, more comfortable and homelike. Big lounge-rooms, a large and well-stocked library, an interesting loan collection of good old portraits on the walls, fine rugs on the floors, music-rooms, billiard-rooms, abundant baths, a gymnasium — every feature of a gentleman's club, and

breathing that air of old established ease that gives such places their greatest charm.

Lady Ward, Mrs. Spender-Clay, and the Countess of Strafford launched the place, which, lodging on an average six hundred men a week, was always full to capacity. And the English friends of these three sponsors, rallying handsomely to their support, continuously lavished invitations upon our men, for dinners, dances, opera boxes, visits, and every form of hospitality.

The club itself, like all these Y places in England, was faultlessly run, again by grace of the same asset — an ample and absolutely dependable volunteer service by English women.

And here, in spite of repetition, once more it must be emphasized that the work of these women, of all classes, was absolutely free from any air of amateurishness, any hint of play. In desperate earnest, they were helping to win the war, doing their level best, like good soldiers. Here, too, as elsewhere, when nights were criss-crossed over with Zeppelins, when bombs and anti-aircraft shells hissed in the air, and bricks and mortar and glass went smashing hither and yon, the English women of the Y night shifts pursued their steady way to and from their work through the darkened streets, regardless of alarms.

The living centre of the Cavendish Square Inn was, however, a little grey-haired American lady, Mrs. Allan Nichols. Everybody's pal and mother, with a quick and kindly wit, an endless humor, a strong social faculty and training, and the warmest of hearts, Mrs. Nichols threw an atmosphere of home about the place that easily tripled its value. Officers of all ranks, from admirals to ensigns, from generals to second lieutenants, flocked to the place, and, as between the two, her care was all for the feet on the first rungs of the ladder.

"Indeed, sir, you will *not* rank that little lieutenant boy

THE COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD AT THE Y AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON

IN EAGLE HUT

out of his room!" she once indignantly flung at a general who had casually announced his intention to exert his supposed privilege. "The Army is n't running this place. That boy has done just as much for his country as you have, every bit, and he needs a comfortable home lots more than you do. *He stays exactly where he is, sir.* He was here first."

And the general, being rather more than less of a real person, took it like a man.

Stories explain Mrs. Nichols and her Y better than any mere adjectives. Take, for example, what happened early one lovely afternoon in the summer of 1918.

It began with a splintering crash just outside. Mrs. Nichols ran to the window. A green-grocer's horse was bolting around the corner of the Square, shedding baskets and parcels from the tail of his cart. Two nursemaids, bonnet-strings in the breeze, were wildly shooting their respective prams in opposite directions through uncharted space. One of the prams, incidentally, was full of twins. The jags and dust of a smashed bottle, evidently thrown from the window above, occupied the centre of the street. One look at it all, and Mrs. Nichols flew for the stairs.

Halfway up, she met an American Y man, one of the house staff, descending.

"Come along!" she panted. "I think some one needs us, up there."

"Oh, I heard!" exclaimed the Y man — and even in the haste of the moment she noticed his perturbation. "I was just going down to call a valet. I don't know but maybe he's drunk. And if he is, *I* would n't know how to handle him, you see. I'd be afraid."

The little lady stopped in her flight just long enough to deal with that case where it happened.

"So — *you'd* let a valet see an American officer drunk,

would you! Well, you will send no valet, and you'll stay where you are. I'll attend to this alone, whatever it is."

She did attend to it alone, and well, and thoroughly, whatever it was, however widely it differed from that feeble-hearted diagnosis. But that is another story. The point, here, is simply the contrast of spirit.

And then there was that flame-headed Texan aviator lad, whom every one called "Red-Top," and who, on his job as "ferryman," was constantly flying planes to France.

One rainy Sunday morning Mrs. Nichols had settled into her usual place in the entrance hall, to work at her desk and to welcome new-comers as they drifted along, when Red-Top came and joined her there.

"Do you know, every time that door opens, it gives me a tremendous thrill," she confided to him, thinking aloud, "because I know somebody's brother or son or husband has his foot on the sill. And *I'm* going to see him for that other woman, who would give anything in the world for what I have — in just this one chance. And I can try to do for him what she'd want done — what I'd want done for my own boy, that is out on the sea, maybe fighting, this day."

"And I," said Red-Top — "why, I — seem most to want to sit and look at you."

Mrs. Nichols laughed. But time passed, and still the boy sat there, truly enough with his eyes on her face.

At last she felt in it something particular. "Tom, why don't you go out? You don't really want to sit around like this all day, do you? Got a headache?"

"Let me stay, please. I — someway — I want my mother — want her so awfully bad. Please let me just stay — and look at you."

Later on, it made her vaguely uneasy.

"Still fascinated?" she asked him, jestingly.

"Yes."

Then came a message telling of an accident befallen one of the *habitués* of the Inn.

"Oh, I'd like to go to see everybody that is hurt — every boy of them all," she sighed. "But they won't let me, Tom. They say I'm needed here, and that it would take me too much off my job."

Red-Top turned suddenly grim earnest:

"None of that for me, little mother. When I'm hurt, *you come straight along!* Promise — *promise!* No matter who tries to stop you, little mother — *you come straight along!*" And he said it again and again, clutching her hand.

Then, with the words on his lips, because his time was up, he went away into the rain.

Two hours later he was dead.

They buried him in our own little place, just outside London — such a bare, forlorn little place that no one as yet had found time to care for. And his "little mother," carrying a great armful of long-stemmed American Beauties, went with him to the very end — of this small world.

Two of the dead boy's comrades — one of them having himself but three days left on earth — two more Y people, and an American chaplain — those six made all the funeral cortège.

"There are three more bodies to bury, sir. Americans. There's a bit of delay in bringing them up. But they'll be here very shortly. Will you wait?" Thus the caretaker of the ground to the chaplain as he entered.

"Officers?"

"No, sir. Enlisted men."

The chaplain, prayer-book in hand, strode ahead.

Over Red-Top's grave the service was duly read.

". . . O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

". . . Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the Kingdom prepared for you. . . . and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all — evermore. . . ."

She had hidden the raw earth fresh-heaped above him — hidden it deep under glorious roses. The others had turned away.

Now, alone, on her knees she was silently telling the boy for the hundredth time, though the tears would not stay back — telling him how she, too, knew in her very soul that between true friends there could be no good-bye. For love is life eternal — life eternal. . . . But the sound of heavy steps aroused her.

Stretcher-bearers — tramp — tramp — the bodies of the three enlisted men.

A moment she still knelt, watching. They lowered the coffins into the waiting pits. Then they paused. The chaplain had lingered, hesitating —

"No," he said aloud. "I'm not going over it all again. Here" — and he picked up a bit of mould. "Earth to earth — ashes to ashes — dust to dust." . . . With each phrase he dropped a pinch of clay upon a coffin lid.

Then he went his way.

The watcher rose — but for once her quick tongue failed her. Something pressed too hard in her throat. Till the graves were filled she stood beside them. Then she stole back to her own boy.

"Tom," she whispered, "you want to share your roses, don't you, dear? Well, then, you shall. I'll take them for you. I'll take them for you, honey, look! . . ."

So then she gathered them together again in all their red magnificence, divided the heap into four, and laid a sheaf over each stilled heart.

Chapter XXVIII

How can We Thank Them?

Another American woman, Mrs. Francis E. Powell, wife of the President of the Anglo-American Oil Company, ran four most successful little Y hotels on Montague Street. These had been bought outright by the American Y, in order to secure their use for our enlisted men, more particularly for those of the Navy.

Pleasant old houses, always warm, always bright, always showing the hourly care of a genius at home-making, they could lodge about four hundred men. And they never lacked their full quota of American uniforms, largely drawn from the non-commissioned officers of the Headquarters Staffs.

Here as elsewhere in the American Y's in Great Britain, the whole emphasis fell on the note of home. No schedule existed. No one was ever told that meals were over, or that he must vacate his room at a given time. If he came in hungry, at some unearthly hour, he was as sure of a good snack as he would have been in his own mother's house. If he wanted to sleep into the afternoon, or all day, he was put into some quiet back room, and protected in his peace. And when he waked up, whenever that might be, he was welcome to have his breakfast in bed.

The bedrooms, the quiet rooms, the lounges, one and all, looked like home at its cosiest. Big, soft chairs, deep sofas, bright chintzes, warm-toned rugs, lamps, books, pictures, flowers everywhere, and the feeling of established ownership on the part of every denizen of the house. A visitor felt himself an intruder there. A visitor's question as to the value of

the place grated on his ears, even as he spoke. Would you ask a man, in his very home, whether or not that home seemed good to him?

And the affection of the boys who frequented the place for Mrs. Powell herself was pleasant to see.

"A lot of us spent the week-end with her, at her home in Surrey. It's a dandy place. Oh, of course, we often do that — but we thought last night she looked tired. She does work so hard! We got worried about her and asked her not to get up this morning — but there she was at breakfast to see us off, as fresh as paint and as bright as a button, and I reckon she'll be in soon — in spite of everything. Gee! she's a wonder! And good to us!" Thus a blue-jacket on Monday morning, in the pride of possession.

And in the dusk of evening, in the hour between firelight and lamplight, when tea came in with its steaming kettle, its bright, thin china, its big plates of bread and butter and cake, its jars of jam, and the lads gathered around pretty, gay, motherly Mrs. Powell, or one of her staff, for a happy hour, you got in little then the flavor of the whole.

In all these Y's tea came by nature and without price, just as fires blazed always in the warm, comfortable rooms. For herself, England was economizing every shovelful of coal. In a frozen English hotel bedroom you got a fire only by showing a doctor's written requisition. In frozen English hotel lobbies people plotted and schemed for a chance to thaw their toes for five minutes before the solitary handful of red coals in one sole grate. In English homes the family hovered around the single fire in the house — and froze. But all the while our Y got all the coal we could desire, to make our boys, the guests of England, comfortable.

Other American Y hotels there were in London — as the Palace and the Grafton, for officers or for men. The charges in

all these places were very low. But it is safe to say that the service rendered, thanks to practical British generosity, could not at any price have been improved upon. And what their aggregate contribution signified can scarcely be understood except by those who with their own eyes saw London in war-time.

Adequately to describe the work done in the name of the American Y.M.C.A. in Great Britain for our men, whether of the land, sea, or air forces, would require a book in itself. Adequately to acknowledge our happy indebtedness to the English, Scotch, and Welsh for their great share in that work would tax any skill. From simple lack of space, therefore, this little hint, with its slight and very imperfect detail, is confined to the London work only. Outside that boundary lies all the great field of the secondary cities, as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Southampton; of the nine Rest Camps; of the Lumber Camps; of the Mine-Layers' stations in the far, bleak North; and of the eighty-three Aviation Centres. In each of these places, the work was a joy to see.

Writing of the Aviation Centres, Major Russell W. Bryant, Aviation Personnel officer, preëminently familiar with the subject in hand, under date of Headquarters, Base Section Number 3, November 20, 1918, said:

> . . . The Y.M.C.A. not only has greatly enhanced the comfort, welfare, and happiness of our men, but has in its many activities increased their efficiency in their work.
>
> I have only the highest praise and admiration for the remarkable results achieved by the Y.M.C.A. in England, and desire to make a most grateful acknowledgment of its immensely valuable services, rendered in a most helpful, systematic, and encouraging way.

That the Navy was not neglected, in the work so cordially acclaimed by the Army and by the Air, is shown in this statement from Colonel L. McCarty Little, of the Marines, Chief

of the Welfare Section, dated U.S. Navy Headquarters, London, January 10, 1919:

The coöperation of the American Y.M.C.A. with my section has been excellent. It has answered our every call, never once failing us. It has helped us in many directions, liberally providing entertainments of various sorts, books, music, and movies. The ready assistance of its athletic department especially has been of enormous profit to us. We have frequently called upon the Y.M.C.A. to install huts or hotels or to bring other forms of service here and there, as new needs arose, and the response has invariably been quick, certain, and efficient. We have made suggestions for improving the Y methods to suit the Navy's changing occasions, and all our suggestions have received prompt honor.

By able tuition received in special classes in Y huts a considerable number of our blue-jackets have been prepared for advanced ratings or for Annapolis entrance examinations. And we are looking forward to an extension of the higher educational project arranged by the Army in conjunction with the Y.M.C.A. so that it may include Navy as well as Army.

Complaints against the Y.M.C.A. occasionally come to us from our personnel. We have carefully looked into these complaints, but never have found them justified. We have discovered no self-seeking, no shirkings, and no taint of religiosity.

The service rendered by the American Y.M.C.A. to the American Navy is diligent, generous, unselfish, intelligent, beyond criticism. We could not do without it.

It would be unjust, however, to praise the efforts of the American Y.M.C.A. and not to mention the excellent work and ability shown by Mr. Ewing, Mr. MacNaughton, Lady Ward, and the Countess of Essex.

This statement has the sanction of Admiral Sims.

To which Admiral Sims himself on the 17th of the month following added:

I would like you to know that the Young Men's Christian Association has been of the greatest possible assistance and benefit to the U.S. Naval Forces operating in European waters.

Of the two American Y men named by Colonel Little for special recognition, Mr. MacNaughton was the Athletic Director for the Navy, Mr. Ewing the Secretary for the United Kingdom.

Carter, it will be remembered, originally blocked out the whole work in the British Isles.

Then, the entire Overseas job being laid upon his shoulders, Carter delegated the immediate charge of the United Kingdom's work to Mr. R. L. Ewing, his old associate in India and a regular Y.M.C.A. man of long service. Thereafter, although retaining the ultimate responsibility and general supervision, Carter left Ewing a free hand. And the work that Ewing did more than justified his chief's judgment.

Ewing had, to be sure, his own troubles — as with human lemons shipped under misleading invoices from home. The ultimate small minority of such sour fruit shown on his counters led you, however, sharply to suspect that he seized his geographical advantage, and, as lemons landed, tossed most of them over to France. But, were this true, it could not enter your mind to blame him therefor. If his own job had any flaws, no outsider could find them. And it would have been an international catastrophe to mar so perfect, so significant a thing for the sake of a few lemon-skins and dodo feathers.

The men and women that Ewing retained on his staff were, with very few exceptions, star workers. And the dash and rush of their performance was fine to see. You felt it in the outmost antennæ of the machine. Beverly Jones, up in the far-north wilderness with his lumbermen; Miss Frick, at the Officers' Club, and Miss Sullivan, with her enlisted men's social club, both at Plymouth; Miss Butt, at Barry Docks, Cardiff, doing a little gem of a job; Clifton C. Martin, at Liverpool; J. P. Neal, at Knotty Ash Camp; Lady Ward, whose complete devotion, executive ability, and sound judgment were every-

where acknowledged; Jack Coombe, good man, plucked from the Curtis Publishing Company's welfare work, and now rejoicing like a young ram in his Y Leave Department that covered all Great Britain with American boys — rejoicing because of his glorious success and because, as he said, "You've got *everything* to work with here" — to mention these is to do the inevitable. A good story could be written about the work of any one of them. Yet no one book could do much more than catalogue names, were it to attempt to point out all those whose service earned honorable mention.

Even of the aspects of the Anglo-American effort in large but few have been even mentioned. Nothing has been said of the great prisoners-of-war work, to which Ewing devoted so efficient and so earnest an attention; nothing of the invaluable service, again performed by our tireless British friends, in connection with each railway train arriving in London at hours of night when no public conveyances could be got at the station. It was British volunteers — women, assisted sometimes by lads too young for service at arms — who met each such train, in Y service cars, and who took our stray arrivals through the strange, black, deserted town to safe and comfortable lodgings. Nothing of the fine night-long patrol work, by which our men were taken off the street by hundreds and conveyed by half-hourly lorry-loads to good sleeping-quarters that, by themselves, they could never have found in that desperately overcrowded city. Nothing of scores of other no less beautiful and essential things, that went forward daily under our Overseas Y direction.

So, as time passed, it was no surprise to those who knew the workers, the work and the field, still to hear unalloyed approval from our ranking officers in the United Kingdom concerning the service of the Y. But up on the banks of the Moselle, at the headquarters mess of a division occupying over

threescore forlorn little German hamlets, one got comments like this:

"If you want an example of the folly of that damn Y, look at us, here, without anything like enough Y service, while up there in England they've got it to burn. Take London. To most of our men a trip to London is the spree of a lifetime. London in itself is the show of the world. And yet the Y piles things on in London — and leaves us here unserved."

"As you imply," was the answer, "it is an unending pity that the Overseas Y was not so backed and equipped in every way that it could cover the whole big field. The American Y work in Great Britain shows the calibre of what Carter would have designed and put through everywhere, given proper support.

"But you are madly wrong when you say that that work is not needed in London. It is infinitely more needed there, if you must come to comparisons, than it is in the loneliest German hill village or in the grimmest ruin of France. Your men, here, cannot get into much permanent trouble. But to send them on leave to London without the Y or some equal power for good, ready on the spot to meet them, would be a murderous, stupid crime. If your worldly experience does not tell you that, then it can be proved to you by any sort of proof you require."

Were such proof required, it could have been got in some half-hour around midnight in Leicester Square, as quickly as in any other place.

Take, for example, a cold, wet winter's night. The street is full of khaki — Australians, Americans, Tommies, Canadians, slogging along in the rain and slop, dog-tired, strangers, and nowhere to go, with their heavy kits on their backs.

Where are they, exactly? They don't know. Where are they bound for? They don't know. Where will they sleep that

night? Heaven alone can tell — if Heaven cares. Hungry? Yes. Weary? *Yes.* Fed up? Fed — *up!*

Every hotel is full. It is too late to go to a show. And even if you did go to a show, what next? Strangers in the place — and nowhere to go. And the rain — the rain — the eternal rain — and the cold — and the darkness — and never a friendly face.

It is stated that there are two hundred and fifty thousand women in the streets of London, nightly, hunting as a matter of business for men like these. Look for yourself. You will see that every man is addressed twenty times, to be conservative, for every block he walks. And he is wet and cold and hungry and tired and a stranger, and fed up with men and war and noise and horror — with all things as they have been, these endless, hateful months in ghastly, livid, crashing France.

And here — in the house of his friends — if no friend is waiting for him? If no one knows him or wants him? If every door is a stranger's door? If *that* is the best that invites him out of the wet and the cold of the London streets — out of any street, anywhere — slogging along with his pack — if that is the best that invites him — why, then, if he comes to grief, whose is the fault?

Yours — you who read these words. You sent him to do your awful work. You threw him into the arena, to fight with lions for your faith, your safety, your peace. Did you follow him on his way with your utmost power of comfort, wherever he went, or did you slack on your job and leave the rotten old mill to grind and sell its accustomed grist in its ancient way, without live competition?

Society is not an abstract thing. Even as a word, it will not make good as a shelter to hide behind. For it only points to you and me and our neighbors, one by one. We had the means to answer this call, and all the other calls of our young men's

needs. Did we use our means to the utmost? We did not. We insulted them by our neglect far more often than we met them. We were unexpressibly blind, unexpressibly selfish, unexpressibly cold and small, measuring our performance against our powers and the crisis. What we really did as a nation was just enough to convict ourselves — just enough to show how the whole job could have been done had we had the grace to wake up and face it.

You, who felt you had it in you to serve men's needs, who had a heart to follow the lads wherever they went and be their solid, red-blooded friend and helper through pains and trials and all foul weather — why did you stay at home?

Because the Y.M.C.A., while unquestionably offering your best opportunity of service, "asked you a string of impudent personal questions that no gentleman would answer"?

"If I were running this shop," said one of the stars of the Overseas Y, in mid-war-time, "I would make every applicant for Overseas service take a theological test. And if he passed it, I'd kick him out of the window. If only to save the Y.M.C.A. being kicked out of existence."

But the speaker *was* a star. And he himself had got by all obstacles — as did all the rest of the true galaxy — by some means, by any means, by whatsoever means it took. Like the boys who laughed at bars that would have kept them out of the fight because of physical disability; like our men who slid into the ranks by camouflage when counted too old for fighting.

You would have put your personal feelings, tastes, and little pint-measure dignity aside, for the time being; you would have gone, cost what it cost, if the meat of the matter had been in you. *C'était la guerre* — and not invented for any man's fancy.

As it was, Heaven knows how desperately, how cruelly, real

men were needed. And Carter's call for help was thrilling, crying, pleading in the air of every breath you drew.

Therefore, if you, being free to go, still let yourself be kept behind — it will be hard to prove your right to criticise, from any point of superiority, the dodo that sailed on your ticket.

Again: You know people here in America who regarded themselves, all they were and all they had, as enlisted in the war. But how many others did you know who, for example, living in the midst of a Franceward-moving cloud of young Americans, strangers in transit from far-distant States, refrained from asking them to their homes, except in the most guarded and homœopathic fashion — "because nobody knows who they are"; or, "because I have never dealt with men of that class and should not know how to handle them"; or — hideous! — "because I don't really feel called upon to that extent." How many people did you know who not only felt that way, but who have actually contrived to outlive the World War in that same unborn condition?

Well, then, have you a glimmer of realization as to how the people of England handled those same dubious, perhaps undesirable, certainly strange, young Americans whenever they stepped on British soil? This writing has already endeavored to suggest a few phases of the steady general effort that went on. But it has scarcely touched on that wonderful thing, the opening of the English homes.

It began with the coming of our first troops. "This is our opportunity," on the instant cried some quick wits; and forthwith called meetings, made speeches, explained to their friends and their public how clear was the way to help.

Surely the way was clear, but no clearer than the will in the public mind. The people only needed to be told — those conservative people of England whom we have called so cold of blood, so hard to move. Then they, gentle and simple, threw

their doors wide open, without reserve, without question, to every wearer of our uniform.

You see, there was scarcely a household in England whom death had not already shattered over and over, within that bloody, age-long war before we came. The treasure of most hearts already lay in the other world. And for our own lads, about to offer their lives on the same red altar, the true people of England had only outstretched hands, filled with their very best. Nothing of this earth mattered, any more. It was just a question of what they could find to do for those about to die.

And after the Armistice, when our young army, still so boyish, so unburdened, so fresh of face, came streaming in again, once more the people of England opened their arms to them wide and rejoiced that the mothers and fathers and wives of America could receive back their treasures on earth — rejoiced with a deep, transfiguring joy that only those can feel who have made the ultimate sacrifice — who have won already the citizenship of the world beyond the veil.

You know that they never put on mourning, those gallant, gallant people. They never talked of their losses, except in the most casual way. For *all had lost. All* hearts were broken. But — all lips were smiling, all hands working and giving, all hearts open and very tender, all heads high.

Presently they systematized their hospitality in order that it might reach farther and faster. As the Leave Department of the International Hospitality League, Y.M.C.A., it acquired regular headquarters — a sort of clearing-house, whither men were directed who desired to be entertained, and where hostesses sent their invitations.

This department was presided over by Mr. Walter Getty and by Mrs. Gowers, a charming Irish lady remarkable in her fitness for the work. By the way, there is an instance of the truth but just expressed. Mrs. Gowers's immediate family,

brothers, nephews, cousins, comprised thirty-eight young Ulstermen. Every one of these joined up, of course, on the 6th day of August, 1914. Of the thirty-eight, when the Armistice came, just sixteen remained alive. Of the sixteen most had been wounded twice, and the greater part permanently incapacitated.

So, all day long, Mrs. Gowers sat at her desk, interviewing men, sizing them up, placing them. The interviewing, brief though it was, was certainly a process that the men enjoyed. The sizing-up occurred without their guessing its occurrence. The placing displayed an accuracy of register that, but for the unlimited kindness of the English reception, would have been little short of miraculous.

By spring, 1919, Mrs. Gowers had sent into British homes, for visits of from one day to one or two weeks, a veritable host of American officers and men. Each of these meant a first visit. Many of the men returned for a second and a third stay in the same house, or sent their friends there; in which case no record would exist beyond that of the first occasion.

Thus, one resident of the Midlands — a simple, elderly laboring woman who, sister to Barry's Mrs. Dowie, would not be denied her share in the Nation's hospitality — sent in to the League an invitation for two American soldiers for the week-end. After those first guests, a string of others, their mates, followed, without the agency of the clearing-house. And she travelled twelve hours, bless her heart, to say goodbye to the last man when he sailed for home! Many another such humble soul, in England, so spent each week the whole hard-earned weekly wage. But the gift of money was by no means all. The whole country was rationed, remember — more closely and inexorably rationed than was France. Therefore British of all classes rigorously denied themselves and their households, saving up the precious coupons that

stood for their own meagre dole of meat and sugar, in order that their freely offered tables might be set with pleasant, homelike food for homesick American boys.

For her own purposes of assignment, Mrs. Gowers mentally divided all applicants for home hospitality into two classes, no more — educated and uneducated. But her permanent list of invitations was so large and so varied as to afford a wide gamut for discretion. The rumor of this having spread through the A.E.F., men were frank in stating definitely the exact desire in their minds.

"I'd like a few days' rough shooting," says a Regular Army captain.

Three minutes later Mrs. Gowers is wishing him a cheerful good-bye, having given him his invitation and directions to a famous country house with shootings all over the surrounding territory, a house whose master welcomes continuous relays of Americans in service. The guest is preceded by a telegram. A motor will meet him at the station. He is in for the time of his life.

"I wish I could get a smell of the hills — and I wish I could be in a house where there was a few little kids to play with," says a big Kentuckian, half shame-faced.

"How would you like to go to the Scottish Highlands? There are good friends there asking for you — and a bushel of kiddies — and good fishing."

"Gee! And my own folks were Scotch, in the old days! When do I start?"

The mail arrives. Mrs. Gowers runs through it. A lot of new invitations — from Torquay, Tynemouth, Newton Abbey, and all along the Devon coast; a fresh sheaf from Birmingham, where the best possible hospitality is being lavished, hostesses playing into each other's hands to increase good cheer and gaiety; then a note from Lord Robert Cecil asking

for "four Americans for the week-end," another from a small shopkeeper in Surrey, two from Oxford, two from big places in Scotland, and so on. The whole country, gentle and simple, rich to poor, is opening wide its doors, its heart and its hands, to the stranger kinsman that can be stranger no more.

Many hundreds of our soldiers, going on fortnight's leave tours through the story-book country of the British Isles, never paid for a meal or a night's lodging in all the trip. Instead, they were passed, by prearranged plan, from home to home of British householders who had asked the Y to give them the means of showing their friendly good-will. And where you find an American who has accepted that hospitality, you find a man with no ice left in his mind as toward the elder nation that made her hearth his own.

Out of the host of men welcomed to British firesides up to January, 1919, ten cases of theft and four of intoxication had been reported. But, with singular and spontaneous beauty, all these cases, happening remote the one from the other, had been handled in the same spirit. This a single theft story will serve to show.

A widow, of very modest means, living in a small town, had asked for an American guest. "My own boy was killed at Cambrai," she wrote; "for his sake, I would like to do something for some other woman's son, far from home, among strangers, as all these young Americans are. He shall sleep in my boy's bed. And I will do my best to make him comfortable and happy."

Mrs. Gowers sent her an American soldier — who "salvaged," very promptly, a gold brooch and chain belonging to the daughter of the house. The loss being reported to the authorities the identity of the thief was established within the day. He was sent to jail — for the briefest period. On his release, however, there were the mother and daughter, his

late hosts, at the jail door to meet him, to take him home to a gala supper and the beginnings of a really happy leave.

"It would have done you no good to go on," said the widow. "But now you've had your bit of a lesson, and that's behind us. We'll forget it and have our good time together. Because we're fond of you, dear lad."

The boy pulled up entirely.

"You can't go back on people that treat you like that," he told Mrs. Gowers, afterward.

And she herself was the surer thereof because of the great number of cases within her knowledge of boys fast going on the rocks who had been stopped by welcome into homes with homelike surroundings and by finding true friends, personally interested in them there.

It has already been said that, in her one brief interview with Americans desirous of home invitations, Mrs. Gowers sized up the applicants without their guessing the result of the process. More effectively did the camouflage serve because of the fact that if a man, for one reason or another, seemed too impossible to implant in any home, she solved the question by taking him home herself. Whereby he gathered the wholesome impression that that beautiful lady admired him particularly. Wholesome, because it invariably had the effect of making him try his level best to clean up and deserve her friendship.

And the bad boys that Mrs. Gowers coaxed out of the gutter, often quite literally, and helped along home to her own lovely house, her husband undressed and put to bed. And next morning it was never a servant, but Mrs. Gowers herself, who brought the boy his breakfast on a tray and sat beside him for a bit, talking cheerful nonsense while he, as he ate, stared around at the pretty guest-chamber. And after that it was her garden, and her three little children as play-fellows, and the

freedom and faith and sweetness of her home that pulled the boy together for a perfectly fresh, strong start. And this, please remember, is no flimsy, foolish, sentimental theory, but a bit of the history of the war.

General Sir Ian Hamilton and Lady Hamilton entertained our men regularly. Lord and Lady Swathling kept open house, on their country estate, for successive flocks of radiant Yankee sailor lads. Princess Alice, every week, asked, first, forty American officers, and then forty enlisted men, to tea.

"Say," said a doughboy, by accident selecting her for his confidence, out of the several ladies in the room, "just show me which is the Princess, will you? I want to see if they're really any better lookers than the girls at home."

"Why, I am the Princess."

"Aw, quit kiddin' me!"

"Then *you* quit kidding *me*. It's the truth I am telling you. *Now*, — what do you think?"

Unqualified success.

So when you hear that the doughboy hates the Tommy, that our next war will be with England, that our troops landing in Liverpool encountered reproaches and insults to the flag because they came so late, and that the sailors of the two nations scrapped when they met, remember two things: first, that we did indeed come late; and, second, that it is not by dockyard gangs or by half-drunken beer-shop crowds that a sane mind judges the temper of a people, but rather by their steady trend in all strata of society.

If you look to that, in England, Scotland, and Wales, you will see only friendship of the most solid sort — unless you kill it by your own approach.

Chapter XXIX

Contributing Facts

It is an appalling thing to confront, on the one hand, the slight remaining chapter-space of this book, and, on the other, the vast array of topics, yet untouched, that should be handled in any properly rounded account of the work of the Overseas Y.

Nothing has been said, in the previous pages, of the Y's war activities in Russia, in Italy, or in the other Allied countries;[1] practically nothing of the fine work done for the Navy, whether on board ship or in port, whether in the British Isles, in France, or in the South; neither has anything been told of the Y's work on the transports. Yet the Y work in Allied Europe was highly important, while that for the Navy, adequately described, would require a book of its own. And it was precisely the work on the transports, through reports of Polish officers who witnessed it, that led General Haller to beg that Y secretaries be sent among his army in France and in Poland, to conduct regular Y activities.

Again it was the same influence — experience, personal observation of the work of the Overseas Y and of its practical effect on the morale of armies — that led to the same help being asked by many Governments, including those of France, Belgium, Greece, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy.

As to France, on June 23, 1917, General Pershing had said:

> The greatest service which America can render to the cause of the Allies at the present moment is to extend the work of the Young Men's Christian Association to the entire French Army.

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[1] See Financial Statement, Appendix B.

Accordingly, on August 27, 1917, one hundred and twenty-five *foyers du soldat*, or Y.M.C.A. huts for the French Army, were in actual operation, financed almost wholly and in large part conducted by the American Y.M.C.A.

Now the French, at first, looked incredulously upon the enterprise, suspecting in it a religious proselyting motive. And the French of the upper class, in private conversation, continued to express their conviction that a civilian movement of such size, proposing to work for welfare among troops, must have an ulterior purpose, either religious or political, or both. Just as the French people understood late and with extreme difficulty, if at all, that the English and American women whom they saw in the Y.M.C.A. uniform, working and living among the troops, were always reputable women, often of the first social position and often, as well, women of fortune, in their own countries.

In a word, French thought had never before contemplated the ideal of Christian service on the grand scale, without regard to sect, creed, or propaganda, the ideal expressed in Carter's work; the ideal whose purpose is, without view to aggrandizement of any organization, religious or secular, simply to better the condition and to increase the happiness of mankind. Still less had French practice contemplated the undertaking by women of a personal share in any such wide enterprise.

Therefore the French authorities, very naturally suspicious, deliberately set agents quietly to observe the activities of the new body working in their Army. Exceedingly jealous, exceedingly sensitive would they have been as to the slightest flavor of religious propaganda. And they watched.

Finally the watchers reported, in effect: "These people are really doing nothing whatever but the thing they profess to do. They are strictly attending to the business that they advertise."

And on October 19, 1917, M. Paul Painlevé, then Minister of War, expressed the reasoned official verdict on the nature and value of the work in question, formally announcing that at the request of the General Chief Commander of the Armies of the North and Northeast, he had decided to create in the cantonments of the rest of the Armies about thirteen hundred *foyers du soldat*, or Y.M.C.A. huts.

Again, on February 26, 1918, the Minister of War ruled that all generals commanding armies should see that *foyers* were organized in each military centre; and that, in addition to building the huts and furnishing them with tables and chairs, the Army should provide the *foyers* with stoves, coal, oil or gasoline for lighting, with soldier details where possible, with wholesale purchasing privileges as to the local quartermaster, and with free transportation of goods.

Then from the generals commanding French armies, whether in France or elsewhere — from Salonica, from Morocco, from Corfu, from the Murman Coast — came expressions of lively approval of the *foyers*' work. And the Minister of Marine asked for the establishment of *foyers* for sailors, in all naval bases.

It is not, perhaps, generally realized that France brought from French colonies almost a million dark-skinned native troops, of whom six hundred and eighty thousand were combatant, and a large percentage actually shock troops.

Peoples of backward countries carried to the battle-field of the Christian world to see horrors far worse than any that had crossed their heathen ken, they fought the battles of America while yet America hung back. They fought beside America when at last she took her place in the ranks. And now, happily for our honor, the Y, in French eyes representing America, recognized our moral obligation toward those peoples to give them something in return for what they gave

— to give them something beside horror and death — to give them some knowledge of the good things as well as the evil that our civilization can bring.

Thus, work and instruction was actually carried on in the *foyers du soldat* in thirty-six different languages and dialects, including not only French, English, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Czech, Polish, Greek, Spanish, and Serbian, but Arabic, Senegalese, Malagash, Tonquinese, Annamite, Chinese, Kabil, and so on through the unheard-of tongues.

Meantime, the influence of the *foyers* on the *poilus* themselves was astonishing. For the first time the masses learned of the possibility of spending pleasant public evenings without the presence of any demoralizing influence. And, luminous surprise, the masses liked it. The *foyers* became so popular as actually to starve out the evil resorts in their vicinity. An extraordinary improvement in morale set in. And commanders of certain large camps reported empty prophylactic hospitals as the direct result of the attractions of the *foyer*.

During the first three winters of the war, the *poilu* had nothing whatever in the nature of a *foyer* — a "hut" — a decent resort of any sort — to cheer his existence or to offer any asylum from the mud, the cold, the rain and snow, the long hours of darkness. The sudden appearance in his life of the Y.M.C.A., with its series of warm, light, charmingly decorated clubrooms — for the *foyers* excelled in beauty — well provided with books, magazines, newspapers, games, writing materials, music, with moving-pictures, and with a service of hot drinks or of light refreshments for the cold and hungry — the sudden appearance of such a phenomenon after three years' unlightened hardship, was solemnly hailed as a blessing, indeed. And the *poilu* appreciated it as our doughboys, who took the service for granted, never appreciated their own far more elaborated and liberal Y.

SOLDIERS PILING INTO A Y HUT

FOYER AT ROSSIÈRES, FRANCE

It soon became obvious that the work of the *foyer* along two great lines in particular was to affect not only the *poilu* in the war-camps, but also French national life of the future. This came, first, through the new American engine of mass athletic development, quickly recognized by the French authorities as of vital import not only to the efficiency of the soldier, but also to the upbuilding, moral as well as physical, of the nation; second, through the development of community centres, to help in the solution of knotty social problems of rural life after the war.

The subject of Y work with the French Army is thus one of real significance. That significance has scarcely been hinted here, nor would it be possible to show its reach without much space at command.

From the time when the first *foyers* were begun, the undertaking, as has been said, was almost wholly financed by the American Y.M.C.A. After America's declaration of war, the work, by agreement with the French, went forward under the Red Triangle sign, with the title of "Y.M.C.A. Union Franco-Américaine." American Y secretaries worked in each hut with French associate secretaries, in the proportion, as named, of about one to two. The Americans, both men and women, were as a rule college graduates, often professors or teachers by calling. And, aside from their obvious task, they did much to increase international good feeling, and to explain America to France when our divergent racial mysteries became poignant.

Finally, it is impossible to close the briefest account of the *foyers du soldat* without a tribute to Mr. D. A. Davis, of the American Y.M.C.A., who, with Mr. W. S. Coffin, stood at the head of America's share in the work. Mr. Davis accomplished a difficult and delicate task with distinguished success. Excellent judgment, much ability, and above all, tact, fineness, and

an effective personality paved his way with the French and guided him to achievement in a matter of far-reaching import. Mr. Davis, as a man of real quality and parts and of unlimited devotion, deserves well of both the countries that he so well served.

To turn from consideration of the Y's work among the French to that of its work among the Germans would give further hint of its breadth of field. But the enemy prisoners-of-war work, whether in Great Britain, in France, or elsewhere, can only be named here.

Even the great services of Mr. Conrad Hoffman may merely be indicated. Mr. Hoffman, whose absolute good faith experience had established even in German eyes, was Y.M.C.A. representative in Germany at the time of our entry into war. With Germany's consent, the Y now retained him there. Thus, being allowed free access to American prisoner camps, Hoffman became the source of at least half of all Washington's information concerning our imprisoned men, as well as performing the same service for the American Red Cross, which had no such agent in Germany.

Another function of the Overseas Y that has found no adequate mention in this book, yet which earned the appreciation of all the thinking element of our Army, was its handling of soldiers' money. This service was five-sided, comprising the mending of money, the cashing of checks, money-changing, post-office and express-order cashing, and the sending home of remittances.

Our doughboys were given to handling French paper money with very scant respect. After a lucky crap-game, or after that infinitely rarer event, pay-day, boys at the canteen would pull out of their breeches' pockets round wads of crumpled, dingy stuff resolvable into tattered remains of twenty, fifty, and hundred-franc bills. Sometimes they would be

buying for their mess and spending considerable sums. Again, they would want their big bills changed into smaller denominations. But in any case, the paper that they handed in was commonly ragged and jagged by long and careless mauling.

Now, money in such condition was flatly refused by the French themselves, to the annoyance and inconvenience of our men. Therefore, at every canteen a regularly established job was that of mending bills. For the Y unquestioningly accepted the money, whatever its state. Then, when canteen work eased or closed for the day, the canteen secretary would sit down with the cash-box and the mending-tape, and patiently patch together piles of legal tender whose legality, with the French, otherwise would have proved an empty name.

Again, in the cashing of checks the Y's service was incalculable. It did a large and general business in cashing Army paymasters' checks, which the Army disbursing officer, for one reason or another, was frequently unable to handle. For a considerable period it also cashed private checks, until that practice produced abuses so wide and flagrant that, with the Army's concurrence, Paris felt forced to limit it by definite safeguards. For, little as one cares to dwell on the fact, it is necessary at times to remember that ours was a draft army, and that the drag-net brought up all manner and conditions of folk.

The third activity of the Y as to soldiers' money — that of money-changing — was of very great importance to the men. All through France, troops would collect local paper — war-money of towns and districts, useless outside those bounds. Then, suddenly moved from one point to another, they would find themselves in their new station burdened with now-valueless tokens of the place just left behind. Again, marched into Germany, their francs, or the money that reached them

from home, must be converted into marks. Yet again transferred to France or to England, the process must be reversed.

And it was to the Y, first, last, and all the time, that the A.E.F. looked for this service. Rates of exchange were regularly supplied by Paris to each canteen, at intervals as short as circumstances permitted; and the daily work of canteen secretaries everywhere included much money-changing.

The cashing of post-office money orders, of express and quartermasters' checks and of drafts, common Y work, saved the men much trouble. To get from Verdun, for example, to the nearest point where the Army would have disbursed to him money, would have meant, in February, 1919, to the doughboy camped in the snow, a miserable journey of sixty kilometres all the way to Bar-le-Duc. For which not only leave but transportation must be wrenched from an unaffording world.

But the doughboy at Verdun never dreamed of toiling to Bar-le-Duc and asking the Army to give him his money. He simply did what any other A.E.F. man did — walked into the Y, asked for his cash, and got it without any delay or trouble whatever.

Last, in the matter of home remittances, the good that the Y effected was beyond reckoning. Taking one region and period only, it may be stated that Y secretaries in Germany, during the month of January, 1919, sent home for the men of our Army of Occupation remittances totalling five million francs. It may be added that, in the same month and place, the Y changed money for our men to the amount of half a million francs daily; and that in one single Y exchange, that in the Coblentz Fest Halle, checks, drafts, and post-office and express money orders were cashed to the average total of two hundred thousand francs daily.

No charge whatever was at any time made by the Y for any of these forms of service.

With regard to home remittances in particular, the work was of vital significance. Men going into battle almost always wanted, at the last moment, to send all the money then in their possession home to their own people; and secretaries with a force about to attack were kept busy, from the moment the news reached the troops, receiving and receipting for money and filling out remittance blanks.

"Hang your receipt!" the boys would often say. "Don't bother me with receipts. It's the Y."

And although three Y secretaries of a total of 12,022 proved dishonest and were tried, convicted, and dismissed from the Y service, publicly disgraced for misappropriating funds, remittances entrusted to the Y by American soldiers found their way to their rightful recipients with a degree of speed seldom if ever equalled by regular Army channels.

Not alone on the eve of battle did the home-remittance business drive. After-Armistice figures above quoted suffice to prove that. And not infrequently on the brink of that most rare and uncertain feast, pay-day, officers would send for the Y men attached to their commands, forewarn them, and ask for their aid in getting the men to remit their money home before temptations had induced them to lose it, to rob their families or their own futures, and to demoralize the command for the next few days.

Every little Y, throughout the A.E.F., did a regular home-remittance business running into figures that never failed to surprise the new observer, and which was not only a unique convenience, but also a far-reaching benefit both to the soldier and to his home people. "Mother" Fitzgerald, at Andelot, sent home for her boys 16,534.44 francs in an average week after pay-day. Mr. Tallman, at the little Y at Éclairon lumber-camp, made about the same record. And so forward.

The aggregate value of overseas soldiers' remittances received by the Y.M.C.A. up to the date of December 9, 1919, was $20,732,490.20. These remittances numbered 337,317. Of this number, whether because of defective address, or of the decease of the addressed, or of other cause, there yet remained undelivered on February 17, 1920, 107 remittances.

Of such signal services, as of many another rendered and enjoyed without any manner of expense to himself, the grousing doughboy never once thought when he scolded about "overcharging" on cigarettes and chocolate, and contrasted little offerings of free chewing-gum and doughnuts with the unrelieved brutalities of the heartless Y.

This charge of "overcharging" in the Y canteens, so much exploited through public channels, so often heard on doughboys' lips, must once more be mentioned here, in order to make clear its one rational cause.

As has already been stated, when Carter acceded to the request of the Commander-in-Chief that the Y take over the Post Exchange, or canteen service, to relieve the Army personnel for its "proper functions of training and fighting," he did so with three definite provisions. All of these three were explicitly recognized by the Army authorities before he accepted the task.

The second condition, it will be recalled, was that the same total amount of land and ocean transport should be available for the Post Exchange Department of the Y as would have been allotted to an Army-run Post Exchange. Made in good faith by the Army, we have already seen the fate of this pledge,[1] under the fortunes of war.

The first condition was, that the Post Exchange service if undertaken by the Y, for reasons fully developed in an earlier chapter should be kept exclusively in the Y's hands. And

[1] See *ante*, p. 67 *et seq.*

General Orders No. 33, of September 6, 1917, Section III, paragraph 3, reads:

> Commanding Officers will prohibit the maintenance of any army exchanges in commands in which exchanges have been established by the Y.M.C.A.

Again, in an official letter of instruction to the Commanding General of Lines of Communication, under date of September 28, 1917, already quoted,[1] the Adjutant-General expounded the intent of General Orders No. 33 as precluding the establishment of any exchange or canteen other than those run by the Y.M.C.A. wherever the Y shall operate.

Without attempting any further account of the matter, it will suffice to state that here again the Army's promised performance was reversed in the actual event. Not only were other organizations permitted to establish canteens side by side with the Y, but the Quartermaster himself, G 1 notwithstanding, continued to open and operate sales commissaries where the Y was already established. This was done on a limited scale, to be sure, but nevertheless in numbers sufficient to create a mystifying and damaging comparison of prices.

Commissary prices were fixed by the Army law at factory cost plus nothing. Y prices must be computed on the actual cost delivered. And the Y, because the Army had been unable to keep its pledge as to tonnage, had been forced on the one hand to buy commercial tonnage and on the other to purchase in European markets at prices madly inflated by the war.

But the doughboy, buying an article at the Y for one price, and later seeing the same thing at a neighboring commissary for a lesser sum, understood none of these things.

"Grafters!" said he. "Profiteers!" said he, and spread the scandal broadcast.

The other welfare organizations, free to act as the Y would

[1] See *ante*, p. 73.

have acted had it been permitted to remain, like them, in its original, chosen province — had it not at the Army's request assumed the enormous burden of the Post Exchange — sold their goods at nominal prices, or gave goods away whenever it suited them to do so.

Now the extent of the field and of the operations of each of these organizations was very small, in comparison with the field and operation of the Y. And although, throughout the combat period, the Y's free distribution of food and tobacco did, as a matter of fact, actually exceed that of all the other organizations put together, the looming bulk of the Post Exchange completely overshadowed this truth in ordinary doughboy eyes.

Meantime, the Nation at home, listening to the doughboy question, "Why does the Y sell us the stuff that you gave it the money to buy for us? Why does it charge us, when all the others give free?" did not stop to realize that it, the Nation, had never subscribed to all the auxiliary organizations put together money enough to run a free Post Exchange for the Army that we planned to throw overseas.

As a general truth it may be stated that the several organizations, in giving out supplies, worked on one of three different bases: that of entirely free distribution, as the Knights of Columbus; that of distribution at nominal prices, as the American Red Cross (by the Army not classed as welfare); and that of distribution at cost price, in part the Y's method.

But the Y's method was twofold. And the operation of the Y in this respect may well be compared to the operation of a forward American community. The Y gave free to the A.E.F., in so far as it was permitted to reach it, all and more than an enlightened home community gives to its people — playgrounds, schools, libraries, newspapers, athletics, baths, clubs, religious services of all sects, whether Catholic, Protes-

tant, or Jewish, concerts, lectures, movies, etc. But the community grocery store it ran on a cost-price basis.

To carry the simile yet farther: In an enlightened home community, in times of great common danger and necessity, the resources of that community become, within reason, common property. Just so, at the battle-front and in all times of need and stress, Y supplies, within reason, were held by the Y as common property, to be distributed without price. And, in the vast majority of cases, they actually were so distributed with wide-open hands.

But the proviso "within reason" implies a human element. And the human element forever varies. Take, for example, one single aspect of that variation:

You have a man in Y uniform whose private resources are small. The little that he has in the bank at home barely justified his leaving his peace-time job, whatever it was, to do his bit in the World War. A wife or an old mother depends on it, in case accident befalls him. Running a Y canteen in France, he has been told to give freely, within reason. Should he give foolishly, his own purse, quite properly, will be held accountable. Well, then, put yourself in his place. Do you see his inevitable quandary when any considerable tax is laid upon his powers of discrimination?

Yet the Y — with its trust funds, with its all-too-limited supplies — all-too-limited just as were the clothing, ammunition, arms, and transportation supplies of the Army too limited by far, and for the same reason — the Y could not encourage reckless, unnecessary giving. And the rich men of America — the men whose private fortunes could have faced the risk and borne a strain — had not noticeably competed for the places that would so well have employed their every asset of mind, body, and estate.

Four other specific charges against the Overseas Y — ab-

solutely trivial each, but very widely spread by the idly busy "sense of rumor" of the Army — may be dismissed briefly here.

The first states that Y canteens charged fourfold rates for staple articles, as certain brands of cigarettes. This will be found to rest on the fact that the price-list posted in the canteen read, naturally, in terms of French currency, — the money in the boys' pockets — thus:

Lucky Strikes	10's	20 c.

or

Camels	20's	40 cents.

"Twenty cents! Forty cents! Damn swindle!" growls the outraged doughboy, and stamps out, pulling his crowd after him.

Centimes never crossed his mind, when he saw the American-looking legend. Nor did he consider what any United Cigar Store at home would have asked him for the same package.

The second widespread charge against Y canteens was that they sold over the counter tobacco presented through the New York "Sun's" fund, or by other hands, for our soldiers. An official Army investigation has forever disposed of this matter. Tobacco so given was so sold, and in this manner only:

A Y canteen man, short of tobacco, went to the Army Sales Commissary, at Gièvres to buy enough to tide him over the difficulty. The Commissary clerk sold him a case. The Y man, in his canteen, opened the case and, over his own counter, sold the packages that it contained at the Commissary's price, as always. Doughboy purchasers, opening individual packets, found, within, little cards of greeting bearing the words, "Gift of" some one, and jumped at the obvious conclusion.

The explanation, as rendered by the Army, is that the original case, unmarked, or illegibly marked, by the donors, reached the Sales Commissary without any indication of its special nature. Therefore the Commissary clerk handled it as he handled ordinary stores. The incident recurred in several places.

The third charge states that troops, or individual soldiers, applying at Y canteens for supplies, were turned empty away, "simply because they did not belong to the Army organization for whom these supplies were intended."

This did sometimes happen. And wherever it happened it was in exact accordance with Army rule and practice. Take, for example, one little scene in the Conflans Y, on the seventh day of February, 1919.

A captain and a lieutenant of engineers came into the Y to ask for flour.

"Will you let me have fifty pounds?" begged the captain. "Our mess has n't a pound left."

"Can't you get it at the Sales Commissary here?" the Y man enquired.

"Just been there. He's got flour stacked to his ceiling, but I can't get a bit of it. We're corps troops, you see. Don't belong in his outfit."

In this case, as it happened, the captain got his flour — from the Y.

But, as to the charge: Y supplies were stored in railhead warehouses and thence sent out into the field, duly, properly, and specially assigned to the several Army divisions and organizations regularly served from that point. Thus, for example, a given First Division canteen is stocked to serve the Sixteenth Infantry. The Sixteenth depends on it for supplies.

One night, coming out of the trenches for rest, hungry, wretched, too tired to hunt their own place or to be reasona-

ble, a lot of Marines from the Second Division stumble into this hut, ready to clean out all the biscuits and chocolate and tobacco on its shelves.

"Sorry, boys; can't let you have it. It's here for the other bunch," says the Y man — and surely he hates to say it.

"So the Y belongs to the Sixteenth Infantry, does it? We thought it belonged to the U.S. Army. *Damn* the Y!"

And off go the Marines, cursing.

Suppose, on the other hand, the Y man says in his heart, "The first needy boys get it. Devil take the hindmost." And that the Marines, whom everybody loves, do clean him out.

Then come the Sixteenth, as tired, as hungry, as cold, as wet and wretched as ever were the sea-soldiers.

"So you gave our stuff to the Marines, did you! So you went back on your own lot, when you knew we'd be here, needing everything! Well, *damn* the Y!"

Whereas, had an Army commissary of another organization refused to serve them general supplies — as it surely would have done — they would have accepted the law as it stood and would never have dreamed of damning the Army — openly.

But the Y, whatever its shortages, never failed to furnish what every one needs in time of stress — a safe outlet for pent-up damning.

The fourth charge rests firmly on the sun-myth base, like the Salvation Army doughnut. "We have sold ninety per cent of all the doughnuts we ever fried," laughed Major Barker, head of the Overseas Salvation Army, as reported. "But the ten per cent we gave away are the ones you hear about."

Incidentally, it is interesting to remark that, contrary to a popular Army impression due to the fact that very few of the

A.E.F. had or could have experience by which to judge,[1] the Salvation Army sold to our soldiers abroad over ninety-six per cent of its entire canteen distribution. The exact totals, as furnished by Colonel Barker himself, are:

Amount of canteen supplies given away...	Frs.	619,419.92
Total amount of canteen income.....		15,000,000.00

[1] See *ante*, pp. 203–5.

Chapter XXX

More of Them

So with the classic about the flint-hearted Y man who, under shot and shell, refuses a starving non-com. a mouthful of food or a cup of hot drink because he has not the money to pay for it. Toward 1919 the non-com. attained a commission.

Undoubtedly some unfortunate incident, somewhere, started the tale. In an army with nothing to talk about, it caught and flew and grew like wildfire. All up and down the land of France, from S.O.S. to Brest and Bordeaux, and back again to the firing-line, you met it. Yet, in the experience of one attentive hearer, at least, but a single time was it given as in the personal experience of the narrator.

Always practically the same, always bearing its own strawberry mark, theretofore it had been heard as a history learned from a friend, or from the friend of a man who knew a man . . .

But on this one Sunday night, well after the Armistice, when the regular free Y tea-party was in full tilt at the Hôtel Pavillon, beloved of the enlisted men in Paris, a drama-eyed Marine forged to the front of a certain little crowd, bent on winning the limelight.

He laid down his views on "Frogs"; on matrimony; on socialism; on the boxing of M. Carpentier; on the Congress that dried up his country without awaiting his vote. Finally, he got to the Y.

"I'll tell you what *I* think of the Y," he said, lying back in his easy-chair with a big mug of chocolate in one hand and three cakes in the other. "I'll give you the Y in a nutshell:

"It was at Belleau Wood. I was doing outpost duty in a

very exposed position, when a couple of stretcher-bearers came along carrying a wounded officer. Just as they got near me a Y man walks past with a big load of chocolate on his back.

"The officer on the stretcher says something, and the stretcher-bearer hands it on to the Y man. But the Y man just shakes his head — 'No.'

"'What's the matter?' I says, smelling a rat.

"'Why,' says the stretcher-bearer, 'the captain, here, wants a cake of chocolate. He has n't eaten for two days but this fellow won't give it to him because he has n't got the price.'

"Then I went over and took a look at the captain. And I seen *his under jaw was shot clean away*. Awful sight. That got *my* goat!

"So I turned around to that damn Y scoundrel, and I says, 'Look here,' I says, pulling my gun on him, 'this here forty-five can talk to you, if you can't understand human language. Hand over a cake of that chocolate, now, quick.'

"So I give it to the captain. And when he stuck it in his mouth, poor devil, and got the first bite — you should have seen the big tears of thankfulness a-rollin' down his cheeks.

"Oh — there's just one way to handle these Y guys, take it from me!"

"That's the best story on the Y that I've heard," exclaimed the auditor who now records it. "And, as you know, G.H.Q. has just ordered a close investigation of all these incidents. Of course you will be glad to testify to your company commander in order to put that brute of a Y man where he belongs. Just give me your name, grade, organization, and serial number, please. I'll see to the rest."

But the drama-eyed Marine had vanished, like last summer's dew.

Some of the men sent across the water as Y secretaries were, indeed, patently impossible from the start — beings whose very arrival in France awakened not only amazement but real uneasiness in those who held the interest of the work at heart. These, true to form, deliberately went to the dogs — zealously hunted out dogs to go to, the moment they got a chance. Or else they developed a colossal laziness; or else an earnestness in pursuit of material for future speeches, sermons, books, or career-making, that made them anathema of every real person whose path they crossed.

Two hundred of the personnel sent over by New York — after all, not a heavy percentage of a total 12,022 — were returned by Paris to New York for cause — as Carter said, "because they were too big, or because they were too small, for the job." And some of those who can least afford to provoke an appeal to their overseas record have vented their natural chagrin at such an accelerated home-coming in bitter attacks upon the Overseas Y. The perhaps too-great leniency that allowed them to "resign" instead of making public the manner of their going, left them a freedom that they have abused. In a word, as a general thing it is safe to receive with the greatest caution any criticism of the Overseas Y emanating from Y workers who, for whatever apparent cause, left the service before the service ended. The really good sorts, both men and women, generally felt a strong loyalty toward the channel that, whatever its weaknesses, had given them an opportunity paralleled in no other direction.

Some men, again, totally unfit for the job to which they were at first assigned, did very honest days' work when transferred to other occupations. Thus, several of the persons cited with praise in this book may easily have been earlier known to A.E.F. readers as apparently hopeless duds. For many such were gradually transformed into true manhood by the grim

ordeals of war. More than a few ministers who came over "to bring a message" to the A.E.F. and who, in the capacity of oral message-bringers, would have been fatuous calamities, did actually live "messages" of faithful hard service as warehouse men, truck-drivers, cooks, or mess-servants. Just as some honest souls, who, at home in America, may have driven mules for a living, or purveyed fish, or figured as city aldermen, turned into very good parsons when some sudden need demanded it.

Finally, score on score of men and women who made wholly good remain unmentioned in this record. And the reason is simply:

Their stories would fill books — must not be marred in the telling — could not be condensed within a single cover. Desire to get into the fight — to help win the war — to serve the soldier, was the compelling motive that brought every true-hearted Y worker across the sea. All found the chance of a life-time awaiting them there. Some rose to it superbly. Very many met it, if not brilliantly yet faithfully, conscientiously, to the full extent of their light. As to the sad residuum, they were still too few to detract from the main achievement, though too many not to impart a taint. Again a cross-section of the Nation.

The names that do appear here, of necessity few, are taken merely as of exemplars. The spirit that shone in many a man and woman who go unnamed was daily blessed by boys from every quarter of America — the boys for whom those people spent themselves, through hardship and heavy labor and black discouragement — sometimes, and that gladly, even to death.[1]

Both during the war and in the long Armistice period, one

[1] For a partial list of the killed and wounded in action, of the Overseas Y, see Appendix A.

heard many an easy, unthinking comment on the number of Y people "joy-riding" in Paris — the assumption being that any one seen in Paris wearing the Y uniform was joy-riding.

Persons who marvelled, usually rather invidiously, at the number of Y uniforms in Paris rarely realized that in Paris and the region of Paris, the Y maintained exactly one hundred and one points of service. This is by official report, of date of February 7, 1919. It includes hotels for officers and for men, places of amusement of sorts, and many huts, canteen and general service stations run for all comers or for detached units engaged in various types of work. As, for example, the U.S. Post-Office men, the warehouse men, the ambulance repair-shop details, the casual barracks, the Marine barracks, the motor-transport garage details, the photographic instrument-testing laboratory barracks, the details of air-service men, of engineers and of signal service men scattered about on their jobs, but far from the mind or eye of the Paris visitor.

All these Y points, naturally, had their Y people. And the people could not sleep in their plants, neither could they pass invisibly to and from their occupation. But the one great centre of Y personnel in Paris is not included in the above list. The Paris Headquarters Staff, always under-manned, numbered hundreds of persons. These all lived in the city, as close to their work as they could get. Four times a day, at least, each walked through the city streets.

A considerable number of them were, as it chanced, persons of fortune. Such continued to take their meals as they had been used to do, wherever the best meals were to be found. But when they did that, wearing the Y uniform, the Paris visitor, military or civilian, by some sort of "little-brother-of-the-poor" thought-association, decided that they must be nefariously feasting at the expense of a small Baptist congregation in Pyramid, Minn. He rarely considered that the Y

uniform, like the soldiers' khaki, hid every sort of human estate.

In passing, it may be added that of all the hard-working little Y girls slaving their souls out at Paris Headquarters when they would have given the world to go to the troops, not one missed a moment at her desk when Big Bertha did her tricks.

What Big Bertha did do seems scarcely to be guessed, on the western side of the sea. If you want it in a nutshell, read Miss Elsie Janis's spirited description in her excellent book, "The Big Show." But Big Bertha made enough impression on Paris, while she was about it, to empty the city of a heavy proportion of the French. And persons whose duty left them free to do so, showed sound common sense in hurrying away.

But the Y girls of Headquarters had a duty at Headquarters serving the boys of the whole A.E.F. They stuck to it as did the men. Big Bertha never stirred them.

Y work in France demanded sound health and sound nerves, and then taxed both to the snapping point. Few, if any of those who did not serve overseas can realize the actual rigor of honestly rendered Y service. Men of draft age, unless conspicuously physically disabled, could not be used in Y work after we entered the war. It would, perhaps, have been better if even clergy of draft age had not gone to France in any organization whatever — unless as combatants; for they certainly went handicapped with the suspicion, in the minds of the men they came to serve, that they hid from death behind the skirts of their own canonicals. On the other hand, older men might, in life at home, seem exactly suited to the overseas work; yet, once they got into the mill, strange things could happen.

Take, for example, a slimy, half-frozen, half-drowned dugout, where one Y man alone is serving a little canteen. It lies well up the road the boys travel, coming in and out of the

trenches. Shells drop there occasionally, and bombs. And gas. A sector more or less lively. The Regional Director has put this man in because service is badly needed. But there are twenty needy places to every one servitor. So this Y body, a big, comfortable, golf-playing business man at home, can have no side-partner to do shifts with him but must work alone.

He starts in with enough enthusiasm to warm a regiment. He works all day and he works half the night. While one mother's son in khaki wants his help, he has no use for sleep. And, with one thing and another, some mother's son wants his help the whole clock round. When he does lie down for a nap a tilted duck-walk keeps most of him and his blanket a few inches out of the worst of the watery, stinking mud. But he is not fussing. And his soaked clothes, full of cooties and grit, only help him to feel really a part of the thing he loves. He *wants* to be uncomfortable, when the boys are so vastly more so. He *wants* to show that the years that kept him out of the fight tell only on his head, not in his heart — that he is as well-plucked and as staunch as the best of them.

Four days, six days, ten days pass — four, six, ten nights, while the A.E.F., streaming by his hole, keeps him ever on the jump. And he boils his chocolate and hands out his supplies, and writes remittance papers, and takes errands, and gives advice with unabated joy. But, toward the end, he is working on his nerve. His bones ache as they never ached in his life. His feet seem ready to fall off and he almost wishes they would. A sharp pain comes to live between his eyes. His head feels like punk. And, worst of all, he finds himself getting short of patience and crisp of tongue.

Then come two nights with no sleep at all. On the second morning a doughboy asking an innocent question gets back a snap so short that he turns and stares.

The Y man could have bitten his tongue out, once the words

were spoken — but now, worse luck, that tongue of his seems to go off of itself, without his knowledge. Thoroughly frightened, he hurries an application to his Regional Director, asking to be relieved.

"Can't relieve you for ten days," comes the answer. "Have n't got a man. C.O.'s yelling for them all along the line. Stick it out."

The sequels differed. Some men somewhere found the moral and physical second wind to "get away with it." Some scraped along on the raw quick, hating themselves, making enemies for the Y, till relief came. A few went entirely out of their minds, and disappeared — or were sent home under escort.

A great variety of scenes furnished background to these experiences — a great variety of work involved the killing strain. But the main wear on the man was the same in many phases. And no one could foretell who would break or who would make, under it. Some very unpromising subjects outcropped pure gold. Some of the seemingly best material crumpled up or showed thin and poor where least it was expected. All of which, as time went on, added to the difficulty of pronouncing on a man's official fitness or unfitness on sight.

As to the women personnel, few will quarrel with the statement that ninety per cent were real successes. And beyond any manner of doubt — for the Army itself says so — its women secretaries were the Y's great outstanding asset with the A.E.F.

The mere fact that they were American women, who had left home and comfort and safety behind to endure hardship — who had cared enough to plead, as for a glorious privilege, to be allowed to go out into imminent danger of death — this single fact was enough to endear any one of them to our boys. But, beyond all that, the women themselves did make good.

A few indiscreet ones developed among them; but, adding

thereto all the other varieties of the inapplicable, ten per cent will cover the lot. Ninety per cent of the Y women made good.

Another accusation brought against the Overseas Y in the idle and talkative Armistice period was that of religious bigotry, of sectarianism, of a general tendency to overemphasize religious work, of a purpose to proselyte. This accusation has been officially refuted by the Army authorities, according to whose own findings, religion, where presented by the Overseas Y, was commonly presented in a simple, direct, noncontroversial form, without dogma, sectarianism, or obtrusion, and on broad human grounds. Exceptions existed. Among 12,022 persons, taken cross-section-wise from any Occidental nation, it is likely that some percentage of the disagreeable missionary type would be found. But, as should be evident from the earlier pages of this book, such individuals were neither desired nor encouraged; nor, when identified, were they willingly continued in contact with the men, by the Overseas Y.

Catholics, Jews, Christian Scientists, Unitarians, as well as persons of no church affiliations whatever, and persons of all the orthodox Protestant sects, alike wore the Y uniform and did excellent work as regular Y secretaries overseas.

And no one with any real and wide-extended view of the A.E.F. and its Y — an advantage, by the way, that extremely few critics of the Y have actually possessed — can fail to know that the Overseas Y's deliberate, general policy, was never to obtrude religious work, but to provide for our soldiers at proper times religious services *according to their various faiths*, whatever those faiths might be.

Thus, in London, a part of the regular work of Eagle Hut was to see that Jewish boys got to their synagogues, and that Catholic boys were taken to mass; that Protestant Episco-

palians got to the Church of England and that those of other sects arrived wherever they might wish to go.

All over France you found Y hut secretaries, in the lack of rabbis, busying themselves to make sure that Jewish holidays should be duly celebrated whether in Y huts or elsewhere, wherever Jews made part of our forces.

The Christian Scientists had their own reading-rooms at various points in France, but the "Christian Science Monitor" and Christian Science literature were to be found very generally in Y huts.

As to the Catholics, nothing could have been better than the typical spirit of coöperation between Catholic chaplain and Y secretary.

Protestant Y religious secretaries in many a hut arranged altars for the celebration of mass by Catholic priests whom they had sent their transportation to import. Father Duval, Catholic Chaplain in the Twenty-Sixth Division, sent all the way from Toul to Andelot to beg "Mother" Fitzgerald and Miss Heermance, Presbyterian, to come to his Decoration Day service for our dead there buried.

"Because you two are the last American women that these boys saw."

So the two made wreaths of ivy — the number of the dead — and went to Toul on Decoration Day. And they, and two Toul Y women and two Salvation Army women, stood with Father Duval by the lonely graves.

In Bazoilles Hospital — Base Hospitals number 80, 81, and 116 — the Reverend Dr. Dodd of Staten Island, Episcopalian and war-time Y man, and the Reverend Father Coupal, Catholic Chaplain, pursued a life of mutual hounding, each eager that the other should neglect no part of his task.

"Doctor, there's that boy in Ward 14 wants a Testament.

I told you about it this morning, you know, and you have n't got it to him yet. I call it a shame!" frets the priest, all honest anxiety.

"Father," urges the clergyman, a bit later on — "hurry, now, do. There's a lad of yours over here that won't be with us long. Get to him quick."

And so the two men worked together, each eagerly helping the other on his job.

"Father Coupal is a man in a thousand — very superior," says Dr. Dodd.

"A saver of souls in the real sense, is Dr. Dodd," says another. "You might hear just their number from the blessed Saint Peter, but you'll never, never get it from Dr. Dodd!"

But "Billy," every boy's "Billy," the beloved "Billy" Levere, was the one to phrase the thing to a "t."

"Boys," he said one night, laboriously mounting his canteen counter to address a full house — Billy himself says he weighs three tons — "Boys, I've something to say to you all."

The frown between Billy's brows looked truly serious. No one could guess what was wrong.

"I've heard a thing I don't like, to-day. Somebody says some one's been saying that Catholic boys are n't wanted in this hut. Now I don't know how many Catholics are here, but listen to me:

"First: This place belongs to you all, whether you are Catholics or Protestants or Hebrews or Mohammedans or Atheists.

"Second, you Catholic boys: If any one over here tries to make a Protestant of you, *don't you have any dealings with 'em*. Your father and mother are Catholic. Lots of your friends are Catholic. Change your religion, and when you go home you'll be unhappy. If it's being a Christian you're after, why, you can be that in any church."

A great deal of cheap nonsense has been talked and written, by cheap "observers" of the A.E.F., to the effect that our men did not want — resented, even — the offer of religious ministrations in their lives. Where this has not arisen from some possible deeper and unavowed motive, it has been merely the worthless windfall of shallow minds.

Our boys had not the long, sobering experience of an older army — the experience that, while it made men callous to blood and death, made them hungrily reach for their God. At Rouen, in the chapel hut of the Royal Engineers' Y, you would nightly see the place packed with war-worn British veterans, soberly sharing in even-song — every man taking his part. And you knew that those men, back only for the briefest rest, were returning to the trenches, perhaps to their death, within a few hours' time. Very literally, they were commending their people and their own bare souls to the mercy of One whom they knew they might meet before another night. *Morituri salutamus.* And men like the Reverend Studdert Kennedy with the English, and the Reverend F. W. Norwood with the Australians — real men, real helpers, wielded a strong and Army-wide influence for comfort, for steadying, and for good.

But our boys, despite the relative slightness of their own ordeal, most truly craved the right religious help. And the mistake that some few ministers made was to think that they wanted it camouflaged — coated with flippancy — disguised, as though the speaker were ashamed of his cloth. The boys would accept uncouth speech when it was the natural language of an honest, earnest, truly religious mind. But let a regular clergyman begin any sort of shame-faced gallery-play, and the men felt at once that he lacked two qualities without which he had no title to speak to them at all — character and sincerity.

Equally did they despise the thin-blooded, cold-eyed, narrow-visioned, professional holy man.

And their third loathing was for the type that, under the guise of a Sunday evening service, gave them detailed descriptions of the sensations and stages of getting very drunk, or of the incidents and consequences of other forms of digression.

"I have learned more about nasty things to-night than I ever knew before in my life," said a disgusted doughboy to the woman head of the Chaumont hut, after one Sunday "service." "What does that guy think we are? Can't he understand that when we have church we want church?"

"I was glad of a chance to come to church to-night," a bystanding mate thrust in. "I was homesick, I guess. And I thought it would feel kind of good to be doing just exactly what the folks back home are doing — singing the same hymns and saying the same prayers. That's what makes a fellow feel right. But *this* stunt! . . ."

And again Billy hit the nail on the head — Billy Levere, who, layman as he is, conducted service with the best effect and with all the reverence in the world, as need arose.

"These boys," said Billy, "don't want *admonition*. What they want is *an alternative*. These boys need just as little admonition as the people of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, Illinois. You give 'em a chance — just give 'em a chance, at something that's healthy and pleasant and alive and good and you won't have to do or say another thing to keep 'em out of trouble."

In a certain obscure little canteen, which need not here be identified, worked a man as rough and untaught as any literate well could be. Perhaps they had recruited him as a teamster. Perhaps he had drifted by some mistake into the job of canteen secretary. However it was, the priceless soul of the matter

was in him. His talk, on other lips, would have been cant. But he himself was a reclaimed "drunk." And his whole mind was honestly and truly one humble, ardent, loving joy for that fact; his whole desire a burning passion to share the blessing that he had found.

The only time, as the military duties of the post were arranged, when it was possible to have religious service there, was at the boys' lunch-time, the only place, the lunch-room. So this Y man held his little Sunday service while and where the boys ate. He did not pretend to be a preacher. He was just a reclaimed gutter-drunk, keeping a grocery-store and a lunch-room and a lounge. And in the middle of Sunday lunch he would go down on his knees and pray.

It sounds grotesque. It sounds like the very thing that the facile critics have railed at. But by just such railing the facile critic shows that he never knew the A.E.F. It might, of course, have been ghastly; but, as a matter of fact, it was right. The sincerity, the true goodness of that poor, rough, humble man were all that our boys wanted to know. They too, in their always-lonely hearts, knew that they sorely wanted and needed the love and help of the God of whom he so crudely talked — wanted it for themselves, and for those dear to them at home.

And while this simplest of men stumbled through his child-like prayer — "God bless mother and dad, and brother and sis, and grandma and grandpa" — nothing was farther from the wet-eyed lads before him, whose closest thought he really expressed, than was laughter or sneers.

In outward form it was a far cry from the service of the reclaimed drunk in the hidden canteen to that of Dr. Freeman at Gondrecourt or of Dr. Maitland Alexander in the great Y Fest Halle in Coblentz, or to those of Dr. Dodd, giving regular matins and even-song at Thiaucourt, in captured dug-

outs and in Uhlan stables through strafings by Boche guns that had the range to a dot. But the spirit in all four was the same, and that spirit never failed to reach the welcoming hearts of the men.

It is always easy for cheap *poseurs* never themselves subjected to the ordeal of prolonged and imminent danger — never themselves subjected month after month, to the sight of comrades falling to right and to left, to the presence and shape and smell of death on every hand, to the wonder as to whether this particular glimpse of daylight is their last — it is always easy for such to jeer at the hope and comfort of religion. But those jeers found no true echo in the soul of the man who had really faced the horrors of war.

When Father Duffy, Chaplain of the One Hundred and Sixty-Fifth — the old "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" — sent all the way to Toul to call a Protestant minister from a Y truck-garage to hold service for the One Hundred and Sixty-Fifth's Protestant replacement men about to go over the top, he did it for a reason.

"I did it *because I know the men's need of it*," said Father Francis Patrick Duffy, from his human heart.

Chapter XXXI

Conclusion

In May, 1917, the American Y.M.C.A. in New York was assured, through U.S. Government channels, that no American forces would land in France that year.

In November, 1917, the Y in France was laboring to form a personnel 500 strong to serve an army of 125,000 men already arrived, while the onrush of troops had made clear the necessity at once to recruit for overseas service 3500 Y workers. By April, 1919, 6357 Y workers were actually with the A.E.F. in the European field, while the A.E.F. clamored for more.

Half of the job of this personnel was, literally, to run the biggest chain of grocery-stores and of hotels in the world, and to run them against the current of a world war; to provide the enormous bulk of supplies demanded by such undertakings when European markets were almost bare, European factories stilled; when all available ocean tonnage was terribly insufficient for the necessary movement of men, rations, and arms; when French railways choked under abnormal burdens; and when the A.E.F.'s own land transportation ran short to the point of keen distress.

Largely through the great friendship, faith, and good-will of the Commander-in-Chief, the Overseas Y nevertheless got tonnage — about forty per cent of the amount by the Army acknowledged as it barest necessity. Through the same powerful help it got transportation — about thirty per cent of the amount approved. And with this fraction of a chance to make good it set out to do its part in helping win the war.

"More fool you!" said some of its critics. "You had n't the ghost of a show. Why did n't you turn it down, and, like the rest of the militarized organizations, pick something of a size, kind, and situation that you *could* handle with certainty of credit to yourself?"

For most of us apply our own moral yardstick in measuring the motives of others; and judges of this stamp, conceiving popular success and personal profit as a sane man's only aim, measure his intelligence by the skill he shows in playing for it.

No other militarized organization was asked to run our Post Exchange. Just as, after July, 1917, no other nation was asked to fight our part of the war.

Pershing gave Carter the Post-Exchange job, simply and solely to relieve the A.E.F., which desperately lacked men, munitions, means of every sort. And Carter shouldered the job that Pershing handed him.

Pershing desperately lacked men, and the men he had lacked boots, and clothes, and arms. Some of them lacked arms so long that they actually went over the top with guns in their hands that they had never learned to fire. Yet Pershing, too, shouldered the job we gave him.

Carter, because his distant directorate could not realize his situation, did not support him with the personnel that his huge task required — Carter knew in advance that much of that task would be muffed and fumbled by inexperienced and unfit hands.

Pershing, because the Nation would not prepare for war before war actually broke — would not train and select officers able for their work — Pershing knew in advance that his casualty lists, by wounds, sickness, and death, would far exceed the casualty list of a properly trained and officered army.

Carter's ineffective or harmful personnel was largely weeded out and dismissed, as experience in the field — costly

substitute for known ability and training — showed up defects.

Pershing's officers manifesting in action unfitness for trust or for command were also largely weeded out.

But will any one who knew either Army or Overseas Y care to maintain that every unfit officer or every unfit Y worker was removed from chance to do harm?

C'était la guerre. The colossal rush and sweep of things precluded the possibility of either organization's closely watching, sorting, and polishing all its personnel after the game was on. That should have been done before the game began.

The parallel between the two men abruptly ceases, however, when the matter of home publicity comes to the fore. In the Army, until latter days, Pershing's name was the one name freely used — so that it were with most scrupulous deference. But in the Y.M.C.A., Carter's name, perhaps rather curiously, has been exceedingly rarely mentioned — unless as a scapegoat handily available to a multitude of sinners of every estate.

"With all the money we gave you, why did not you fully serve all our needy sons?" the people cried out to Carter — to the Overseas Y, when defects and shortage of service appeared.

"*Why did you kill my boy?*" many a grief-distraught parent wrote the Commander-in-Chief, when pens and tongues grew free and hints of Army mistakes reached home.

But the two questions were equally misdirected, equally unjust.

Carter from the first had asked with all force that words can convey, not for mediocrities, not for lesser lights, but for the few best experts in the Nation, to organize, coördinate, and direct the main departments of one of the Nation's chief works — those great organizers to be accompanied by

a large body of field workers of brilliant parts. They sent him in response a badly scanted quota, comprising some few individuals of known outstanding ability, but with a large percentage showing no ability at all.

Rarely was Carter given a choice in the appointment of his own staff. He had to work harnessed with unknown quantities, in whose selection his desires had played no part, and who were often shipped to him, incredible as it may seem, with their overseas labels already attached. Moreover, many of these men were recruited for from three to six months — periods so short that, no sooner were they broken in to their jobs than off they went away home again, their "bit done," while green hands took their places.

Says Mr. Francis E. Powell, head of the Standard Oil Company's interests in Great Britain, and one of Carter's most active and consistent supporters, "The fact is, we built up in France in a year an organization equal to that which it took the Standard Oil Company twelve years to build up in Great Britain, and the Standard could never have had the perfect organization that they now have if they had been obliged to change their best men every six months."

Carter, however, to quote his own phrase, "assumed God's will could be done, and resolved to do it." Like Pershing, he took the stuff that blew in at the door and drove ahead with it as best he could to help win the war.

The final concrete result, through all the mists of shortcomings, was the most eloquent possible testimony to the first of his two great qualities.

There is an influence, for good or for evil, that flows downward from every organization head through the whole human fabric beneath, whether the head himself is or is not personally known to his people. By that influence, in unselfish leadership, Carter so inspired an unknown, untried, weaker than

mediocre lot, that some fifty per cent of it made fairly good: of which percentage perhaps a third made so good that its work was divine.

The second, but not less important of Carter's outstanding qualities was his gift of true statesmanship — his power, while commanding the respect and confidence of other public men, so to present to them his own plans as to secure their greatest and most unquestioning coöperation. It was General Pershing's openly stated and implicit faith in Carter personally, that cleared the path for the Y in the A.E.F. and that showed in practical friendship and reliance at every turn throughout our war, incalculably increasing the Y's reach of service.

And it was this same gift, operating equally with the highest British authority and with the French, that opened short cuts, saved precious time, and procured unparalleled advantages.

Carter's chief defects, perhaps, were, first, a too-great self-abnegation; and second, an inclination to hesitate too long to remove an unfit man — an inclination to give such a man, in the hope that he would retrieve, too much leeway. But another view of that habit was, under the circumstances, possible.

As has been indicated, the Overseas Y ran always short-handed. As a matter of fact, it ran short-handed to the point of desperation. Taking all together, the fit with the unfit, throughout the combat period Carter had never more than forty per cent of the man-power that his job required. Of that forty per cent, as has just been stated, scarcely over fifty per cent ran fairly good. It becomes easier, then, to see reason in his reluctance to reject even weak hands, while better were not forthcoming.

"This man at X——, poor as he is, is doing a fifty per

cent job," Carter might say. "Shall I leave him there, letting him bring discredit on the Y by the half he leaves undone, while he gives our soldiers a service fifty per cent better than the nothing that they will get without him? Or shall I pull him out, send him home, and let the boys go entirely unserved, since we have no one at all to put in his place?"

The question was a square one. Carter's answer was:

"Let the credit go hang. We'll do our best with the tools America gives us. And if, in the nature of things, we get curses instead of favor — *c'est la guerre.*"

The British Army, these many generations, has cherished a bred-in-the-blood tradition as to the duty of an officer toward his men, whose welfare, as a matter of honor and pride, he must and truly does put before his own. Those closely familiar with the British Front, even in 1914, say that the spirit of comradeship, of friendship, of downright affection, there existing between officer and man was beyond words beautiful; and that the closer one got to the foremost trenches, the more perfect became the atmosphere of mutual faith and devotion. Nor was this a new growth, but rather the logical development of the fine old relation under the heat of the worst of wars.

Our officers, on the other hand, had, in the great majority, no such inheritance, no such tradition of service. Except by individual character, the spirit that made the youngest British subaltern stand in place of father to his men was no part of our equipment and the bare technicalities of fighting were all that we gave ourselves time to teach. To start with, we had not even the mental picture — the theoretical standard — on which the British rest. And no good officer, in the highest sense, was ever made out of raw material overnight.

Yet, in spite of all this, our American Army actually enjoyed at least four times more welfare service than did any

other Army in the war. This was rendered by the various welfare societies associated with the A.E.F. And ninety per cent of the whole was, according to official Army reckoning, performed by the Y alone. With forty per cent of the required personnel, with forty per cent of the required ocean tonnage, with thirty per cent of the land transportation required for a covering job, *the Y performed ninety per cent of all the welfare work done overseas for the best-served Army in the war.*

And yet that Army damned the Y.

Which was the best possible omen for the Army and for America.

Why?

Because it means that two million American soldiers in the field had been taught, either by experience or by hearsay, what welfare service can and should be. Because, taking to it naturally, they demanded it as a right, and cursed their morale to bits if they did not get it. Because, so doing, they taught such line officers as were teachable a live idea of soldiers' requirements. Because, from the ranks, thousands of American company officers have learned a completely new conception of their duties to their men.

And the Y taught the ranks.

Now that the war is over, the Y fades out of the Army. But the memory of its work, though few may yet realize it, remains as an inescapable demand upon the Army — perhaps upon civilian employers as well.

Our Government to-day holds that the Army can take over all its own welfare work — can cut out volunteer aid and do a better job by itself.

This in many ways is true. The Army, commanding its own facilities, undisputed in right of way, can do easily a thousand things that a welfare organization, operating less

by right than by favor, could do but haltingly if at all. Yet, let welfare work become a matter of mechanical routine — let it lose its free soul — its volunteer quality — and the result will be dearth and disaster. Not by a General Order from Washington can the British tradition be flashed into operation. The real thing is a growth of spirit and from within.

Last comes the question: What was the greatest real contribution of the Overseas Y?

It gave to the world a new ideal of relationship between men and women — the ideal realized in the hut, in which environment it flourished, and in which environment, returned complete to our soil — not transplanted into marble edifices, but exact in the homely simplicity of France — it should most certainly continue to operate. But, through and above all, in man and woman alike, it showed forth the supreme beauty of the spirit that shone at its brightest in the white light of France — quite simply, the Christ Spirit, based on service and the brotherhood of man — a spirit wholly oblivious of theology, creed, or sect, careless alike of human precedent or personal convictions, of cost or of sacrifice — careless as Our Lord himself was careless of any convention or tenet that stood in the way of His service to His brothers on earth.

This means new wine for old bottles. This means — as perhaps few or none but those who saw the war in France can grasp — that the old Y.M.C.A. must be born again, quickened and remade with the soul of the war-born Overseas Y, if it is either to survive or to merit survival. The world's need is very great — terribly greater than America seems willing to know. But, however America may blind her eyes, that need will no longer be denied.

The Y.M.C.A. is a big machine — very big. And ready-

built. It can be of enormous service to the country — to the nations. *For the moment* it has its choice — whether to accept the now-imminent fate of all stubborn, outgrown things and be ground, with them, into common pulp and refuse; or, recreating itself from the roots, to rise in the name of our glorious young dead, laying off, as they laid off, the bonds of the old self, taking on the spirit and shape of all-embracing, all-giving love — of young, eager, joyful, limitless service.

THE END

APPENDIX A

Partial Lists of Overseas Y Secretaries Killed in Action, Wounded, Shell-Shocked, Gassed, or Died in Service, Decorated in Recognition of Service Rendered with Allied Armies in the Field, or Cited for Meritorious Service with United States Troops, by the Commander-in-Chief or by Division Commanders.

Killed in Action

Birchby, James A., Pasadena, Cal.
Carpenter, Clifford A., Waukesha, Wis.
Crandall, Miss Marion G., Alameda, Cal.
Gibson, Harry B., Avalon, Pa.
Linn, Rev. John Addams, New York City.
Martin, Miss Winona C., Rockville Centre, L.I.
Murray, Rev. Walter R., East Orange, N.J.
Smith, Halliday S., Nyack, N.Y.
Wellwood, Rev. Robert, New York, N.Y.

Died from Wounds

Voorhees, Rev. John B., Hartford, Conn.

Died from Gas

Cooper, Rev. Hedley H., Piermont, N.Y.

Wounded, Gassed, or Shell-Shocked

Alsop, Edward G., Elmhurst, L.I.
Ambs, Lewis, Los Angeles, Cal.
Armbrust, Rev. J. H., Boston, Mass.
Armstrong, Rev. Robt., Northampton, Mass.
Azarian, Jos. A., Pasadena, Cal.
Ballew, Wm. Earle, Lexington, Ill.
Barker, John V., Denver, Col.
Barker, Rev. Mandeville, Jr., Uniontown, Pa.
Bartholomew, Herbert C., Brookville, Pa.
Bartlett, Rev. Murray, Rochester, N.Y.
Beauman, Jas. H., Albany, N.Y.
Beck, E. E., South Bend, Ind.
Black, Ward, Palestine, Ill.
Blake, Wm. A., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Bradlee, Chas. W., Jr., Providence, R.I.
Brannan, Eleanor, New York City.
Brawley, Horace, East Orange, N.J.
Briggs, Edward Earl, Buffalo, N.Y.
Brooker, Norton W., Columbia, S.C.
Brown, Archibald, Redbank, N.J.
Brown, Herbert E., Los Angeles, Cal.
Brown, Harry G., Hackensack, N.J.
Bulkley, D. B., Bonita, La.
Campbell, Barlow M., Bainbridge, Ga.
Cannell, Frank B., Brookline, Mass.
Capps, James A., Bessemer City, N.C.
Carrington, J. J., Huntington, Tenn.
Case, E. J., Chicago, Ill.
Chase, Harry L., South Braintree, Mass.
Chaudron, Paul V., Mobile, Ala.
Clark, Geo. Elliott, Akron, Ohio.
Clifford, Rev. John Henry, Tuscon, Ariz.
Coffin, Harold R., Chicago, Ill.
Cole, James Fulton, New York.
Connor, Geo. Carpenter, Philadelphia, Pa.
Conrad, Austin B., Lynchburg, Va.
Cook, Hugh O., Kansas City, Mo.
Cotton, Howard, Tarboro, N.C.
Courtwright, Wm. Leander, Larkspur, Cal.
Cressy, William, New York.
Cross, Rev. E. W., Grinnell, Iowa.
D'Antonio, John, Springfield, Mass.
Davies, Thomas John, Newcastle, Pa.

Davis, Phillip Sidney, Brookline, Mass.
Davis, R. P., Cloquet, Minn.
Dawes, Fred A., Newark, N.J.
Derr, Harvey R., Wooster, Ohio.
Devan, Scoville T., Columbus, Ohio.
Dietz, Arthur L.
Dillon, W. W., Estacado, Ore.
Dodelin, Rev. Louis C., Los Angeles, Cal.
Douglas, Arthur M., Manitou, Cal.
Downer, Sam'l W., Downer, N.J.
Duncan, U. S., Tacoma, Wash.
Elk, Fred, Brodhead, Wis.
Elwood, John L., Irvington, N.J.
Evans, Jack Christian, Miles City, Mont.
Evers, Rev. John Upton, Martinsburg, West Va.
Falconer, Rev. Robt. C., Exeter, Mass.
Fonville, De Roy R., Burlington, N.C.
Frederick, Wallace, Fargo, N.D.
French, J. H., Haverford, Pa.
Gauld, Rev. Fred, Arlington, Mass.
Gregg, David, Eastern Shore, Md.
Griffin, Frank T., New York City.
Hadley, Thomas Frederick, Richland, Iowa.
Haines, Chas. C., Middletown, N.Y.
Halloway, Percy T., Ellasville, Ga.
Hamblin, Rev. Chas. E., Rushville, N.Y.
Hancock, Arthur, La Grange, Ill.
Haney, H. S., Quakertown, Pa.
Hansel, French, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hartley, Robert A., Quincy, Ill.
Hayden, Ralph, New York City.
Hinton, Chas. O., Paris, Ky.
Hints, Rev. William, Osceola, Iowa.
Howe, Frank L., Jr., East Orange, N.J.
Howell, Rev. Walter Delaney, Detroit, Mich.
Howes, D. H., Jr., Wilmington, N.C.
Huggins, Rev. Wm. L., Coolridge, Ga.
Hume, Marion C., Ottumwa, Iowa.
Hungerford, Arthur E., Baltimore, Md.
Hunter, Geo. J., Detroit, Mich.
Innes, Fred Edward, Hartford, Conn.
Jewett, Edmund Hurtt, New York City.
Johnson, Benton V., Detroit, Mich.
Johnson, Martin Ray, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Johnston, Rev. Mercer G., Baltimore, Md.
Jones, Victor Ray, Easton, Pa.
Kennedy, Rev. Daniel, Somerville, Mass.
Kline, Gardiner, Amsterdam, N.Y.
Knight, Chas. L., Chicago, Ill.
Krupar, Anthony C., Chesterfield, Va.
Land, Rev. John, Louisville, Ky.
Lau, Oscar M., Des Moines, Ia.
Leonard, Asa, Ithaca, N.Y.
Lewis, Edgar St. Claire, Cincinnati, Ohio.
MacClinchie, Robert E., St. Louis, Mo.
McCord, Rolla E., Glenellyn, Ill.
McGeachy, John A., St. Paul, N.C.
McKee, Rev. Herbert, Fowler, Cal.
Male, N. L., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Martin, M. G., Franklin, Ind.
Maurer, Rev. Oscar, New Haven, Conn.
Metcalf, Joel, Winchester, Mass.
Miller, Miss B. A., New York City.
Mitchell, Rev. Bert G., Seattle, Wash.
Morris, Rev. Clyde C., Idabel, Okla.
Nepp, M. L., Corona, N.Y.
Palmer, A. F., Bellingham, Wash.
Parsell, Alfred P., Auburn, N.Y.
Patton, J. W., Anderson, Pa.
Perkins, G. Lawrence, Pomfret, Conn.
Perkins, J. D., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
Pest, B. Thomas, Newark, N.J.
Petty, O. E., Lewiston, Mont.
Phillips, Arthur, Boston, Mass.
Pinkerton, Henry, Jacksonville, Ill.
Poling, Rev. Daniel A., Boston, Mass.
Preston, Rev. Bryant C., Palo Alto, Cal.
Prettyman, Wm. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Randall, Hugh A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Resnor, Lucy, Erie, N.Y.
Robertson, Robert, Oakland, Cal.
Rowe, Geo. T., Dublin, Ga.
Sayers, Chas., Lancaster, Pa.
Sewell, Rev. Emmett K., Wynne, Ark.
Sherman, Paula, New York City.

Sidney, Thomas H., Evanston, Ill.
Smith, Arthur L., Rosalin, Va.
Smith, F. C.
Smith, Frank O., Prescott, Ariz.
Smith, Henry F., West Medford, Mass.
Smith, Theodore E., San Francisco, Cal.
Smithers, Kelly C., Frankfort, N.Y.
Snow, Robert Clinton, Hyde Park, Mass.
Stuart, Sidney, New York City.
Talmadge, D. H., New York City.
Taylor, H. K., Hartford, Conn.
Taylor, James, Chicago, Ill.
Thompson, John R., Boston, Mass.
Toulon, Homer Victor, Philadelphia, Pa.
Truex, Walter, Syracuse, N.Y.
Tyner, Rev. Chas. F., Omaha, Neb.
Van Emden, Ira H., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
Van Epps, Frank M., Chicago, Ill.
Varnum, Algernon B., Hyannis, Mass.
Walker, Eli, Stockton, Kansas.
Walker, O. W., Nakato, Minn.
Walker, R. W., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Wallace, Walter Bernard, Richmond, Va.
Walsh, A. W., Petersburg, Va.
Wanamaker, Olin D., Dallas, Texas.
Ward, W. E., Aurora, Neb.
Warren, Frank G., Stockton, Cal.
Watkins, Glenn, Lakewood, O.
Watson, Alex P., Knoxville, Tenn.
Wegener, Henry F., Detroit, Mich.
Welker, R. A., Union City, Pa.
West, Frank H., Rochester, N.Y.
Wharton, Henry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wheatley, John S., Jacksonville, Fla.
White, Harry C., Bound Brook, N.J.
Wilbor, T. W., Jr., New Britain, Conn.
Williams, L. E., Manchester, Tenn.
Willis, Guy A., Darlington, Mo.
Willmer, Mrs. Sarah, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, George C., San José, Cal.
Wyman, Leon E., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Died in Service

Adams, Daisy, Baltimore, Md.
Allen, Elvin L., Kinchley, Maine.
Ballou, Frederick D., Richmond, Ky.
Beecher, Judson H., Mount Kisco, N.Y.
Branum, Virginia L., Sewickley, Pa.
Brooks, Chauncey D., Syracuse, N.Y.
Burrage, Miss Helen M., Cambridge, Mass.
Bush, Robert D., Camilla, Ga.
Campbell, Robert M., Kosciusko, Miss.
Carley, Leon A., Caldwell, N.J.
Chambers, Hugh B., Bardstown, Ky.
Chauvin, Raoul, New York City.
Chisholm, Mrs., Jessie Noyes, Seattle, Wash.
Clark, Rev. T. H., Boston, Mass.
Colwell, Joseph E., Ridgefield Park, N.J.
Corlett, Wm. Geo., Rochester, N.Y.
Cotton, Howard, Tarboro, N.C.
Cutting, R. Bayard, New York City.
Duvall, Rev. Frank B., Clyde, N.Y.
Edwards, Rev. Charles G., Allabell, Ga.
Ellis, Harriett M., New York City.
Fisher, Harry C., Denver, Col.
Fulton, Maurice, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Gale, Bessie, Schenectady, N.Y.
Gay, Dorothea, New York City.
Grose, Richard Charles, Toronto, Canada.
Guth, Pierce P., Allentown, Pa.
Hardy, Rev. Joseph F., Independence, Mo.
Hefflon, Joseph Hubbard, Winchester, Mass.
Hosie, Eugenia, Lancaster, Pa.
Johnson, John T., West Point, Ga.
Jones, Thos. B., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Kime, Claude V., Ridgeway, Ga.
Knight, Alice J., Waterbury, Conn.
Lawwill, Hugh S., Indianapolis, Ind.
Loomis, Dr. Charles, Palm Beach, Fla.
Lueders, Mrs. Jean, London, England.
Marsh, Rev. Clark Herbert, Fullerton, Cal.
McCreary, James, Boston, Mass.
Moon, Rev. John Lawton, Bradentown, Fla.
Nauffts, Ralph L., Charlestown, Mass.

Noble, Charles Samuel, Portland, Oregon.
Osen, Rev. Eric G., Lyons, Kans.
Pace, Roy B., Swarthmore, Pa.
Peterson, A. F., Waupaca, Wis.
Phinney, Edwin C., Minneapolis, Minn.
Powell, Samuel A., San Francisco, Cal.
Prichett, Rev. Robert A., Philadelphia, Pa.
Ranson, Miss Lorraine, New Rochelle, N.Y.
Richardson, Harry L., Elmira, N.Y.
Robertson, Miss Nellie, Virginia, Ill.
Rogers, Miss Alice C., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Rogers, Miss Faith H., Superior, Wis.
Rose, W. C., New York City.
Rowe, Rev. W. H., Citronelle, Ala.
Rowley, Miss Blanche A., Rochester, N.Y.
Russell, Elizabeth, Boston, Mass.
Sant, W. W., New York City.
Scott, Thomas L., Indianapolis, Ind.
Seligman, Louis Sol., Nashville, Tenn.
Seymour, Rev. H. P., Piermont, N.Y.
Shaw, Harry C., Cambridge, Mass.
Slocum, Esther, Newark, N.J.
Sweet, Benjamin Vernon, Rockland, Maine.
Valentine, Gertrude Crissey, Albany, N.Y.
Van Schaick, John D., Huntington, L.I.
Vrooman, Marjorie R., Clyde, N.Y.
Walsh, George H., Philadelphia, Pa.
White, Edith, Petaluma, Cal.
Willing, Rev. Herman S., Moline, Ill.
Woodhead, Howard, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Zinn, Miss Jeanette, York, Pa.

Distinguished Service Cross (U.S.) [1]

Barker, Rev. Mandeville, Jr., Uniontown, Pa.
Farmer, William R., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Johnston, Rev. Mercer Green, Baltimore, Md.
Shreve, Richard C., Rochester, N.Y.
Ward, F. Chas., Omaha, Neb.
Wilbor, Thos. Whiteside, Jr., New Britain, Conn.

Croix de Guerre (French)

Arrowsmith, Mary Noel, New York, N.Y.
Barker, Rev. Mandeville Jr., Uniontown, Pa.
Bartlett, Rev. Murray, Rochester, N.Y.
Blanchette, Rev. Dr. Chas. A., Minneapolis, Minn.
Borglum, Solon, Norwalk, Conn.
Burdick, Harry L., Cambridge, Mass.
Bush, Stephen Hayes, Iowa City, Iowa.
Butler, Ernest C., Skowhegan, Maine.
Clifford, Rev. John H., Tucson, Ariz.
Coffin, Wm. F., New York, N.Y.
Colby, Miss Leslie Osgood, New York, N.Y.
Davis, Miss Cornelia Colt, New York, N.Y.
Dawes, Frederick Ames, Newark, N.J.
Dwight, Mrs. Arthur S., Great Neck, L.I.
Ely, Edwin W., New York, N.Y.
Ely, Miss Gertrude, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Evans, Walter H., Hollywood, Cal.
Farmer, William R., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Fenner, Clarence Andrew, Rochester, N.Y.
Fleming, Miss Louise, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
Fonville, De Roy R., Burlington, N.C.
Girardin, George C., Worcester, Mass.
Henthorne, Miss Oril Elsie, Portland, Ore.
Herron, Miss Maria Clinton, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hobart, Edward C., Chicago, Ill.
Howell, Martin Luther, Rowen, Iowa.
Jewett, Edmund Hurtt, New York, N.Y.
Johnson, Benton V., Detroit, Mich.
Johnston, Rev. Mercer Green, Baltimore, Md.
King, Miss Helen Maxwell, Northampton, Mass.

[1] The Distinguished Service Medal was awarded to Dr. John R. Mott, of New York.

Lee, Olin P., Longmont, Cal.
Lesley, Olive Mary, Cambridge, Mass.
Lytle, Carl Dewing, North Brookfield, Mass.
MacDonald, William W., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Miller, Miss Bernetta Adams, New York, N.Y.
Modra, Stanley, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Murray, William J., Douglaston, L.I.
Namette, Edward Constant, Lowell, Mass.
Nicoll, Mrs. Ruby Bacon, New York City.
Olmstead, Frank I., Ann Arbor, Mich.
Palmer, A. F., Bellingham, Wash.
Pest, B. Thomas, Newark, N.J.
Shreve, Richard C., Rochester, N.Y.
Smalley, Evelyn, New York, N.Y.
Stacks, E. A., New York, N.Y.
Wharton, Henry, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.
White, Daniel, New York, N.Y.
White, Harry C., Bound Brook, N.J.
White, Dr. Lynn T., San Rafael, Cal.
Wilbor, Thos. Whiteside, Jr., New Britain, Conn.
Wilson, Thos. W., New Britain, Conn.
Wright, Wm. E., Toledo, Ohio.

Médaille d'Honneur en Argent

McAdams, Harry Leon, Glendale, Cal.
Modra, Stanley, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Schutz, Walter S., Hartford, Conn.

Fourragère (French Army)

Boyd, Miss, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Butler, Hope, Morristown, N.J.
Dunlap, Elizabeth, Yonkers, N.Y.
Ely, Gertrude, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Landon, Cornelia, New York, N.Y.
Morgan, Edith, New York, N.Y.

Légion d'Honneur [1]

Brown, Elwood S., New York, N.Y.
Carter, E. C., Andover, Mass.
Coffin, Wm. F., New York, N.Y.
Davis, Darius A., Hartford, Conn.
Tolman, William Howe, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Croix de Lorraine

Clifford, Rev. John H., Tucson, Ariz.

Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française

Barnard, Rev. Alfred J., Elyria, Ohio.
Francis, Dorothy, Westfield, N.J.
Harlow, Henry Walter, Charlestown, Mass.

Officier de l'Instruction Publique

Frapwell, Alfred Philip, City Island, N.Y.

Order of the British Empire

Chisholm, Mrs. Jessie Noyes, Seattle, Wash.
Davis, Miss May Agnes, Orange, N.J.
Dwight, Mrs. Arthur S., Great Neck, L.I.
Hodgson, Edward W., Newton, Mass.
Jessop, William, New York, N.Y.
Lansac, Nan.
Lynch, Miss Gertrude, New York, N.Y.

British Air Society Medal

Preston, Rev. Bryant C., Palo Alto, Cal.

Cited by General Pershing

Barnard, Rev. Alfred James, Elyria, Ohio.
Brown, Robert George, Bronxville, N.Y.
Francis, Miss Dorothy, Westfield, N.Y.

Cited for Distinguished Service Cross

Banks, Edward Terrell, Dayton, Ohio.
Burgess, Henry, Newport, Vt.
Bush, Stephen Haynes, Iowa City, Iowa.
Carrington, John Joseph, Huntington, Tenn.
Clemmons, Rev. Wm. Bourne, Augusta, Ga.
Cook, H. O., Kansas City, Mo.
Davis, Irving R., Spokane, Wash.
Duncan, David, St. Paul, Minn.

[1] The Legion of Honor was also awarded to Dr. John R. Mott, of New York.

Eddy, William Higbie, New York, N.Y.
Frapwell, Albert Philip, City Island, N.Y.
Heaton, Otto B., Columbus, Ohio.
Jewett, Edmund Hurtt, New York, N.Y.
Johnson, Frank L., Newark, Ohio.
Killcrease, Mack L., Centersville, Ala.
Morse, Melvin Gregg, Hardwick, Vermont.
Rooney, Hugh M., Lowell, Mass.
Sloan, Mrs. Emma S., New Haven, Conn.
Stecher, Henry Balfour, Racine, Wis.

Cited for Croix de Guerre

Beck, Edward E., South Bend, Ind.
Coyle, Roy Frederick, Berkeley, Cal.
Eddy, William Higbie, New York, N.Y.
Ford, Burgess Francis, Stayton, Ore.
Jewett, Edmund Hurtt, New York, N.Y.
Johnson, Rev. Henry, East Orange, N.J.
Stokes, Alfred, Stamford, Conn.
Sweeney, Mary, Pine Grove, Ky.
Sweeney, Sunshine, Pine Grove, Ky.

Citations by Divisional Commanders

Allen, Henry J.
Anderson, Eugene Ervin, Sharon, Pa.
Armstrong, J. M., Lapeer, Mich.
Bardwell, Ernest Gilbert, Gowanda, N.Y.
Barker, Rev. Mandeville, Jr., Uniontown, Pa.
Barnes, Geo. Jennings, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bevan, Eben Lincoln, E. Orange, N.J.
Bietz, Paul, Newcastle, Pa.
Bond, Zech Ford, Augusta, Ga.
Booth, Arthur, Lewiston, Maine.
Brothers, Sydney Clarence, Buffalo, N.Y.
Brough, Robert Norman, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Brown, Russell Stephen, St. Louis, Mo.
Campbell, Burlow M., Iron City, Ga.
Campbell, Walter John, Lancaster, Pa.
Chason, John Gordon, Colquitt, Ga.
Chaudron, Paul Vendel, Mobile, Ala.
Christianson, Chas. Augustus, Warsaw, Wis.
Clagett, Thomas Anderson, St. Joseph, Mo.
Corlett, William George, Rochester, N.Y.
Courtright, William Leander, Larkspur, Cal.
Crego, Fred Robert, New York, N.Y.
Crispin, George Adley, Charleston, S.C.
Cross, Rev. Edward James, Corunna, Mich.
Cunningham, Francis Albert, Providence, R.I.
Damon, George Nathan, Lorraine, Ohio.
Danforth, William H., St. Louis, Mo.
Darsie, Charles, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dawes, Frederic Ames, Newark, N.J.
Durant, Robert Edward, Pratt City, Ala.
Ells, Henry Carl, Minneapolis, Minn.
Elwood, John Lewis, Jr., Irvington, N.J.
Esdon, Erskine E., Livermore, Cal.
Flaxington, William Herbert, Syracuse, N.Y.
Fleming, George Remick, Williamsport, Pa.
Goodwin, Charles Otis, Gourdy Center, Iowa.
Gordon, Clifton De Witt, Detroit, Mich.
Gwyn, William Pierce, Gadsden, Ala.
Hays, Frank R., Oil City, Pa.
Hefflon, Joseph Hubbard, Winchester, Mass.
Herron, Schuyler Fox, Winchester, Mass.
Hibbs, Clement Colwell, Connersville, Md.
Holleman, Joseph Townes, Anderson, S.C.
Horner, J. M., Haddonfield, N.J.
Howes, David H., Jr., Wilmington, N.C.
Ide, James Caldwell, Melrose, Mass.

Johnson, Frank Leander, Newark, Ohio.
Johnson, Dr. Henry J., East Orange, N.J.
Johnston, Dr. Mercer Green, Baltimore, Md.
Keister, Howard Rucker, Dunnellon, Fla.
Koehler, Rev. Norman E., Kingston, Pa.
Lang, Benj. S., St. Louis, Mo.
Lau, Oscar Monroe, Des Moines, Iowa.
Lawrey, James Lewis, St. Louis, Mo.
Leonard, Asa King, Ithaca, N.Y.
Little, Milton Chester, Ames, Iowa.
Long, James Franklin R., Mount Holly, N.J.
Lowe, R. I., Boston, Mass.
McDonwell, Philetus Harold, Melrose, Mass.
Metcalf, Joel H., Winchester, Mass.
Mytton, Rev. Leonard, Newark, N.J.
Nellis, Merwyn Humphrey, Albany, N.Y.
Nixon, Justin W., Rochester, N.Y.
Oliver, Benjamin H., Plainsville, Pa.
Olney, Fred, New York, N.Y.
Parsell, Alfred P., Auburn, N.Y.
Patton, John Woodbridge, Washington, D.C.
Petty, O. E., Lewiston, Mont.
Pinkerton, Henry, Jacksonville, Ill.
Platt, George Asa, Hamburg, N.Y.
Porter, P. J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Pratt, Frank Jay, Ontario, N.Y.
Prettyman, William Benton, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pritchard, Ambrose Ensley, Buffalo, N.Y.
Ridout, George Whitefield, Upland Taylor Univ., Ind.
Roberts, Perry S., Indianapolis, Ind.
Robley, Robert Purdy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Saunders, T. E., Urbana, Ill.
Sawin, William Gilbert, Matoon, Ill.
Schriver, Norman Hunt, Palmyra, N.Y.
Scott, Culla W., Indianapolis, Ind.
Sheldon, Charles Taylor, Colorado Springs, Col.
Shreve, Richard Charles, Rochester, N.Y.
Sidley, T. H., Evanston, Ill.
Simpson, James Robinson, Dormont, Pa.
Smith, E. M., San Francisco, Cal.
Smith, Rev. E. Combie, St. Louis, Mo.
Snow, Robert Clinton, Hyde Park, Mass.
Steen, Rev. John Ewing, New York, N.Y.
Stewart, Wallace Earl, St. Louis, Mo.
Stratton, Frank Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.
Strong, Mack, Selma, Ala.
Symons, William J., Whittier, Cal.
Tourney, Archie Maxwell.
Tucker, Edwin, Detroit, Mich.
Tuttle, Herbert O., Warren, Mass.
Van Sandt, Louis Elmer, Carthage, Texas.
West, Joseph I., Washington, Conn.
Williams, John Henry, Kingston, Pa.
Wood, Rev. Joseph Roberts, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Zebley, Robert Purdy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Note: As this book makes no attempt to treat of Overseas Y work elsewhere than in France and the British Isles, the many decorations awarded to Overseas Y workers by the Belgian, Czecho-Slovakian, Greek, Italian, Polish, Roumanian, Russian, and Serbian Governments, in recognition of services rendered with their respective armies, are not included in the above lists. Neither has space been taken for the long series of citations by individual United States Army officers or for the still more numerous formal commendations, by Corps and Division Commanders of the United States Army, of men and women of the Overseas Y for distinguished service with the troops in the field.

APPENDIX B

Much question having arisen as to what the Overseas Y actually did with such Y.M.C.A. funds as flowed into that channel, the following figures may be of interest. They are taken from a report issued by the National War Work Council of the Y.M.C.A. of the United States, prepared under the direction of Price, Waterhouse & Company.

The final note on the Post Exchange is a part of the above-mentioned report. The Y.M.C.A. has arranged to return to the American soldier, through the American Legion, the sum of approximately $500,000 remaining on account of Post Exchange transactions. This action has been made possible because the United States Government finally decided to relieve the Y of all transportation charges on Overseas Post Exchange supplies, the amount of which more than offset the deficit that had been sustained.

National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(Audited)

From April 26, 1917, *to October* 31, 1919

Expenditures Overseas

From Commencement of Operations in 1917 *to October* 31, 1919

Construction and equipment of buildings:		
Huts and tents	$5,586,833.20	
Furniture, equipment and motion-picture outfits	3,383,701.29	
Motor transport and miscellaneous equipment	2,731,654.92	$11,702,189.41
Field operations and other activities:		
Free canteen service	$2,664,253.61	
Christmas gifts and entertainments	651,998.09	
Gift-boxes distributed at debarkation ports in U.S.A. to returning soldiers	421,644.97	
Writing-materials, free newspapers, etc.	3,223,920.22	
Operation of leave resorts	1,143,841.10	
Operation of hotels	866,591.22	
Motion-picture expenses	1,505,656.66	
Concerts and entertainments	1,408,876.85	
Athletic and physical training expenses	2,207,232.34	
Salaries and living allowances of secretaries and workers	15,313,737.92	
Uniforms and equipment for secretaries	3,231,641.89	
Ocean, rail and other transportation, insurance, and miscellaneous expenses of secretaries and workers	4,599,304.02	
Operating expenses of huts and field units	1,387,251.38	
Operating expenses of motor transport	1,646,976.13	
Religious work expenses	602,589.56	
Educational work and library expenses	728,152.99	
Other Association service	634,746.26	
Miscellaneous losses and expenses	345,383.92	
Provision for rehabilitation of leased hotels, leave resorts, theatres, and other properties	789,473.68	
Supplies undistributed	688,405.94	44,061,678.75
Paris, London, and Divisional Headquarters expenses:		
Administrative salaries and expenses	1,888,217.84	
Rent, heat, light, etc.	388,511.37	
Publicity expense	60,117.16	2,336,846.37
		$58,100,714.53

Expenditures for Work with Allied Armies and Prisoners of War

(Disbursed Through the International Committee Y.M.C.A.)

From Commencement of Operations in 1917 *to October* 31, 1919

Allied armies		
France	$7,658,481.32	
Great Britain	498,674.91	
Italy	3,395,168.41	
Russia	5,878,378.43	
Other allied countries	1,991,021.28	$19,421,724.35
Prisoners of war:		
In Germany	126,796.11	
In Austria-Hungary	146,862.99	
In Turkey	56,206.41	
In other countries	771,086.41	1,100,951.92
New York administration		225,488.37
		$20,748,164.64

Statement of Operations of Post Exchanges and Canteens

To October 31, 1919

Operations in France and Great Britain subsequent to May 1, 1918:		
Sales		$39,463,004.91
Deduct: Cost of merchandise sold	$37,549,160.92	
Expenses of motor transport assigned to canteens and warehouse expense	2,493,152.74	40,042,313.66
Balance trading loss		579,308.75
Deduct: Profit on Operations prior to April 30, 1918		11,676.33
Net trading loss		567,632.42
Profit on raw materials shipped to manufacturers for conversions.		1,243,739.48
Total book profit on operations in France and Great Britain		676,107.06
Deduct: Loss on operations in Italy	10,452.67	
Less profit on operations in Germany	899.49	9,553.18
		666,553.88
Subsequent adjustments		157,654.09
Balance being book profit before charging living allowances and travelling expenses of canteen workers, rent of huts, or any proportion of the Paris Headquarters expenses		$508,899.79

(This resulting book profit is equivalent to less than 2 per cent on the total sales in Europe.)

Post Exchange

The result of the Post Exchange or Canteen operations, as shown by the books to October 31, 1919, is a book profit of $666,553.88, which, at December 31, 1919, is reduced, by reason of subsequent adjustments, to $508,899.79. This figure, however, is not a true reflection of the net results of the operations of the Y.M.C.A., for the reason that no charge has been made against the Canteen for the wages or living allowances and travelling expenses of the canteen workers, for rent of huts, cost of construction of canteen facilities, or for any of the expenses of the Paris Headquarters Office from which the Post Exchange business as a whole was conducted and directed. These items collectively, if ascertainable, would probably more than absorb the relatively small credit balance now shown, which is less than 2 per cent of the total canteen sales in Europe.

In explanation of the disparity between the book loss of $1,478,084.14, shown in the March published report, and the book profit now reported, it should be stated that the difference represents adjustments made necessary by the action of the United States Government in relieving all welfare organizations of any charges for ocean freight on supplies carried on transports and for rail transportation and motor supplies furnished in France, in respect of which provisional reserves had been set up on our books. These reserves have now been written back and cancelled, and the results, as shown above, correspondingly adjusted.

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